PENTECOSTAL HYMNS

NUMBER FOUR

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Prices

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No 4

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PENTECOSTAL HYMNS

NUMBER FOUR

A WINNOWED COLLECTION FOR YOUNG PEOPLE'S SOCIETIES, CHURCH PRAYER MEETINGS, EVANGELISTIC SERVICES AND SUNDAY SCHOOLS

SELECTED BY

HENRY DATE

MUSIC EDITORS

E. A. HOFFMAN T. M. TOWNE

HOPE PUBLISHING COMPANY

150 MICHIGAN AVENUE
CHICAGO

27 EAST 22ND STREET
NEW YORK

PREFATORY

THE PENTECOSTAL HYMNS SERIES have now been before a generous public for 15 years. These music books have found their way into almost every town and hamlet in the land. A glance at the topical index will reveal the scope and adaptability of the collection. May we not ask for volume four the same hearty reception accorded previous numbers?

Henry Date.

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THE PUBLISHERS

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Pentecostal Hymns, No. 4.

1 I Know Whom I Have Believed.

EL NATHAN. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

Moderato.

1. I know not why God's wondrous grace To me he hath made known,
2. I know not how this sav-ing faith To me he did im-part,
3. I know not how the Spir-it moves, Convincing men of sin,
4. I know not what of good or ill May be re-served for me,
5. I know not when my Lord may come, At night or noon-day fair,

Nor why—un-wor-thy—Christ in love Redeemed me for his own.
Nor how be-liev-ing in his word Wrought peace within my heart.
Re-veal-ing Je-sus thro' the word, Cre-at-ing faith in him.
Of wear-y ways or gold-en days, Be-fore his face I see.
Nor if I'll walk the vale with him, Or "meet him in the air."

CHORUS.

But "I know whom I have believ-ed, And am persuaded that he is a-ble
To keep that which I've committed Un-to him a-gainst that day."

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Keep the Cross in Sight.

EBEN E. REXFORD. W. STILLMAN MARTIN.

1. O the cross of Christ! Behold it, Like a bea - con seen a - far,
2. O the cross—what glory crowns it, On the tow'ring heav'nly height!
3. O the cross! when earth is fading, Like a mist be-fore my eyes,

Flashing out in storm and darkness, Like a glorious, radiant star.
All our doubts and troubles vanish, In the gran-deur of the sight.
Let me see its glo - ry shining, Like God's promise in the skies.

Those who sail on troubled waters, See the light ahead, and say,
For it tells us "Christ the Savior, Who for me was cru-ci - fied,
When I wake in heaven's morning, And behold my Christ, my King,

"Keep the cross in sight, my brothers, Trust the beacon come what may."
Died that those might live for-ev-er, Who in stead-fast faith a-bide."
Let me see the cross that led me Home, safe home, from wandering!

CHORUS.

O the cross of Christ—behold it! 'tis a glo - rious

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Keep the Cross in Sight.

bea-con - light, Kindled on the heights of heav-en; Keep, O

keep the cross in sight, Keep, O keep the cross in sight.

3 Bring Them In.

ALEXCENAH THOMAS. W. A. OGDEN.

1. Hark! 'tis the Shepherd's voice I hear, Out in the desert dark and drear,
2. Who'll go and help this Shepherd kind, Help him the wand'ring ones to find?
3. Out in the des - ert hear their cry, Out on the mountain wild and high;

Call-ing the sheep who've gone astray, Far from the Shepherd's fold away.
Who'll bring the lost ones to the fold, Where they'll be sheltered from the cold?
Hark! 'tis the Master speaks to thee, "Go find my sheep, where'er they be."

CHORUS.

1 2

{ Bring them in, bring them in, Bring them in from the fields of sin;
{ Bring them in, bring them in, Bring the wand'ring ones to [*Omit.....*] Je-sus.

Used by per. of Mrs. W. A. Ogden.

Is Your All On the Altar?

E. A. H. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

1. You have longed for sweet peace, and for faith to increase, And have earnestly,
2. Would you walk with the Lord, in the light of his word, And have peace and con-
3. Who can tell all the love he will send from above, And how happy our

fer-vent-ly pray'd; But you cannot have rest, or be per-fect-ly blest
tentment al - way? You must do his sweet will, to be free from all ill,
hearts will be made, Of the fellowship sweet we shall share at his feet,

CHORUS.

Un - til all on the al - tar is laid.
On the al - tar your all you must lay. Is your all on the al - tar of
When our all on the al - tar is laid.

sacrifice laid? Your heart, does the Spirit control? You can on - ly be

blest, and have peace and sweet rest, As you yield him your body and soul.

Copyright, 1900, by E. A. Hoffman.

Somebody's Knocking.

T. H. THORO HARRIS.

1. Knocking, ever knocking, See a Stranger stands; O how fair! Waits he there,
2. If thou let him en - ter He will spread the feast; Thou shalt rest On the breast
3. Let him in—'tis Jesus! Show thy grat-i-tude To the One—God's dear Son—

Shows his nail-scarred hands. List his call so tender, Hear his earnest plea,
Of thy heav'nly Guest. Keep him out no lon-ger By thy doubt and sin;
Who can do thee good. O-pen wide the por-tal Of thy heart to-day;

REFRAIN. *pp*

"O my well-be - lov-ed, O-pen un - to me."
Answer, quickly answer, "Blessed Lord, come in." Somebody's knocking at the
Bid the Sav-ior en - ter To a-bide for aye.

f *p* *ff* *m*

door: let him in! Somebody's knocking at the door: let him in! Sin-ner,

dim. *p* *rall.* *pp*

an-swer; 'Tis your Savior; Je-sus stands waiting; O let him in!
A-rise, and let him in!

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What a Change!

Mrs. C. D. Martin. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. O what a change! From the darkness of night In - to the blaze of the
2. O what a change! From my hunger for bread, Into the place where God's
3. O what a change! From my bur-den of care In - to the love he in-
4. O what a change! In the flash of an eye, When we shall meet with our

clear shin - ing light; Out of my weakness to pow - er and might,
chil - dren are fed; In - to the bless - ing of life from the dead,
vites me to share, In - to his joy from the sor - row I bear,
Lord by and by; In - to a realm where we nev - er shall die,

Chorus.

O what a change! O what a change! O what a change in my
heart there has been, O what a change! O what a change! O what a
change, since the Savior came in! O what a change! O what a change!

Copyright, 1906, by Chas. H. Gabriel.

Wonderful Glory for Me.

JOHNSON OATMAN, JR. WILLIAM W. BENTLEY.

1. From grace I shall sweep on to glo - ry, The King in his beau-ty to
2. By sin I was once bound in fet-ters, But Je- sus, the Christ, set me
3. I'll fol - low wher-ev-er he leads me, If close to my Lord I may
4. Some-time I will reach yonder cit - y, That lies o - ver time's rolling

see; But since I found peace in be - liev- ing, On earth there is
free; And now to be named as his serv-ant Is won - der- ful
be; With him to be walk-ing and talk- ing Is won - der- ful
sea; There Christ has prepared me a mansion, What won-der-ful

REFRAIN.

glo - ry for me! O won- der- ful glo - ry for me!.....
what glo - ry for me!

Yes, won- der-ful glo - ry for me!..... The King of all
what glo - ry for me!

kings is my Fa - ther, What wonderful glo - ry for me!....
Fa - ther in heav'n, for me!

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The Touch of Little Hands.

JENNIE EVELYN HUSSEY. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. O the wondrous, mystic pow - er Of the touch of lit - tle hands;
2. O the sweet, up-lift - ing pow - er In the touch of lit - tle hands;
3. Je - sus, take the cling-ing fing - ers In thy lov - ing, guid-ing hand,

How they play up - on our heart-strings As the wa-ters kiss the sands.
On - ly those who know can tell it, And no oth - er un - der-stands.
While the lit - tle feet are walk - ing Toward the happy heav'nly land.

How they soothe and bless and comfort, With each ten-der, sweet ca-ress,
How they bring us near to heav - en, Where the an - gels come and go,
Nev - er let them fear nor fal - ter, Keep them from the tempter's snare;

Till the weight of dai - ly bur - dens And our toils and cares grow less.
Tender, min - is - ter - ing spir - its Sent to bless us here be - low.
Lead them in the pleas-ant pas-tures, Tender Shepherd, in thy care.

CHORUS.

O the touch of lit - tle hands, O the touch of lit - tle hands!

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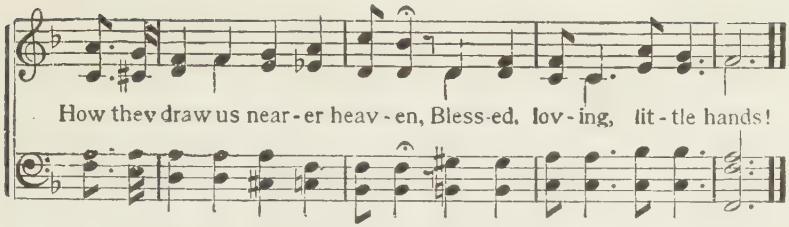
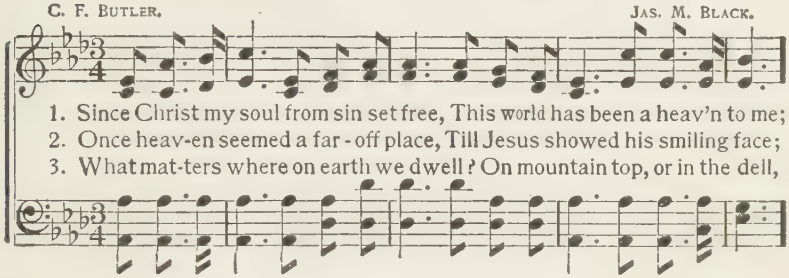
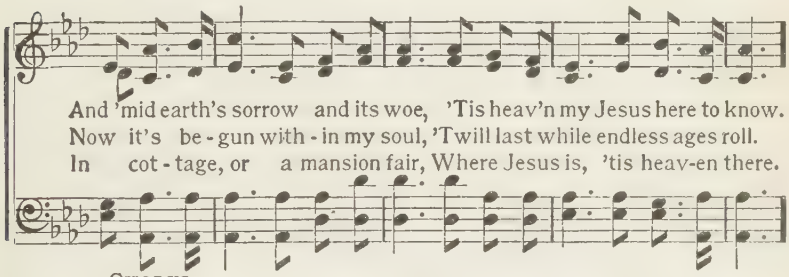
The Touch of Little Hands.



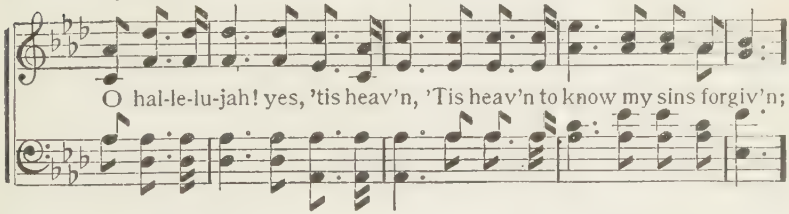
9 Where Jesus Is, 'T is Heaven.

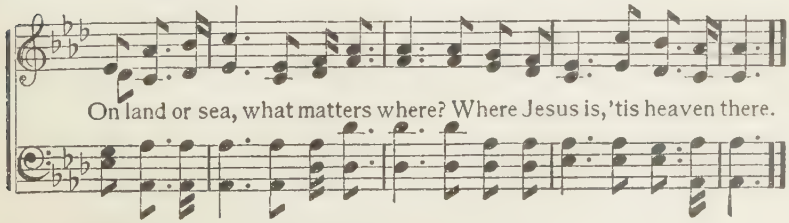
C. F. BUTLER. JAS. M. BLACK.





CHORUS.





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His Way With Thee.

C. S. N. — CYRUS S. NUSBAUM.

1. Would you live for Je - sus, and be al - ways pure and good?
2. Would you have him make you free, and fol - low at his call?
3. Would you in his king - dom find a place of con - stant rest?

Would you walk with him with-in the narrow road? Would you have him
Would you know the peace that comes by giving all? Would you have him
Would you prove him true each prov - i - den - tial test? Would you in his

bear your bur-den, car - ry all your load? Let him have his way with thee.
save you, so that you need nev-er fall? Let him have his way with thee.
serv - ice la - bor al-ways at your best? Let him have his way with thee.

CHORUS.

His pow'r can make you what you ought to be; His blood can

cleanse your heart and make you free; His love can fill your soul, and

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His Way With Thee.

rit.

you will see 'Twas best for him to have his way with thee.

11

Only a Step.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

1. On-ly a step to Je-sus! Then why not take it now? Come, and thy
2. On-ly a step to Je-sus! Believe, and thou shalt live; Lov-ing-ly
3. On-ly a step to Je-sus! A step from sin to grace; What has thy
4. On-ly a step to Je-sus! O why not come, and say, Glad-ly to

CHORUS.

sin con-fess-ing, To him thy Savior bow.
now he's waiting, And ready to for-give.
heart de-cid-ed? The moments fly a-pace.
thee, my Sav-ior, I give myself a-way.

Only a step, Only a step;

Come, he waits for thee; Come, and thy sin confessing, Thou shalt receive a

bless-ing; Do not re-ject the mer-cy He free-ly of-fers thee.

Copyright, 1901 by W. H. Doane.

Lord, Is It I?

MARION WENDELL HUBBARD. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Someone has turned from the Lord a - way; Someone has gone from the fold a-stray; Someone is treading the downward way—Lord, is it I?
2. Someone is griev-ing the Sav-ior's love, Wounding the heart of the Ho - ly Dove, Strangely forgetting his God a-bove,—Lord, is it I?
3. Someone is out where the breakers roll; Someone is near to the treach'rous shoal; Someone will lose his immortal soul,—Lord, is it I?
4. Someone will en - ter e - ter - nal rest; Someone will lean on the Sav - ior's breast; Someone will dwell in the mansions blest,—Lord, is it I?

CHORUS.

Lord, is it I? Lord, is it I? O the tho't, like a dart, Pierc - es the in - ner-most depths of the heart! If there be one who in thee hath no part, Lord, is it I? Lord, is it I?

rit.

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Working, Watching, Praying.

Mrs. Frank A. Breck. Powell G. Fithian.

1. Go forth, go forth for Je - sus now! Be work-ing! Be watch-ing! The
2. Go forth, go forth to all the world! O stay not! De-lay not! But
3. Go forth, let heart and hands be strong! Be working! Be watching! O

Go forth! Go forth!

Lord himself will teach you how To watch and pray; 'Tis not for thee thy
let love's banner be unfurled, And grace be told; O let re-deem-ing
stay the mighty pow'r of wrong Where'er ye may! Equipped with love and

field to choose, No work he gives must thou refuse; Be work-ing! Be
love be sung, A song of joy on ev-'ry tongue! Be work-ing! Be
strength divine, The vic - to - ry is sure-ly thine; Be work-ing! Be

Chorus.

watching! Be pray - ing! Go forth to work, to watch and pray! 'Tis Jesus who

Go forth!

calls thee; The harvest waits for thee today, Go bring some sheaves for God!

Go forth!

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Able to Save.

R. VENTING. ALICE E. SUMNER.

1. Look to Je - sus on the tree, He is a - ble to save you;
2. O his love will melt your heart, He is a - ble to save you;
3. Do not let him plead in vain, He is a - ble to save you;
4. Let him en - ter now your heart, He is a - ble to save you;

Dy - ing there for you and me, He is will - ing to save you.
If from sin you will de - part, He is will - ing to save you.
Let his blood wash ev - 'ry stain, He is will - ing to save you.
If you wait he will de - part, Now he's wait - ing to save you.

CHORUS.

A - ble to save a poor sin - ner lost, Will - ing to save at a fear - ful cost; (yes,) A - ble to save: come, trust in his pow'r; Will - ing to save this ver - y hour.

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Because He Loves Me So.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN. MRS. FANNIE L. SIMPSON.

DUET.

1. I see the nail-pierced hands of Christ, I hear his cry of woe,
2. I see him in Geth-sem-a - ne, In sor-row bend - ing low,
3. He wears the cru - el crown of thorns, To death my Lord doth go,
4. O won-der - ful the debt of love To my dear Lord I owe,

And know he bears this bit - ter pain Because he loves me so.
The blood up - on his ho - ly brow, Because he loves me so.
To sac - ri - fice himself for me, Because he loves me so.
Who gives his life to ran-som me, Because he loves me so.

CHORUS. *Animato.* *cres.*

'Tis wonderful, 'tis won-der-ful, The debt of love I owe To Christ the

con espress. *pp rall.*

precious Son of God, Because he loves me so, Because he loves me so.

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To Jesus I Will Go.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

1. There's a gen - tle voice with-in calls a - way (calls a-way), 'Tis a warn-ing I have heard o'er and o'er (o'er and o'er), But my heart is melted now, I o - bey (I o - bey), From my Sav-ior I will wan-der no more.
2. He has prom-ised all my sins to for - give (to for - give), If I ask in sim-ple faith for his love (for his love); In his ho - ly word I learn how to live (how to live), And to la - bor for his king-dom a-bove.
3. I will try to bear the cross in my youth (in my youth), And be faith- ful to its cause till I die (till I die); If with cheerful step I walk in the truth (in the truth), I shall wear a star-ry crown by and by.
4. Still the gen - tle voice with-in calls a - way (calls a-way), And its warn-ing I have heard o'er and o'er (o'er and o'er), But my heart is melted now, I o - bey (I o - bey), From my Sav-ior I will wan der no more.

CHORUS.

Yes, I will go; yes, I will go; To Je-sus I will go and be saved;
Yes, I will go; yes, I will go; To Je-sus I will go and be saved.

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Lifetime is Working Time.

Mrs. Carrie A. Breck. E. S. Lorenz.

1. Lifetime is working time, spend no idle days; Je-sus is call-ing thee
2. Lifetime is working time, learn where duty lies; Grasp ev'ry passing day
3. Lifetime is working time, do thy honest part; Tho' in discouragements,

on the harvest ways; Working with a willing hand, sing a song of praise;
as a precious prize; Glad to help the sorrowing, glad to sym-pa-thize,
bear a cheerful heart; Trusting Jesus as thy friend, ne'er from him depart;

Chorus.

Work, ev-er work for Je-sus! Swift-ly the hours of
Work, work, work, work, work, work, work, work,

la-bor fly, Freighted with love let each pass by! There is joy in
Work, work, work, work, work, work, work, work, work, work, work, work.

la-bor for the struggling neighbor, Work, ever work for Je-sus!

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Just a Little.

RUBIE T. WEYBURN. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Just a lit - tle kind-ness shown a - long the wea - ry road;
2. Just a lit - tle sac - ri - fice of ease that we have earned;
3. Just a lit - tle plead - ing in the name of him who died;

Just a lit - tle lift - ing of an - oth - er's heav - y load;
Just a lit - tle shar - ing of a les - son we have learned;
Just a lit - tle ear - nest-ness, like his, who is your Guide;

Just a lit - tle pit - y that is ten - der - ly be-stowed,
Just a lit - tle stir - ring of the flame that low has burned,
Just a lit - tle long - ing for some - one lost at your side,

CHORUS.

May win a soul for Je-sus. Un-to your
May win a soul for Je-sus. In the name of him who died for you,
May win a soul for Je-sus.

vow of serv-ice are you true and loy-al?
To your vow of serv-ice are you true? Nev-er, then, neglect it, For

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Just a Little.

when you least ex-pect it, You may win a soul for Je - sus.

19 The Inner Circle.

FLORA KIRKLAND. W. S. WEEDEN.

1. Have you heard the voice of Je - sus Whisper, "I have cho - sen you"?
2. As the first dis - ci-ples followed, As they went where'er he sent,
3. Or, if he shall choose to send us On some er- rand in his name,
4. Mas - ter, at thy foot-stool kneeling, We thy children hum-bly wait;

Does he tell you in com mun - ion What he wish - es you to do?
So to - day we, too, may fol - low, On his lead - ing still in-tent.
We can serve him as dis - ci - ples, For our place is just the same.
Lead us, send us, bless us, use us, Till we en - ter heaven's gate.

CHORUS.

Are you in the in-ner cir - cle? Have you heard the Master's
Are you in the in- ner cir - cle? Have you heard the Master's

rit.

call? Have you giv'n your life to Je - sus? Is he now your all in all?
call? Have you giv'n your life to Jesus?

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The Fight is On.

Mrs. C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. The fight is on, the trum-pet sound is ring-ing out, The cry "To
2. The fight is on. A-rouse, ye soldiers brave and true! Je-ho-vah
3. The Lord is lead-ing on to cer-tain vic-to-ry; The bow of

arms!" is heard a-far and near; The Lord of hosts is march-ing
leads, and vic-t'ry will as-sure, Go, buck-le on the ar-mor
prom-ise spans the east-ern sky; His glo-rious name in ev-'ry

on to vic-to-ry, The tri-umph of the Christ will soon ap-pear.
God has giv-en you, And in his strength un-to the end en-dure.
land shall honored be; The morn will break, the dawn of peace is nigh.

Chorus. *Unison.*

The fight is on, O Chris-tian sol-dier, And face to face in stern ar-

ray,... With ar-mor gleaming, and col-ors streaming, The right and

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The Fight is On.

Harmony.

wrong en - gage to - day! The fight is on, but be not

wear - y; Be strong, and in his might hold fast; If God be

for us, his banner o'er us, We'll sing the vic-tor's song at last!

Vic - t'ry! vic - t'ry!

21 Arm of the Lord, Awake!

W. Shrubsole. Psalmodia Evangelica, 1789.

1. Arm of the Lord, awake! awake! Put on thy strength, the nations shake,
2. Say to the heathen from thy throne, I am Je - ho - vah, God a - lone;
3. Let Zi - on's time of fa - vor come; O bring the tribes of Is - rael home,
4. Al - might-y God, thy grace proclaim In ev - 'ry clime, of ev - 'ry name;

And let the world, a - dor - ing, see Triumphs of mercy wrought by thee!
Thy voice their idols shall con-found, And cast their al - tars to the ground.
And let our wond'ring eyes be-hold Gen-tiles and Jews in Je - sus' fold!
Let adverse pow'rs before thee fall, And crown the Sav-ior Lord of all.

Home Lights.

May be sung as Soprano and Tenor Duet, and Chorus.

JAMES ROWE. THORO HARRIS.

p

1. When the shadows of un - rest are fall - ing, And our hearts feel the
2. When mis-for-tune comes and friends forsake us, And a - lone we are
3. Bless - ed Sav-ior, our e - ter - nal lov - er! Clos-er still to our

touch of gloam, When the Shepherd of the fold is call - ing,
left in gloom; When the crushing storms of life o'er - take us,
sad souls come; Till the jour-ney ends and all is o - ver,

f CHORUS. *Faster.*

O how cheer-ing are the lights of home!
O what com - fort are the lights of home! Shine on, ye home lights,
Guide and cheer us with the lights of home!

burn-ing so bright-ly, Lift- ing the darkness, scatt'ring the gloam;

Shine on, dear home lights, beckoning night-ly, Cheering our spir - its,

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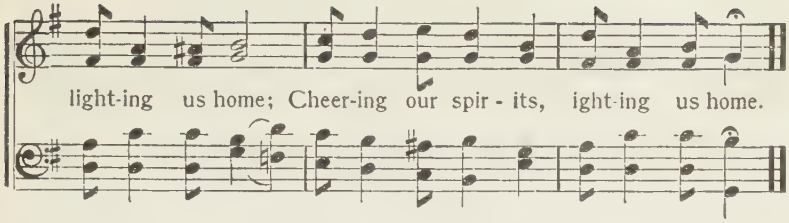
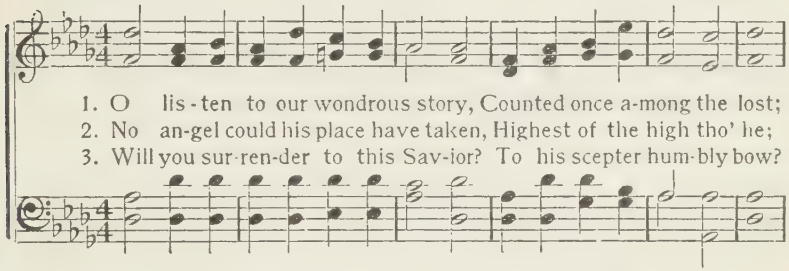
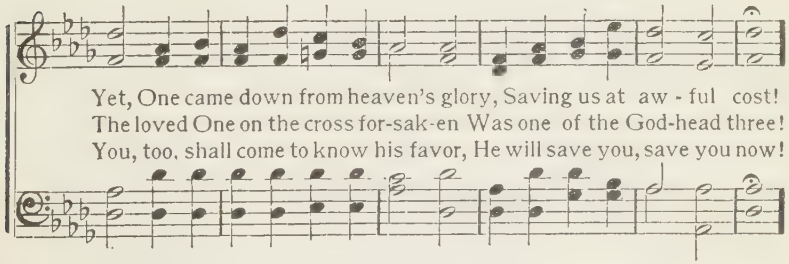
Home Lights.



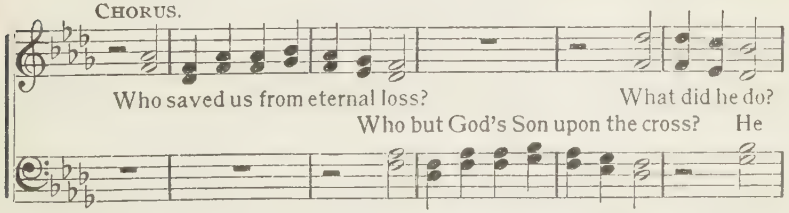
23 What Did He Do?

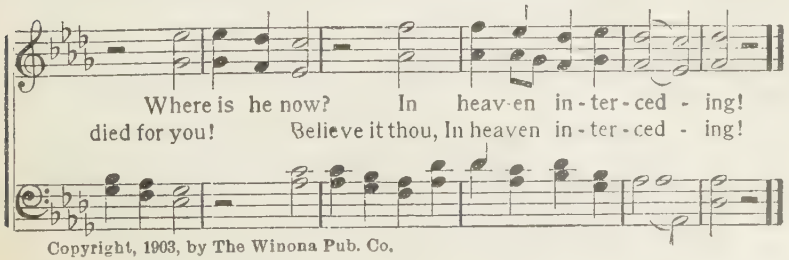
Alt. by J. M. G. W. Owen.





Chorus.





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Turn a New Leaf for Me.

E. E. Hewitt. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. Turn a new leaf for me, Fa-ther, I pray, This one is blot-ted, O take it a-way; Cleanse all its stains in the blood of the cross, Let me in Je-sus find gain for my loss.
2. Turn a new leaf for me, spot-less and white, Hold thou my hand as thy bid-ding I write; Teach me with patience that nev-er shall tire, Let thine own Spir-it the rec-ord in-spire.
3. Turn a new leaf for me; then, line by line, Help me to cop-y the Pat-tern di-vine; O that thine eye some re-semblance might see To the sweet lessons in-scribed there for me.
4. Turn a new leaf for me, Fa-ther a-bove, Place there new proofs of thy mer-cy and love; Then shall this page of my life-book be bright, Judged by the test of e-ter-ni-ty's light.

Chorus.

Turn a new leaf for me, Fa-ther, I pray, Turn a new leaf in my life-book to-day; Par-don me gra-cious-ly,

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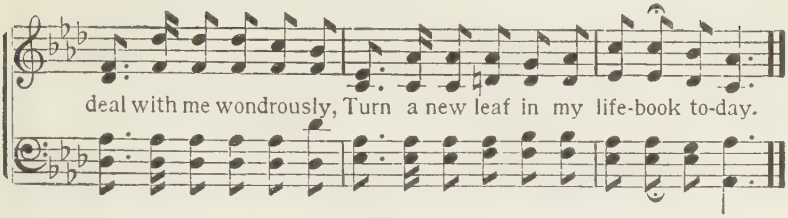
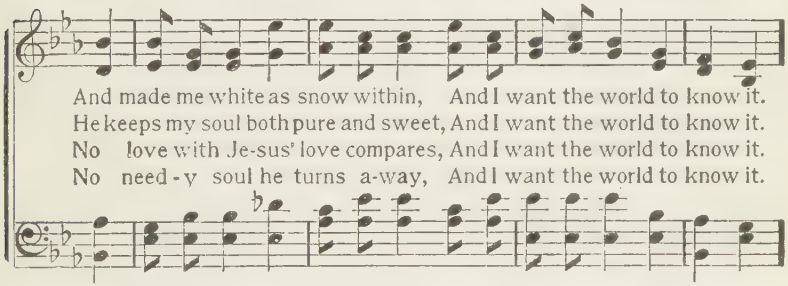
Turn a New Leaf for Me.

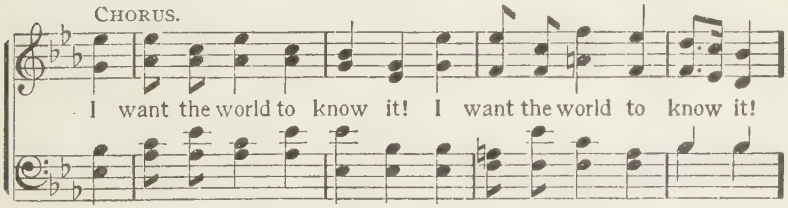


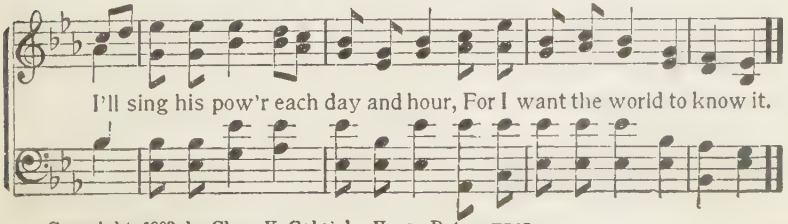
25 I Want the World to Know It.

JAMES ROWE. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



CHORUS.





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Count Your Sunbeams Now.

LIZZIE DE ARMOND. W. A. POST.

1. Take the hon - ey from the flow - ers by the way, Treas-ure up the
2. For the bird songs and the fragrance of each rose, For the cup that,
3. For the pres - ent blessings tune your lips to praise, While his goodness

gifts you nev - er can re - pay; Let not sor - row cloud the beau - ty
filled with gladness, o - ver-flows, Thank the Lord, while o'er your path his
crowns the swiftly-pass - ing days, Heart and soul in joy - ful hal - le-

CHORUS.

of your day, O count your sunbeams now.
love-light glows, O count your sunbeams now. Count your sunbeams
lu - jahs raise,
O count your sun-beams now.

as they come each day, Count your sunbeams ere they fade away;
O count your sunbeams;

God's rich blessings you can ne'er repay; O count your sunbeams now.
O count them now.

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Christ Receiveth Sinful Men.

Arr. from NEUMASTER. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

1. Sin - ners Je - sus will re-ceive; Sound this word of grace to all
2. Come, and he will give you rest; Trust him, for his word is plain;
3. Now my heart condemns me not, Pure be - fore the law I stand;
4. Christ re - ceiv - eth sin - ful men, E - ven me with all my sin;

Who the heav'nly path-way leave, All who lin - ger, all who fall.
He will take the sin - ful - est; Christ re - ceiv - eth sin - ful men.
He who cleansed me from all spot, Sat - is - fied its last de-mand.
Purged from ev - 'ry spot and stain, Heav'n with him I en - ter in.

CHORUS.

Sing it o'er..... .... and o'er a - gain:..... Christ re-
Sing it o'er a-gain, sing it o'er a-gain: Christ re-

ceiv - - eth sin-ful men; .. Make the mes - sage
ceiv-eth sin-ful men, Christ re-ceiv-eth sin-ful men; Make the message plain,

clear and plain:..... Christ re - ceiv - eth sin - ful men.
make the message plain:

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Is It Nothing to You?

JOHN R. CLEMENTS. MAY WHITTLE MOODY.

1. Is it nothing to you that heav-en's King Came down to this
2. Is it nothing to you that by and by You must trav-el
3. Is it nothing to you that some sweet day, In the heav-en-ly

world of woe, That he suffered and bled, and rose from the dead,
death's dark vale, Where Jor-dan's wave the path-way laves,
land so fair, You may join the song that the ran-somed throng

REFRAIN.

That e-ter-nal life you might know?
And all but Christ doth fail? Is it nothing to you that
Are for-ev-er sing-ing there?

grace is free, And that God in his love doth call? Is it nothing to you?

Is it noth-ing to you? Is it noth-ing, noth-ing to you?

Copyright, 1896, by May Whittle Moody.

He Brought Me Out.

Rev. H. J. Zelley.
Cho. by H. L. G.

H. L. Gilmour.

1. My heart was distressed 'neath Jehovah's dread frown, And low in the pit where my sins dragged me down; I cried to the Lord from the deep mir - y clay, Who ten - der - ly bro't me out to gold - en day.
2. He placed me up - on the strong Rock by his side, My steps were es - tab - lished and here I'll a - bide; No dan - ger of fall - ing while here I re - main, But stand by his grace un - til the crown I gain.
3. He gave me a song, 'twas a new song of praise, By day and by night its sweet notes I will raise; My heart's o - ver - flow - ing, I'm hap - py and free, I'll praise my Redeemer who has res - cued me.
4. I'll sing of his won - der - ful mer - cy to me, I'll praise him till all men his good - ness shall see; I'll sing of sal - va - tion at home and a - broad, Till man - y shall hear the truth and trust in God.

Chorus.

He bro't me out of the mir - y clay, He set my feet on the Rock to stay;
He puts a song in my soul to - day, A song of praise, hal - le - lu - jah!

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A Clean Heart.

WALTER C. SMITH. FRED H. BYSHE.

1. One thing I of the Lord de-sire, For all my path hath mir-y been,
2. If clearer vi-sion thou im-part, Grateful and glad my soul shall be,
3. Yea, on-ly as this heart is clean May larger vi-sion yet be mine,
4. I watch to shun the mir-y way, And stanch the springs of guilty tho't,

rit.

Be it by wa-ter or by fire, O make me clean, O make me clean.
But yet to have a pur-er heart Is more to me, is more to me.
For mirrored in its depths are seen The things divine, the things divine.
But, watch and struggle as I may, Pure I am not, pure I am not.

REFRAIN.

So wash me thou with-out, with-in, Or purge with
Wash me thou with-out, with-in, Or

fire, if that must be, No mat-ter how, if on-ly
purge with fire, if that must be, An-y-how, if

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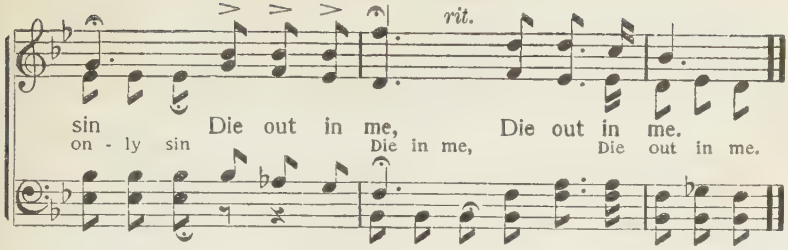
A Clean Heart.



31 Secret Prayer.

C. H. G. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Sweet se-cret pray'r, com - fort di-vine! There, O my
2. Sweet se-cret pray'r, com - fort di-vine! There do thine
3. Sweet se-cret pray'r, com - fort di-vine! There do I

Lord, I know thou art mine! Great Mas-ter, there in
arms, Lord, 'round me en - twine; Riv - ers of love and
feel I tru - ly am thine! Heav'n's windows o - pen,

se - cret with thee, Heav-en comes nearer and near-er to me.
mer - cy there flow, Balm for all sor-row that mor-tal can know.
Je - sus is near, Near to my soul, and the Fa-ther will hear.

REFRAIN.

Blessings attend and hallow us there; Heaven comes nearer and nearer in pray'r.

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Let the Gospel Light Shine Out.

JOHNSON OATMAN, JR. ADAM GEIBEL.

1. Standing like a lighthouse on the shores of time, Looking o'er the waves of darkness, sin and crime, O-pen up your windows, there's a work sublime:
2. There are human shipwrecks lying all around, O what moral darkness ev - 'ry-where is found; Warn some other vessel off from dang'rous ground:
3. Do not let the bush-el cov - er up your light, Keep your lamp in order, trimmed and burning bright; Try to be a bless-ing, brighten up the night:
4. Try to live for Je - sus till this life is o'er, For a-long this pathway you will pass no more, Till he bids you welcome on the oth - er shore;

CHORUS.

Let the Gos - pel light shine out. Let the Gos- pel light shine out, Let the Gos-pel light shine out; Keep your lamp in shine out, shine out; or-der, trimmed and burning bright—Let the Gospel light shine out.

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Just One Glimpse.

Mrs. Mary B. Wingate. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. Just one glimpse of the glo - ry wait - ing, Just one note of the
2. Just one breath of the Ho - ly Spir - it, Just one cry of the
3. Just one smile of the lov - ing Sav - ior, Just one gleam of the

ser - aph's song, How it cheers the heart that's break - ing,
heart in pray'r, How it gives us joy in serv - ice,
dawn - ing day, How it makes the cross grow light - er,

How it makes the spir - it strong. Just one touch of the
How it lifts the load of care. Just one line of the
How it speeds us on our way. Just one word of our

seam-less gar- ment, Just one clasp of the nail-pierced hand, How it
prom - ise giv - en, Just one tho't of the Friend so near, How it
Lord's ap-pear - ing, Just one glance of the white-robed throng, How it

calms the fe - vered pul - ses, How it helps the weak to stand.
lifts our hearts to heav - en, How it seems to soothe and cheer.
thrills our hearts with rap- ture, How it wakes the sweet-est song.

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I Promised I Would Meet Her.

Mrs. C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. I re-mem-ber a prom-ise I made years a-go To a
2. Pit-y, Lord, and for-give, I have wan-dered in sin; From the
3. God in mer-cy has spared me my fol-ly to see, Tears of
4. Are you here with this vow on your heart, brother mine? Yet no

fond lov-ing mother so true; Will you meet me, my boy, in that
truth and the right far have strayed; To my moth-er so dear, and my
sor-row are dimming my eyes; Tho' un-wor-thy, I know there is
com-fort to you it has given; Unprepared, and a stranger to

land where I go? I'll be watch-ing and wait-ing for you.
Lord, false have been, And have broken the vow there I made.
par-don for me, And my moth-er I'll meet in the skies.
mer-cy di-vine, O make read-y to meet her in heaven.

Chorus.

And I prom-ised her there, (O yes,) I prom-ised her there; How the

scene doth a-gain be-fore me rise; With her face shining bright, and her

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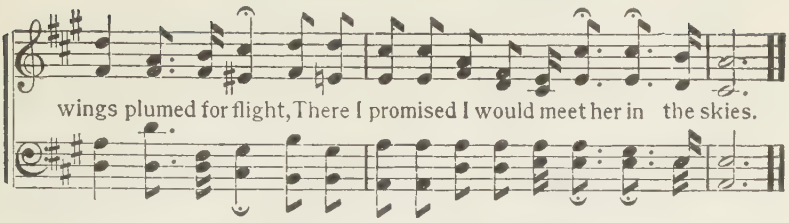
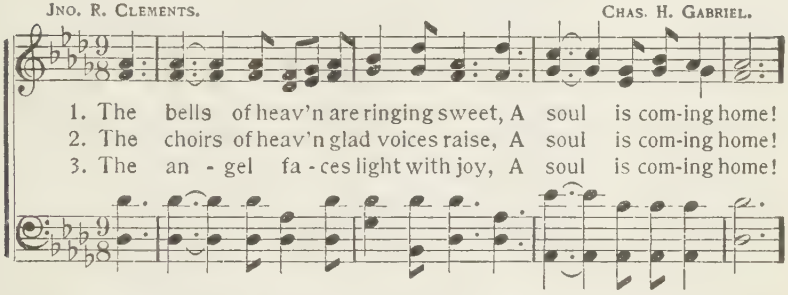
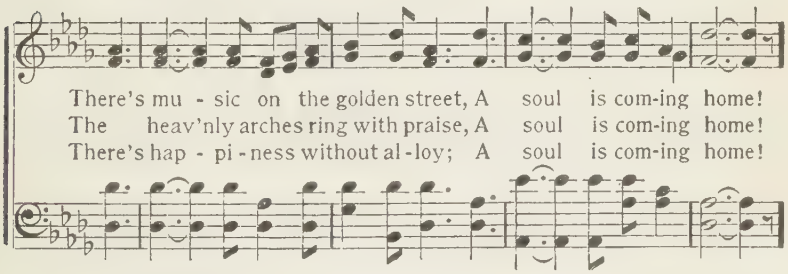
I Promised I Would Meet Her.



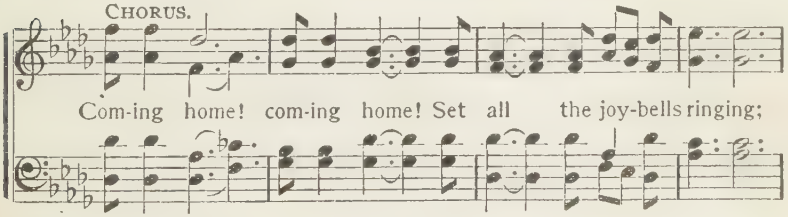
35 A Soul is Coming Home.

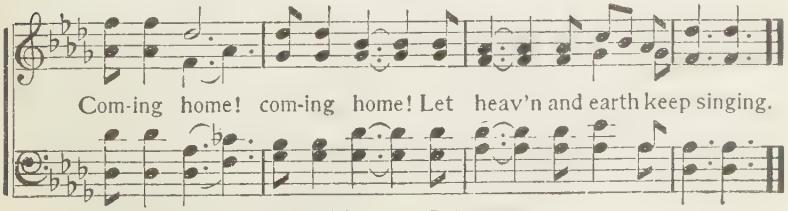
JNO. R. CLEMENTS. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.





CHORUS.





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When Love Shines In.

Mrs. Frank A. Breck. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. Je - sus comes with pow'r to gladden, When love shines in, Ev - 'ry
2. How the world will glow with beauty, When love shines in, And the
3. Dark - est sor - row will grow brighter, When love shines in, And the
4. We may have un-fad - ing splendor, When love shines in, And a

life that woe can sadden, When love shines in. Love will teach us
heart re-joice in du - ty, When love shines in. Tri - als may be
heaviest bur-den light-er, When love shines in. 'Tis the glo-ry
friendship true and tender, When love shines in. When earth's vict'ries

how to pray, Love will drive the gloom a-way, Turn our dark-ness
sanc - ti - fied, And the soul in peace a-bide, Life will all be
that will throw Light to show us where to go; O the heart shall
shall be won, And our life in heav'n be-gun, There will be no

Chorus.

in - to day, When love shines in. When love shines in, When
glo - ri - fied, When love shines in.
blessing know, When love shines in.
need of sun, When love shines in.

When love shines in.

When love shines in, When love shines in,

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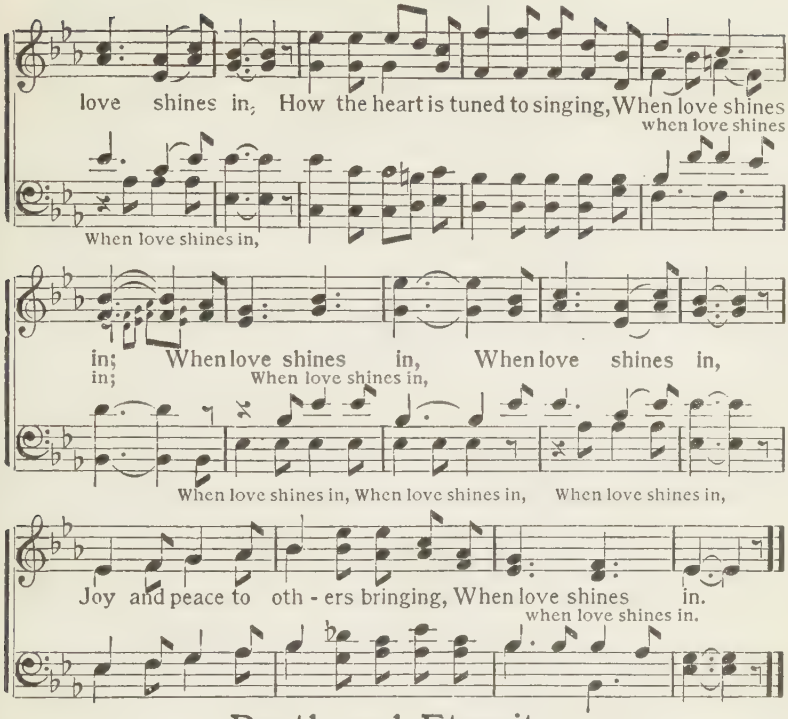
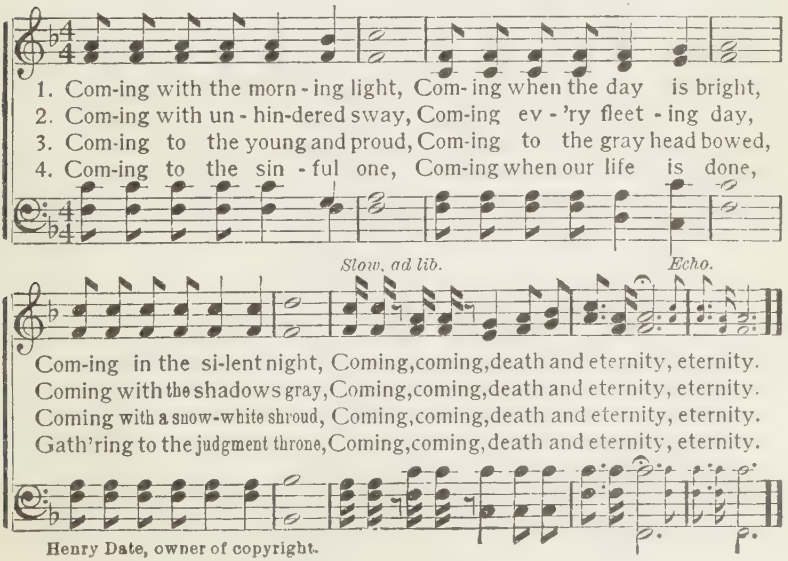
When Love Shines In.



37 Death and Eternity.

C. H. G. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



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All the Way My Savior Leads.

FANNY J. CROSBY. ROBERT LOWRY.

1. All the way my Savior leads me; What have I to ask be - side?
2. All the way my Savior leads me, Cheers each winding path I tread;
3. All the way my Savior leads me; O the ful - ness of his love!

Can I doubt his ten-der mer - cy Who thro' life has been my guide?
Gives me grace for ev-'ry tri - al, Feeds me with the liv - ing bread;
Per - fect rest to me is prom-ised In my Father's house a-bove;

Heav'nly peace, di - vin - est com-fort, Here by faith in him to dwell!
Tho' my wear - y steps may fal - ter, And my soul a-thirst may be,
When my spir - it, clothed, immortal, Wings its flight to realms of day,

For I know, what-e'er be-fall me, Je - sus do-eth all things well;
Gushing from the Rock be-fore me, Lo! a spring of joy I see;
This my song thro' endless a - ges—Je - sus led me all the way;

For I know, whate'er be-fall me, Je - sus do-eth all things well.
Gushing from the Rock be-fore me, Lo! a spring of joy I see
This my song thro' endless a - ges—Je - sus led me all the way.

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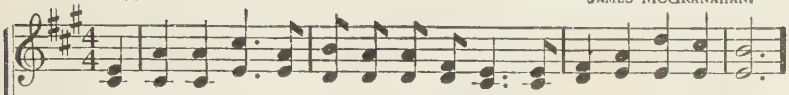
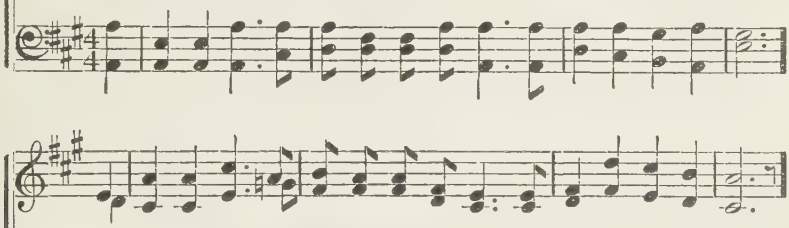
I Will.

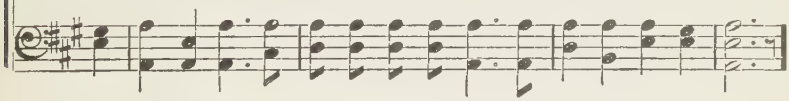
EL NATHAN. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.



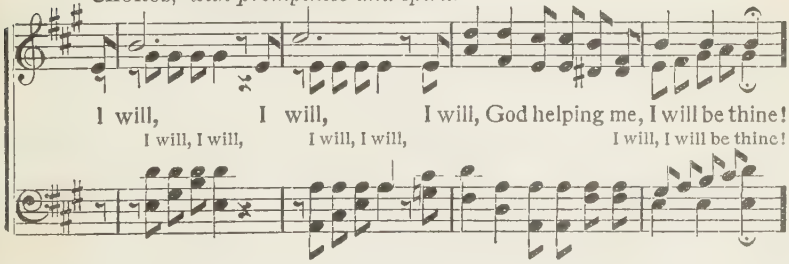
1. Once more, my soul, thy Savior, thro' the Word, Is offered full and free;
2. By grace I will thy mer-cy now receive, Thy love my heart hath won;
3. Thou knowest, Lord, how very weak I am, And how I fear to stray;
4. And now, O Lord, give all with us to-day The grace to join our song;
5. To all who came, when thou wast here below, And said, "O Lord, wilt thou?"



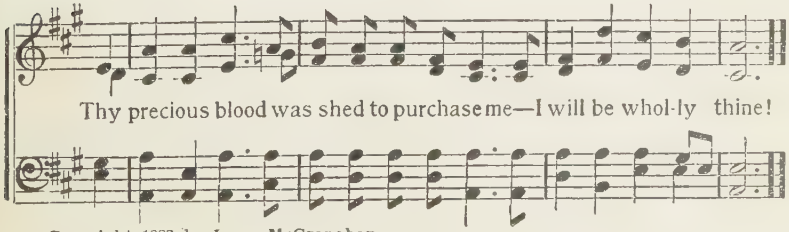
And now, O Lord, I must, I must de-cide; Shall I ac-cept of thee?
On thee, O Christ, I will, I will be-lieve, And trust in thee a-lone!
For strength to serve I look to thee a-lone—The strength thou must supply!
And from the heart to glad-ly with us say: "I will to Christ belong!"
To them "I will" was ev-er thy re-ply: We rest up-on it now.



CHORUS, *with promptness and spirit.*



I will, I will, I will, God helping me, I will be thine!
I will, I will, I will, I will, I will, I will be thine!



Thy precious blood was shed to purchase me—I will be whol-ly thine!

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Falter Not.

C. H. G. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Have you tri - als op - press-ing? Fal - ter not! All to Je - sus con-
2. Is the day long and drear - y? Fal - ter not! Is the night dark and
3. Tho' a host should as-sail you, Fal - ter not! Strength divine will a-

fess - ing, Fal - ter not! He your bur - dens will bear, Ev - 'ry
ee - ry? Fal - ter not! Let his will be your guide, For his
vail you, Fal - ter not! Put your trust in the Lord, And go

sor - row will share, And will give you the bless-ing,—Fal - ter not!
love will pro-vide A re- ward for the wear - y,—Fal - ter not!
on to re-ward, For he nev - er will fail you,—Fal - ter not!

CHORUS. *May be sung as a unison solo.*

For the Lord lov - eth those who fear him, Those who, low - ly in

heart, re - vere him; In his strength They at length Shall be-

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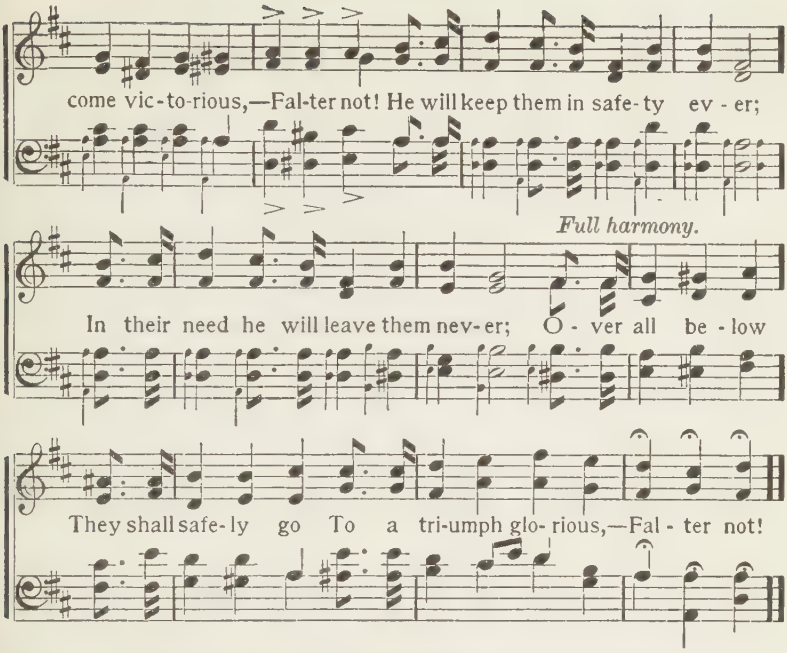
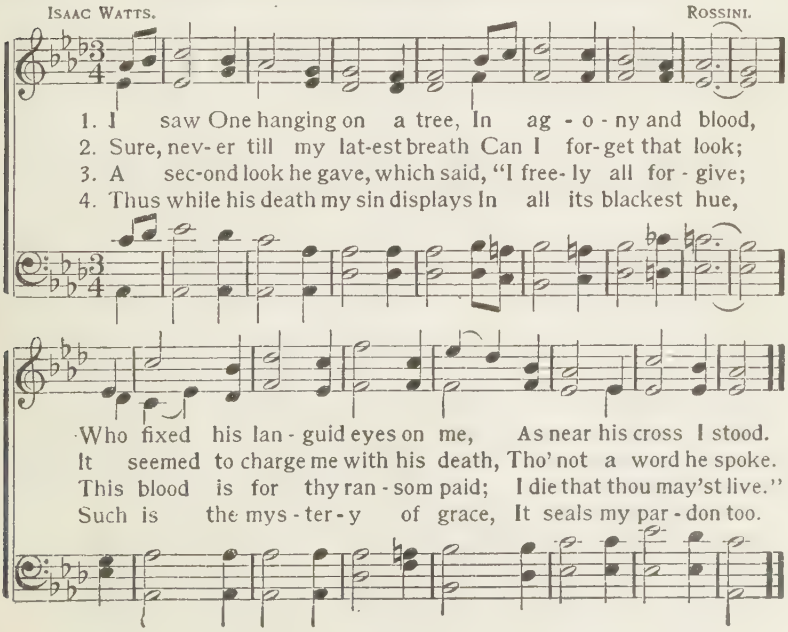
Falter Not.



41 I Saw One Hanging on a Tree.

ISAAC WATTS. ROSSINI.



Helping Hands.

Mrs. H. E. Jones. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. O how sweet the lov - ing deed, Com - ing in our time of need,
2. Old and wrink-led they may be, Yet how beau - ti - ful to see,
3. Mid the wear - y and distressed, Do - ing just their ver - y best,

From the hands, help - ing hands; How it lifts the mind from care,
Lov - ing hands, help - ing hands; Just their touch in time of pain,
Lov - ing hands, help - ing hands; When their work of love is o'er,

lov - ing hands,

Gives new strength to do and dare; Oft - en sav-ing from de-spair,—
Soothes the o - ver-crowd-ed brain, Brings a thrill of hope a - gain,—
Palms they'll bear for - ev - er - more, O - ver on the shin-ing shore,—

Chorus.

Loving hands, helping hands. Loving hands, helping hands,
Loving hands, helping hands.
Loving hands, helping hands.

Lov - ing hands, helping hands.

They are bus-y, bus-y, bus-y in all lands; Soothing hearts by deeds of love,

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Helping Hands.

They shall bear the palms above,—Loving hands, help - ing hands.
lov - ing hands,

43 None but Jesus.

Rev. Robert Lowry.

1. Weep - ing will not save me—Tho' my face were bathed in tears,
2. Work - ing will not save me—Pur - est deeds that I can do,
3. Wait - ing will not save me—Help-less, guilt - y, lost, I die,
4. Faith in Christ will save me—Let me trust thy weep - ing Son,

That could not al - lay my fears, Could not wash the sins of years—
Hon - est tho't and feel-ings too, Can - not form my soul a - new—
In my ear is mer-cy's cry; If I wait I can but die—
Trust the work that he has done; To his arms, Lord, help me run—

Chorus.

Weeping will not save me.
Working will not save me.
Wait-ing will not save me.
Faith in Christ will save me.

Je - sus wept and died for me; Je-sus suffered on the tree; Je-sus waits to make me free; He a- lone can save me.

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This Brother of Mine.

E. E. Hewitt. W. A. Post.

1. What can I do for this broth - er of mine? Can I not hold up a light that will shine, Bright - ly and clear - ly, to show him the way, Up-ward and on- ward to God's per-fect day?
2. What can I do for this broth - er of mine? O'er the dark bil - lows I'll throw him a line; Wear - y and thirst - y, to him will I bring Cups of re - fresh- ing from life's joy - ful spring.
3. What can I do for this broth - er of mine? Round him my pray'rs shall un-ceas- ing - ly twine, Lift - ing him up in the strong arms of love, Seek- ing the grace of the Fa - ther a - bove.

Chorus.

p

O Mas - ter Di - vine, Save this broth - er of mine; To me in thy mer - cy in - cline; O Lord, make me true, Thy

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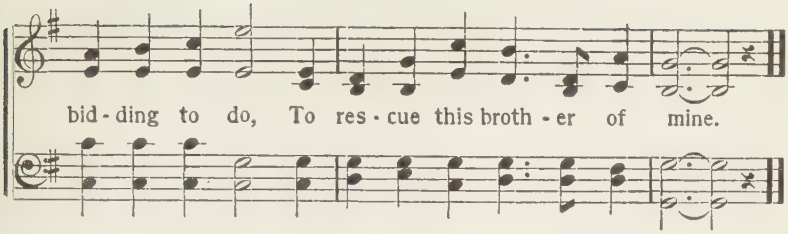
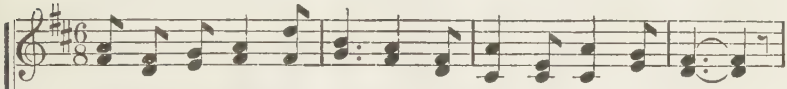
This Brother of Mine.



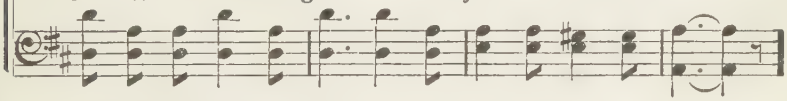
45 The Best for Jesus.

CHARLOTTE G. HOMER. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

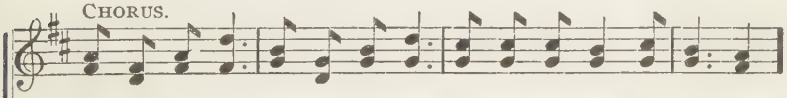


1. Al- ways the best for Je - sus, Of what- so - e'er it be,—
2. Al- ways the best for Je - sus, His all for us he gave;
3. Al- ways the best for Je - sus, In work, or song, or strife;

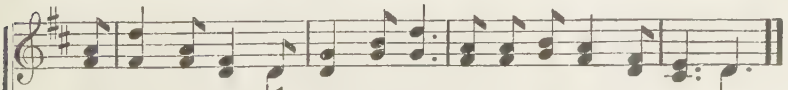
Tal - ent, or deed, or jew - el, Nor give it grudg- ing - ly.
Noth-ing with-held he from us, Our wand'ring souls to save.
Give it as he hath giv - en To you e - ter - nal life.



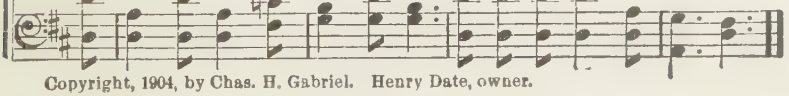
CHORUS.



Al - ways the best, al-ways the best, Al-ways the best for Je - sus;



As you receive, so free - ly give, Al-ways the best for Je - sus.



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Stand Up, Stand Up for Jesus.

GEORGE DUFFIELD. ADAM GEIBEL.

1. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, Ye sol - diers of the cross;
2. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, The trump - et call o - bey;
3. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, Stand in his strength a-lone;
4. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, The strife will not be long;

Lift high his roy - al ban - ner, It must not suf - fer loss:
Forth to the might-y con - flict, In this his glo-rious day:
The arm of flesh will fail you; Ye dare not trust your own:
This day the noise of bat - tle, The next the vic - tor's song:

From vic - t'ry un - to vic - t'ry His arm - y shall he lead,
"Ye that are men now serve him" A - gainst un - num-bered foes;
Put on the gos - pel ar - mor, Each piece put on with pray'r;
To him that o - ver - com - eth, A crown of life shall be;

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Stand Up, Stand Up for Jesus.

rit.

Till ev - 'ry foe is vanquished, And Christ is Lord in - deed.
Let cour - age rise with dan - ger, And strength to strength oppose.
Where du - ty calls, or dan - ger, Be nev - er want - ing there.
He with the King of glo - ry Shall reign e - ter - nal - ly.

rit.

CHORUS.

Stand up for Je - sus, Ye sol-diers of the cross; Lift
Stand up, stand up for Je - sus,

high his roy- al ban - ner, It must not, It must not suf - - fer loss.

47 To-day!

SAMUEL F. SMITH, alt. LOWELL MASON.

1. To-day the Savior calls! Ye wand'rers, come! O ye benighted souls, Why longer roam?
2. To-day the Savior calls! O hear him now! Within these sacred walls To Jesus bow
3. To-day the Savior calls! For ref-uge fly! The storm of justice falls, And death is nigh.
4. The Spir-it calls to-day: Yield to his pow'r; O grieve him not away, 'T is mercy's hour!

Be a Blessing.

JOHNSON OATMAN, JR. A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. Would you be a sunbeam filled with heav-en's light, Shedding forth its beau-ty o - ver scenes of night? In this world of sorrow, sickness, sin and woe, Try to be a blessing ev - 'ry-where you go.

2. Where the tears are falling and the hearts are sad, Take some gospel message that will make them glad; Strive to give them comfort by some lov - ing deed, Try to be a blessing in the time of need.

3. Just a cup of wa - ter for the Mas - ter's sake May sweet chords of mu - sic in some bos - om wake; Seek to help some pilgrim t'ward the gold - en land, Try to be a blessing, both with voice and hand.

1. Would you be a sunbeam filled with heaven's light, Shedding forth its beau - ty o - ver scenes of night? In this world of sor-row, sickness, sin and woe, Try to be a bless-ing ev'rywhere you go.

CHORUS.

Be a blessing on life's wear - y mile, Be a bless-ing with a word or smile; Be a bless-ing,

Be a cheer-ful bless-ing on life's wear - y mile, Be a sun - ny bless - ing with a word or smile; Be a con - stant bless - ing,

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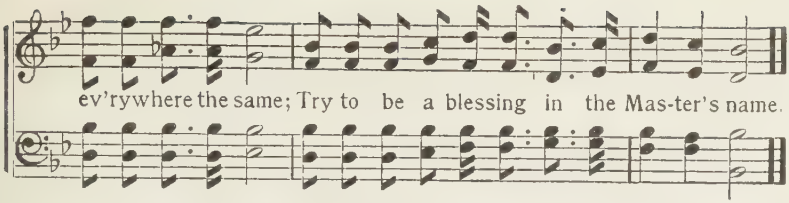
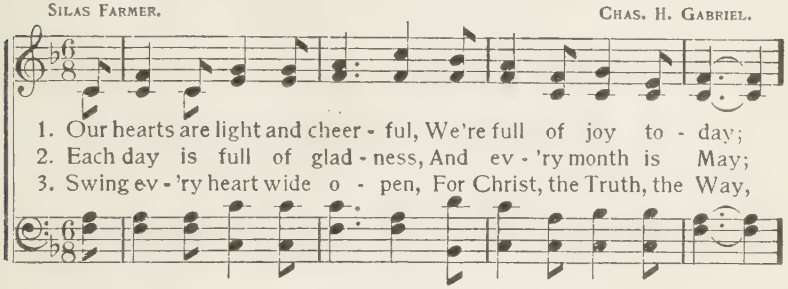
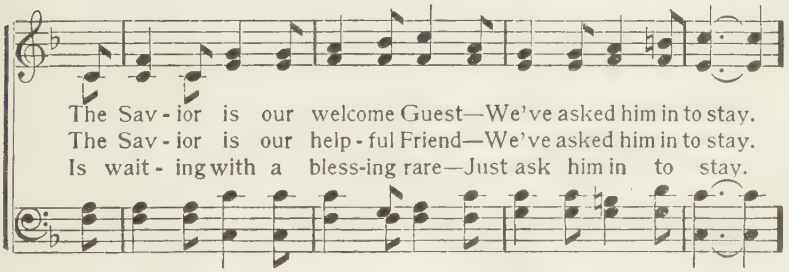
Be a Blessing.



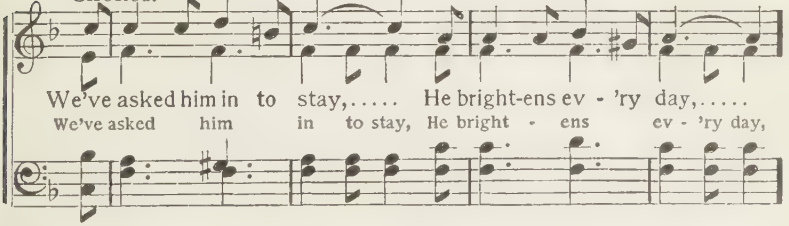
49 Ask Him In to Stay.

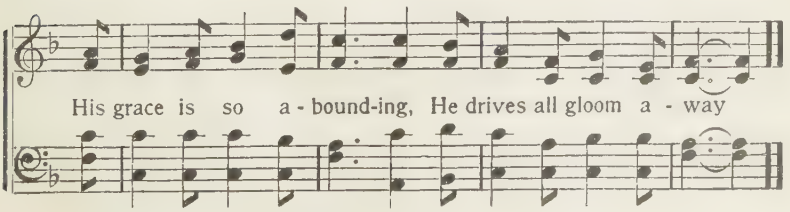
SILAS FARMER. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.





CHORUS.





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Spirit-Filled.

Mrs. C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. Spir - it-filled,—O can it be, Je - sus meant this grace for me,
2. Since in con - de - scend-ing grace Thou didst choose this lowly place,
3. This my pray'r, O gra-cious Lord, Now ac-cord - ing to thy word,

From the pow'r of sin set free This poor heart of mine?
To pre- pare I now make haste For my roy - al Guest;
Be the Ho - ly Ghost outpoured E - ven, Lord, on me;

In the tem - ple pu - ri - fied, Set a - part and sanc - ti - fied,
Far too long this heart of mine Barred from thee its in - ner shrine;
Spir - it-filled and run-ning o'er, That my life might be a pow'r,

There the Spir - it would a - bide? O what grace di - vine!
From henceforth 'tis whol - ly thine, Wel - come to my breast!
And to oth - ers more and more I a bless - ing be.

Chorus.

Fill to o'er-flow - ing with grace di - vine this heart of mine;

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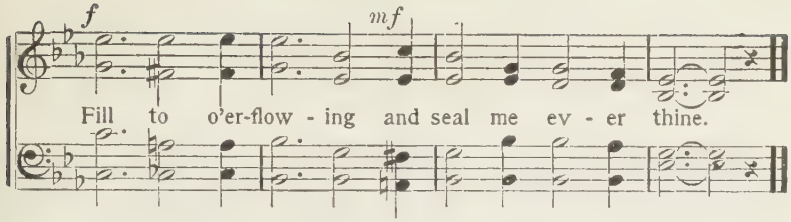
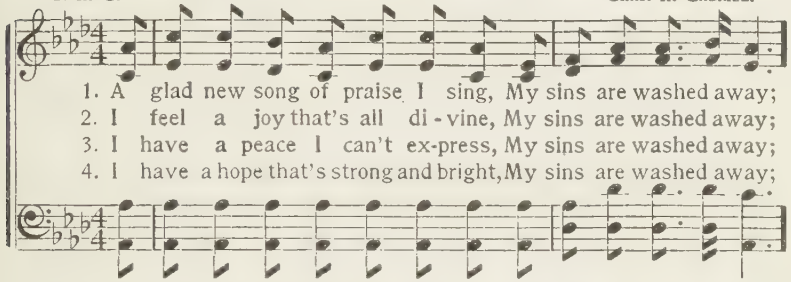
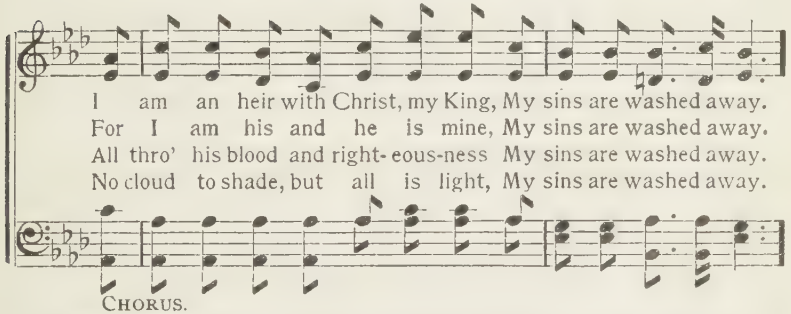
Spirit-Filled.



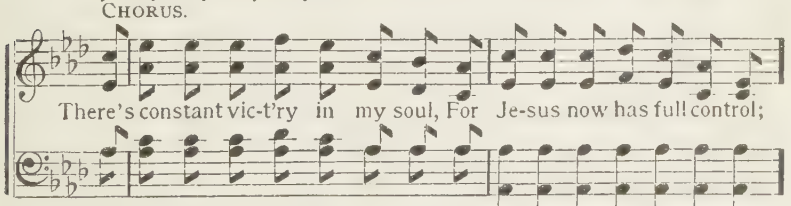
51 My Sins are Washed Away.

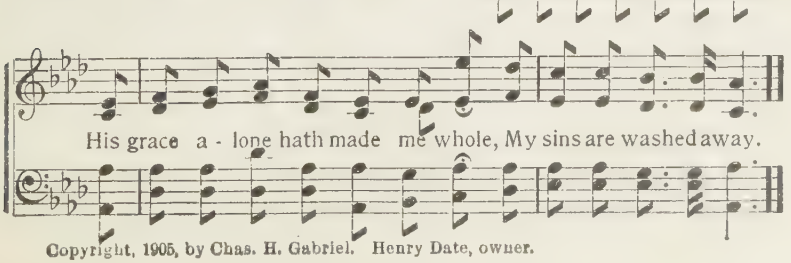
C. H. G. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.





CHORUS.





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The Grandest Word.

LIZZIE DE ARMOND. W. A. POST.

1. The grandest word in the human tongue Is re-demp-tion, re-demp-tion,
2. The word that brings to our souls repose Is re-demp-tion, re-demp-tion,
3. The grandest word that our lips can say Is re-demp-tion, re-demp-tion,

The sweetest song that was ev - er sung Is redemption thro' his blood;
The dear - est note that a sin- ner knows Is redemption thro' his blood;
A shield of faith for the e - vil day Is redemption thro' his blood;

His spotless robe of pu - ri - ty Our Je-sus gives to you and me,—
In love he came to earth be-low, And glad- ly suf-fered pain and woe,
He came to save a ru - ined race, With joy he took the sin-ner's place,

Thro' his sal - va - tion makes us free, O praise his ho - ly name!
That we might his sal - va - tion know Thro' all e - ter - ni - ty.
That we some day might see his face, In glo - ry by and by.

CHORUS.

Re - demp - - tion! re - demp - - tion! The
Re - demp - tion! re-demp - tion! The sweet - est song e'er sung; Let

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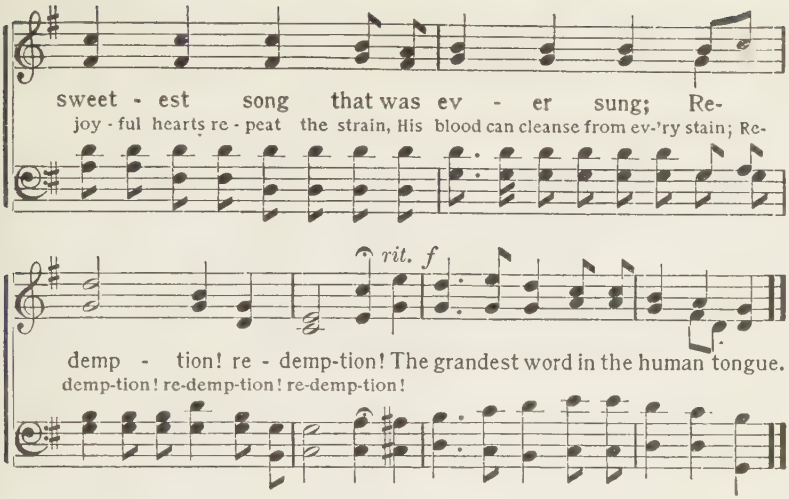
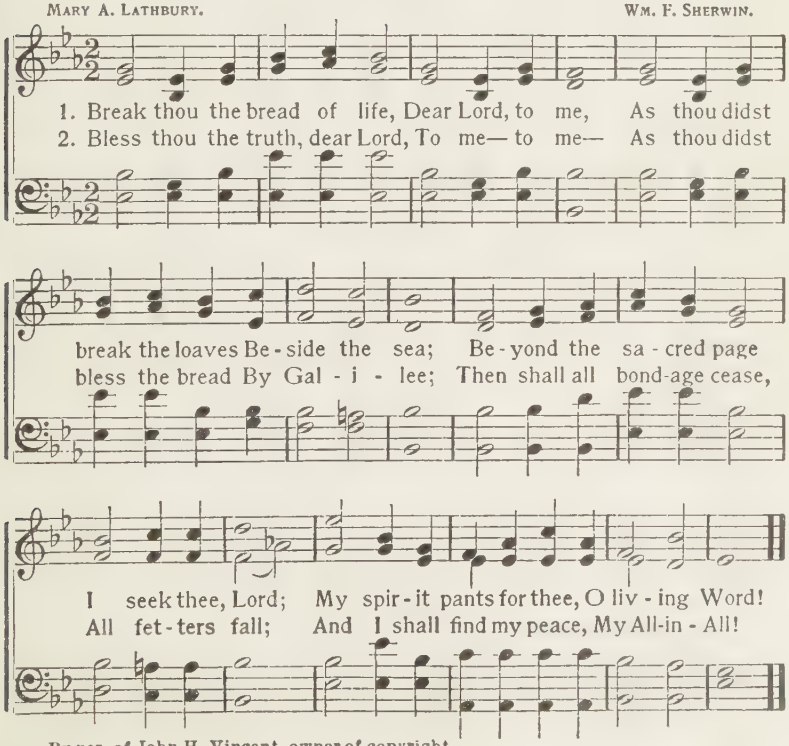
The Grandest Word.



53 Break Thou the Bread of Life.

MARY A. LATHBURY. WM. F. SHERWIN.



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Don't Forget That Jesus Loves You.

M. S. Brown. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Don't for-get that Je - sus loves you, In the bus - y walks of life,
2. Don't for-get that Je - sus loves you, When the tempter bids you yield;
3. Don't for-get that Je - sus loves you, When afflictions press you hard,

When the wear-y hours of toil so crowd the way; When the
When the hosts of sin have met you in ar - ray, Don't for-
When the hand of death is bid-ding you o - bey; Just re-

path is steep and rugged, And the burden seems so great, Don't forget that
get that Je-sus met them, And will save you from them all; Don't forget that
mem-ber he is with you, And will lead you safely thro'—Don't forget that

Chorus.

Je - sus loves you ev - 'ry day. Don't for-get that Je - sus loves you,

Don't for - get the ten - der heart Bro - ken once to wash your sins a-
to

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Don't Forget That Jesus Loves You.

way; Don't for-get that he is near you, With his bleeding
wash your sins a-way;

hands and side,—Don't for-get that Je - sus loves you ev - 'ry day.

55 O Don't Stay Away.

JOHNSON OATMAN, JR. W. J. STUART.

With expression.

1. Come, soul, and find thy rest, No lon - ger be distressed; Come to thy
2. Dark is the world and cold, Her cares can-not be told; Come to thy
3. Come with thy load of sin, Christ died thy soul to win; Now he will
4. Time, here, will soon be past, Moments are fly-ing fast; Judgment will
5. Come, O we pray thee, come, Come, and no longer roam; Come, now, and

CHORUS.

Savior's breast, O don't stay a - way.
Sav - ior's fold, O don't stay a - way.
take thee in, O don't stay a - way. Pray'rs are as-cend-ing now, An-
come at last, O don't stay a - way.
start for home, O don't stay a - way.

rit.

gels are bending now; Both worlds are blending now, O don't stay away.

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The Grand Old Story of Salvation.

E. E. Hewitt. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. We tell it as we journey toward the mansions built a-bove, The grand old sto-ry of sal-va-tion; We sing it out with gladness, in the mel-o-dies of love, The grand old sto-ry of sal-va-tion.
2. His hand can lift the fall-en and his blood can make them white, The grand old sto-ry of sal-va-tion; His love can pierce the darkness with the nev-er-fad ing light, The grand old sto-ry of sal-va-tion.
3. We'll sing it in the bat-tle, and its notes shall vic-t'ry be, The grand old sto-ry of sal-va-tion; We'll sing it in our tri-als, till the pass-ing shadows flee, The grand old sto-ry of sal-va-tion.
4. The an-gels look with won-der, yet their harps can nev-er tell The grand old sto-ry of sal-va-tion; His ransomed, clothed with beauty, shall the praise of Je-sus swell, The grand old sto-ry of sal-va-tion.

Chorus.

Ring it out, ring it out, Ring to ring it out, ring it out,

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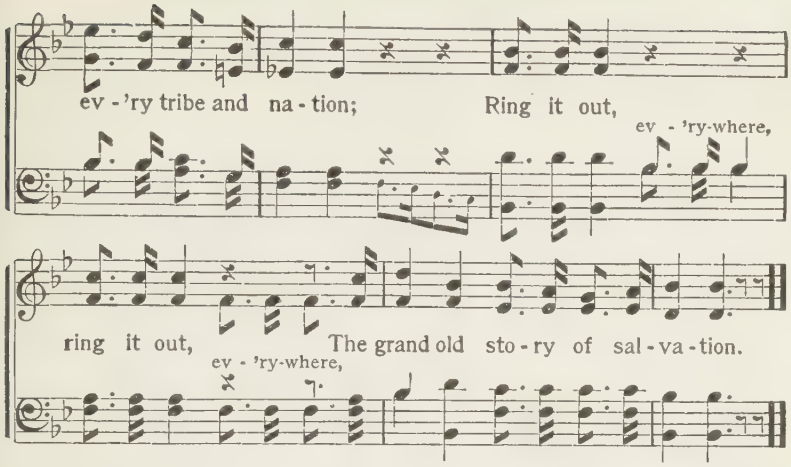
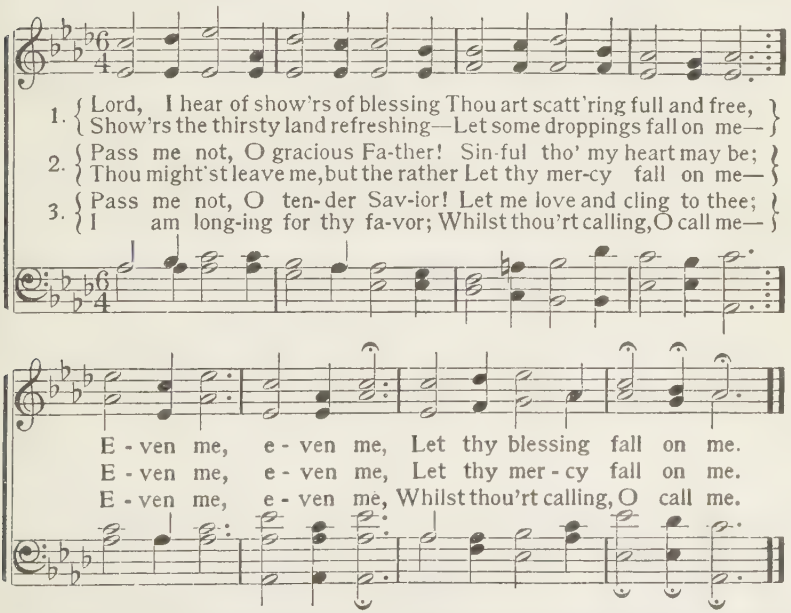
The Grand Old Story of Salvation.



57 Even Me.

ELIZABETH CODNER. WM. B. BRADBURY.



4 Pass me not, O mighty Spirit!
Thou canst make the blind to see;
Witnesser of Jesus' merit,
Speak the word of power to me—
Even me, etc.

5 Love of God, so pure and changeless;
Blood of Christ, so rich and free;
Grace of God, so strong and boundless;
Magnify them all in me—
Even me, etc.

Fall Into Battle Line.

Mrs. C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. See, the hosts of sin are marching on with weapons gleaming bright,
2. On which side have you en-list - ed? where is now your name enrolled?
3. Close the ranks and press the bat-tle in the ar - my of the Lord,

And their ban - ners proud - ly wave; But they meet to - day a
With whose ar - my do you fight? With the hosts of sin and
At the front there's room to - day; And the Mas- ter prom - is-

loy - al band who bat-tle for the right, And whose God is strong to save.
darkness do you now allegiance hold, Or the cause of truth and right?
es a sure and boun- ti- ful reward To the faithful in the fray.

Chorus.

Fall in - to bat - tle line, Fall in - to
Fall in - to line, fall in - to line, Fall in - to line,

bat - tle line, Then to the front a - way, a-way, ye soldiers brave and
fall in - to line,

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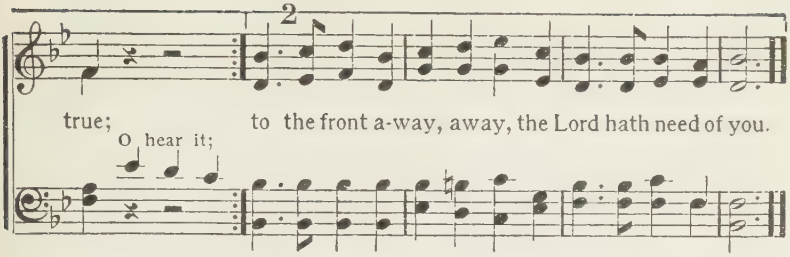
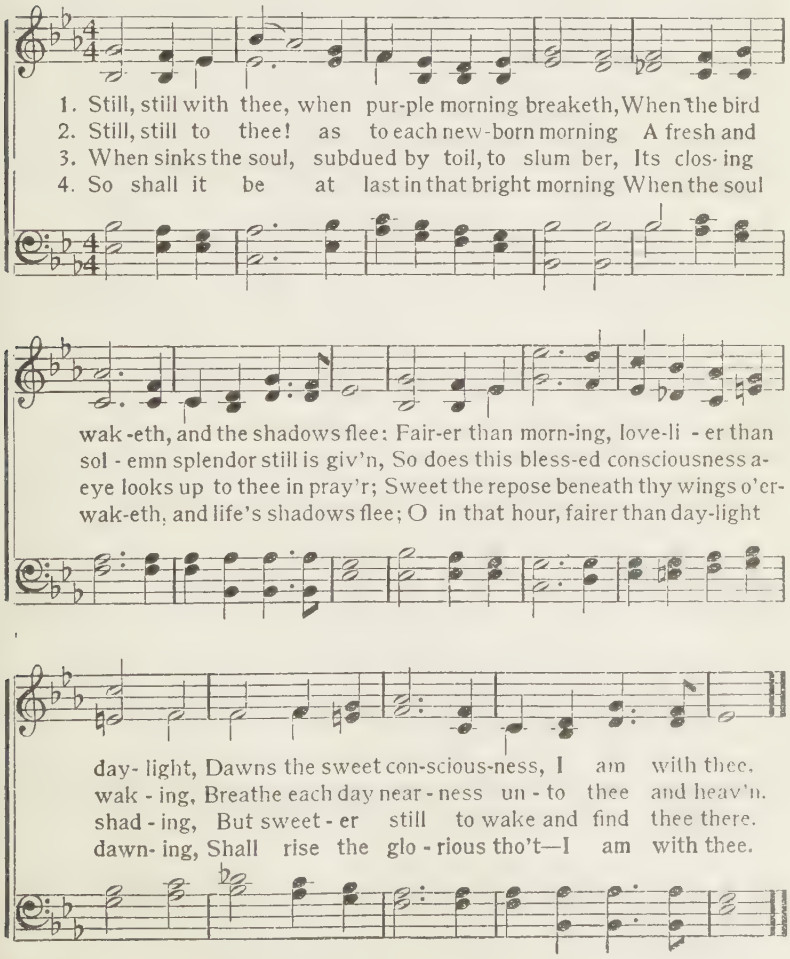
Fall Into Battle Line.



59 Still, Still With Thee.

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE. MENDELSSOHN.



Not in Vain.

C. H. G.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. One there was, born in a poor and low - ly manger; One, spotless and
2. 'Twas not the least he could do the Lord ex-tend-ed To us that we
3. Searching he found us a - stray—his sheep neglected—Unguarded and
4. Why should the King, in whose hand the mighty ocean Re - clin-eth, have

pure,—without blemish or stain, Who came to earth in the per - son of a
might life e - ter - nal ob-tain; But in the depths of his love he con-de-
scattered o'er mountain and plain; He, to re-deem us, became despised, re-
sent his own Son to be slain? Yet on the al - tar he laid him in de-

Stran-ger To die for us; and shall his death be in vain?
scend-ed To die for us; and shall his death be in vain?
ject - ed, And died for us; and shall his death be in vain?
vo - tion To die for us; and shall his death be in vain?

CHORUS.

No, not in vain he came to earth a Stranger to save me; The sac - ri-

fice he made a - lone my debt could pay; No, not in vain his life a ransom

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Not in Vain.

free - ly he gave me, For now my sins are washed away.....
my sins are washed a-way.

61 Help Somebody To-day.

Mrs. Frank A. Breck. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Look all around thee, find some one in need, Help some-body to - day!
2. Man-y are waiting a com-fort-ing word, Help some-body to - day!
3. Man-y have burdens too heavy to bear, Help some-body to - day!
4. Some are discouraged and weary in heart, Help some-body to - day!

Tho' it be lit - tle—a neigh-bor-ly deed—Help some-body to - day!
Thou hast a message, O let it be heard, Help some-body to - day!
Grief is the por-tion of some ev-'ry-where, Help some-body to - day!
Some on the journey to heaven should start, Help some-body to - day!

Chorus.

Help some-bod-y to - day, Some-bod-y a-long thy way; Let
to-day, homeward way;

sor-row be ended, The friendless befriended, Oh, help somebody to-day!

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Every One In His Place.

E. E. Hewitt. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. Ev - 'ry one in his place in the work for God, While we
2. Ev - 'ry one in his place in the fight with sin, Let each
3. Ev - 'ry one in his place; in the book we read Of the
4. Ev - 'ry one in his place, there the help we'll claim Of the

pub - lish his glo - ri - ous gos - pel a-broad; Ev-'ry one has a
sol - dier be faith-ful the vic - t'ry to win; Send the word down the
small-est and humblest the Mas - ter has need; Ev - 'ry tal - ent is
Sav-ior who calls all his ran-somed by name; To the whole-hearted

place that no oth - er can fill, Let him take up his du - ties with
line in the mil - i - tant host, In the ar - my of Je - sus, each
hallowed when laid at his feet, Ev - 'ry serv - ice is bless-ed, each
fol - low'r the prom-ise is giv'n Of a place, and a crown, and a

Chorus.

heart - y good will. Ev-'ry one in his place In the
one at his post.
min - is - try sweet.
wel-come in heav'n. Ev - 'ry one in his place

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Every One In His Place.

king - dom of grace; Consecrated, pure and true, his ap-
In the kingdom, the kingdom of grace;

pointed work to do, Ev-'ry one, ev-'ry one in his place.
ev-'ry one in his place.

63 Don't Keep Jesus Waiting.

G. W. Crofts. C. C. Cline.

1. Don't keep Jesus waiting, Waiting ev-er-more; Hark! he knocketh softly
2. Don't keep Jesus waiting, Waiting at the door; How he suffered for thee!
3. Don't keep Jesus waiting; Friend he is and more; As thy Sav-ior loves thee,
4. Don't keep Jesus waiting Till the day is o'er; Sad, should Jesus leave thee,

I..... im-plore.

At thy bosom's door; Haste that door to open, Open, I im-plore.
All thy sins he bore; Bid him free-ly en-ter, Bid him, I im-plore.
None e'er loved before; Do not turn him from thee, Do not, I im-plore.
Leave thee evermore; Wide the door fling open, Open, I im-plore.

I..... im-plore.

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The Sweetness of His Grace.

E. T. Cassel. E. T. and F. H. Cassel.

1. Where-so-ev-er you may go In this bus-y world be-low,
2. You can tell the world a-round What a blessing you have found,
3. When you see a troub-led soul Vain-ly striv-ing for a goal
4. Tell the ea-ger, rest-less throng, As they seethe and surge a-long,

There's a balm that you should car-ry ev-'ry place; It will
What a rem-e-dy there is for ev-'ry case; How the
That this wick-ed world with lur-ing hand doth place, You can
Fierce-ly fight-ing for the pleasures that de-base, There is

make your life so bright, Turn your darkness into light; 'Tis the sweetness, 'tis the
frowns will pass away, And the smiles begin to play, If they'll only taste the
turn him from his course, Make his life a blessed force, If you'll give to him the
naught can satisfy, Nothing worth their while to try, Till they find the blessed

Chorus.

sweetness of his grace. There's a balm..... of life that
a precious balm

makes my heart so light, 'Tis the sweetness of his grace, won-der-ful

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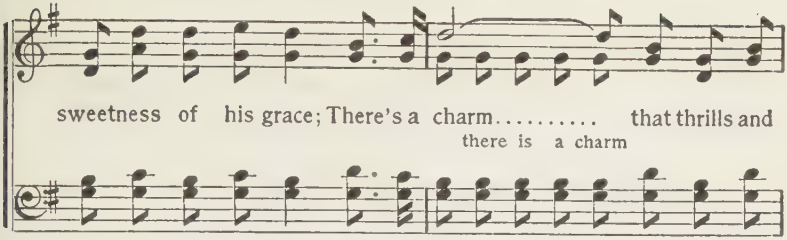
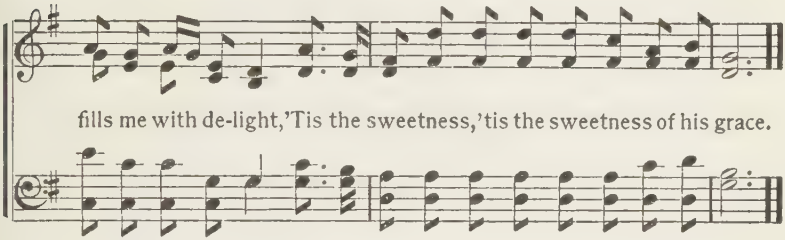
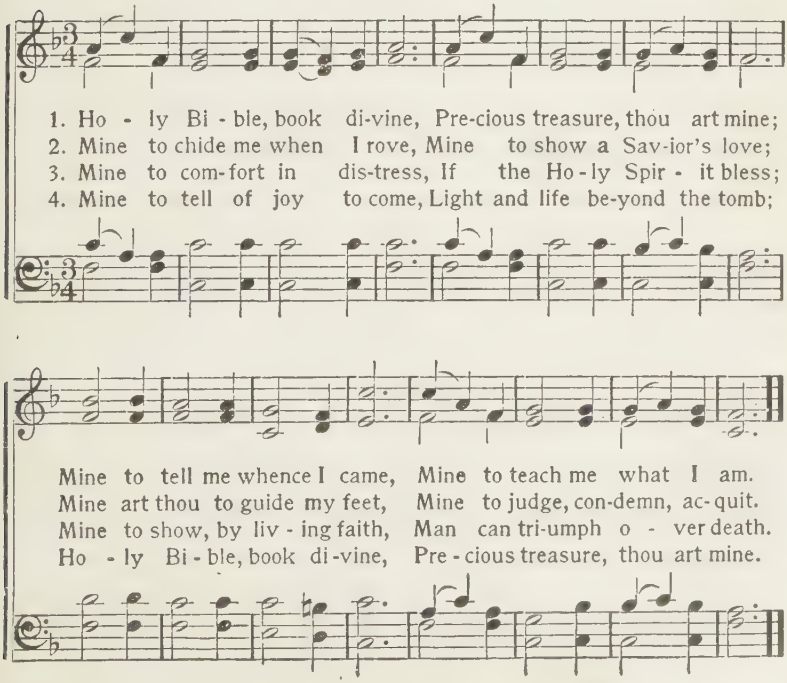
The Sweetness of His Grace.





65 Holy Bible, Book Divine.

JOHN BURTON. WM. B. BRADBURY.



Not Now.

Miss B. E. Merrill. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Not now, O God! and shall I say thy time must wait for mine,
2. Not now! not now! yet, while I wait, Death's angel rides a-broad,
3. Not now, O God! and shall I spend My life's best days in sin,
4. No! thou, O God, hast work for me A-long life's rug-ged way;

I'll at some more con-ven-ient day Ex-change my will for thine?
And ush-ers to their fin-al state The souls unknown to God.
Then claim thee for my Sav-ior Friend When fail-ing pow'rs be-gin?
Just now I yield my-self to thee, Nor wait an-oth-er day.

Chorus.

Not now! not now! still Je-sus waits With out-stretched arms of love;
Last stanza.
Just now! just now!

Not now! yet soon may close the gates That lead to life a-bove.
Just now! for soon

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67 He is So Precious to Me.

C. H. G. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. I'm hap - py in Je- sus, my Sav- ior, my King, And all the day
2. He stood at the door a - mid sunshine and rain, So pa - tient - ly
3. I stand on the mountain of sun-shine at last, No cloud in the
4. I praise him, because he ap-point- ed a place, Where, some day, thro'

long of his goodness I sing; To him in my weakness I lov-ing - ly
wait - ing an entrance to gain; What shame that so long he entreated in
heav-ens a shad-ow to cast; His smile is up - on me, the val-ley is
faith in his marvelous grace, My eyes shall behold him—shall look on his

CHORUS.

cling, For he is so precious to me. For he is so precious to
vain, For he is so precious to me.
past, For he is so precious to me.
face, For he is so precious to me. so

me,..... For he is so precious to me,..... 'Tis heaven be-
precious to me, so precious to me,

low My Re-deem-er to know, For he is so pre-cious to me.

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Have Faith In God.

M. A. S. MAY AGNEW STEPHENS.

1. Do you ev - er feel down-heart-ed or dis - cour-aged? Do you ev - er think your work is all in vain? Do the burdens thrust up-on you make you tremble, And you fear that you shall ne'er the vict'ry gain?
2. Darkest night will al - ways come be - fore the dawn-ing, Sil - ver lin-ings shine on God's side of the cloud; All your jour-ney he has promised to be with you, Naught has come to you but what his love allowed.
3. God is might - y! he is a - ble to de - liv - er; Faith can vic - tor be in ev - 'ry try-ing hour, Fear and care, and sin and sor - row be de-feat-ed By our faith in God's almighty, conqu'ring pow'r.

vic'try gain?
his love allowed.
conqu'ring pow'r.

CHORUS.

Have faith in God, ... the sun will shine, ...
Have faith in God, the sun will shine,

Tho' dark the cloud ..... may be to - day; .....
Tho' dark the cloud may be to - day;

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Have Faith In God.

His heart hath planned..... your path and mine;.....
His heart hath planned your path and mine;

rit.

Have faith in God,..... have faith al - way.....
Have faith in God, have faith al - way.

69 Depth of Mercy.

CHARLES WESLEY. C. M. VON WEBER.

1. Depth of mer - cy! can there be Mer - cy still reserved for me?
2. I have long withstood his grace; Long provoked him to his face;
3. Je - sus, an-swer from a - bove, Is not all thy na - ture love?
4. Now in - cline me to re - pent; Let me now my fall la - ment;

Can my God his wrath for - bear, And the chief of sin-ners spare?
Would not hear his gra-cious calls; Grieved him by a thousand falls.
Wilt thou not the wrong for - get? Lo, I fall be-neath thy feet.
Deep - ly my re - volt de - plore; Weep, believe, and sin no more.

Haste, Haste, Haste.

E. E. Hewitt. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. Haste, haste, haste in the busi-ness of the King, While, to do his
2. Haste, haste, haste in the busi-ness of the King, Not to world-ly
3. Haste, haste, haste in the busi-ness of the King, Ere the day de-

bid-ding, gold-en hours are on the wing; Step, step, step in his
pleasures, not to self-ish in-t'rests cling; Tell, tell, tell the sweet
clin-ing shall its length'ning shadows fling; Love, love, love makes his

foot-prints day by day, Spreading joy around you, making sunshine by the way.
sto-ry of his grace, Strive to rescue others, while the moments fly a-pace.
serv-ice a delight; Give your all to Je-sus; you shall walk with him in white.

Chorus.

Lift your voice with gladness, and a-loud his praises sing, Haste, haste, haste

in the business of the King; Till the gates shall o-pen, and the

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Haste, Haste, Haste.

harps of glo - ry ring, Haste, haste, haste to the busi-ness of the King.

71 I Hear Thy Welcome Voice.

LEWIS HARTSOUGH.

1. I hear thy welcome voice, That calls me, Lord, to thee, For cleansing in thy
2. Tho' coming, weak and vile, Thou dost my strength assure; Thou dost my vileness
3. 'T is Je-sus calls me on To perfect faith and love, To perfect hope, and
4. 'T is Jesus who confirms The blessed work within, By adding grace to

CHORUS.

precious blood That flowed on Cal - va - ry.
ful - ly cleanse, Till spot - less all and pure.
peace, and trust, For earth and heav'n a-bove.
welcomed grace, Where reigned the pow'r of sin.

I am com-ing, Lord!

Coming now to thee! Wash me, cleanse me in the blood That flowed on Calvary.

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To the Work.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

1. To the work! to the work! we are serv - ants of God, Let us
2. To the work! to the work! let the hun - gry be fed; To the
3. To the work! to the work! there is la - bor for all; For the
4. To the work! to the work! in the strength of the Lord, And a

fol - low the path that our Mas - ter has trod; With the
foun - tain of life let the wear - y be led; In the
king - dom of dark - ness and er - ror shall fall; And the
robe and a crown shall our la - bor re - ward, When the

balm of his coun-sel our strength to re - new, Let us do with our
cross and its ban - ner our glo - ry shall be, While we her - ald the
name of Je - ho - vah ex - alt - ed shall be, In the loud-swelling
home of the faith-ful our dwell- ing shall be, And we shout with the

CHORUS.

might what our hands find to do. Toil - ing on, toil - ing
ti - dings, "*Sal-va-tion is free!*"
cho - rus, "*Sal-va-tion is free!*"
ran-somed, "*Sal-va-tion is free!*" Toil - ing on,

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To the Work.

on, Toil-ing on, toil-ing on; Let us
toil-ing on, Toil-ing on, toil-ing on;

hope, let us watch, And la-bor till the Mas-ter comes.
and trust, and pray,

73 Just as My Father Wills.

HARRIET E. JONES. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Just as he wills, so let it be, Whose hand shall mark my path for me;
2. If he shall lead in pleasant ways, And all my days prove sunny days,
3. If he, while on my journey here, Shall bid me tread the pathway drear,
4. Just as he wills who knoweth why Dark clouds sometimes must veil the sky—
5. Just as he wills—enough for me, The God I trust the end can see;

Just what I need his eye can see; Just as my Father wills.
A song of thanks to him I'll raise; Just as my Father wills.
My song of thanks he still shall hear; Just as my Father wills.
He chastens but to pu-ri-fy; Just as my Father wills.
In weal or woe my song shall be;—Just as my Father wills.

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Since His Love Is Mine.

E. E. Hewitt. Ira B. Wilson.

1. Joy in Je - sus I pos-sess, Since his love is mine;
2. O to know him more and more, Since his love is mine;
3. There's a balm for ev - 'ry ill, Since his love is mine;

his love

He will com - fort, he will bless, Since his love is mine;
Heights of mer - cy I'll ex-plore, Since his love is mine;
Peace a - bid - eth with me still, Since his love is mine;

his love

In the thick-est of the fight, I will lean up - on his might;
Je - sus sought me long a - go, Washed me whiter than the snow,
I shall find his serv-ice sweet, Glean for him his precious wheat,

Thro' the dark-ness shines a light, Since his love is mine.
O - pened skies with hope a-glow, Since his love is mine.
Sheaves to lay at his dear feet, Since his love is mine.

his love

Chorus.

Since his love..... is mine, Since his love .... is
Since his love, his love is mine, Since his love, his

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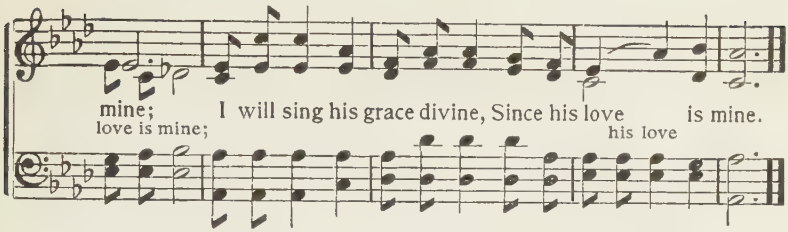
Since His Love Is Mine.



75 Wonderful Words of Life.

P. P. B. P. P. Bliss.

1. Sing them o - ver a - gain to me, Won-der-ful words of Life;
2. Christ, the blessed One, gives to all, Won-der-ful words of Life;
3. Sweet-ly ech - o the gos - pel call, Won-der-ful words of Life;

Let me more of their beau - ty see, Won-der-ful words of Life;
Sin - ner, list to the lov - ing call, Won-der-ful words of Life;
Of - fer par-don and peace to all, Won-der-ful words of Life;

Words of life and beau - ty, Teach me faith and du - ty,
All so free - ly giv - en, Woo - ing us to heav - en,
Je - sus, on - ly Sav - ior, Sanc - ti - fy for - ev - er,

Beautiful words, wonderful words, Wonderful words of Life; Life.

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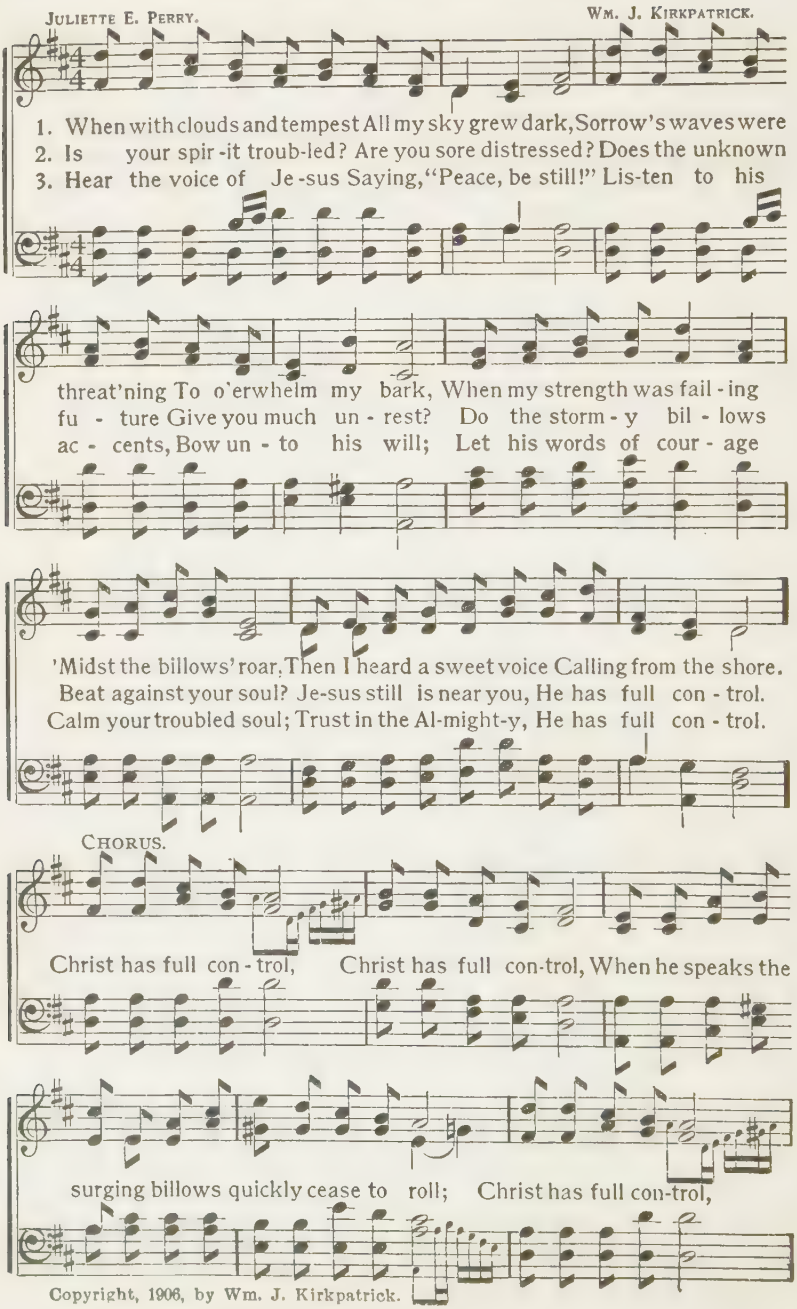
Christ Has Full Control.



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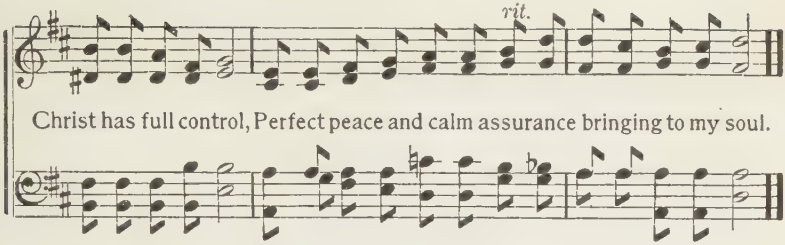
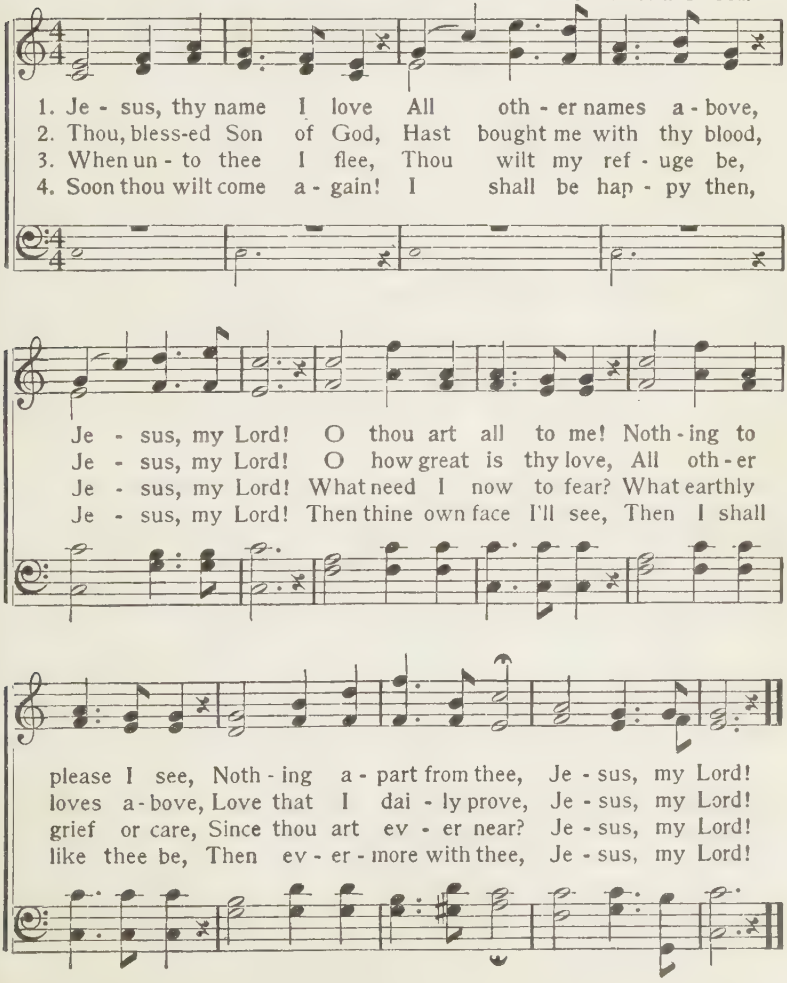
Christ Has Full Control.



77 Jesus, Thy Name I Love.

JAMES G. DECK. JOSEPH P. HOLBROOK.



Wounded for Me.

C. H. G. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Thou in - fi - nite Sav-ior, on thee I de - pend; Thou art my Sal-
2. Tho' all the vain things of the earth should u-nite To draw me a-
3. Tho' sor-rows may come, and temp-ta-tions as - sail, Thy grace is suf-
4. When down thro' the val-ley of shad-ows I go, Thy Spir - it shall

va - tion, Re-deem - er and Friend; To thee in my weak-ness for
way from thy pres-ence and light, I'll rest in thy love, with thy
fi - cient—thy love shall a - vail; For tho' I should per - ish, thine,
guide me, no fear shall I know; For out of the gloom I will

ref - uge I flee, And cling to the hand that was wounded for me.
blood for my plea, And cling to the hand that was wounded for me.
Lord, I will be, And cling to the hand that was wounded for me.
cry un - to thee, And cling to the hand that was wounded for me.

CHORUS.

Wound - ed for me,..... Wound - ed for
Wounded for me, wounded for me, I cling to the hand that was

me;..... All else I re - sign, bless-ed Lord, to be
wounded for me;

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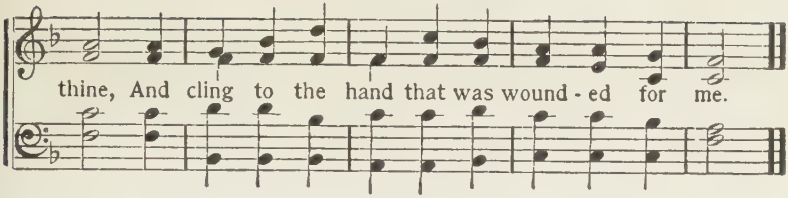
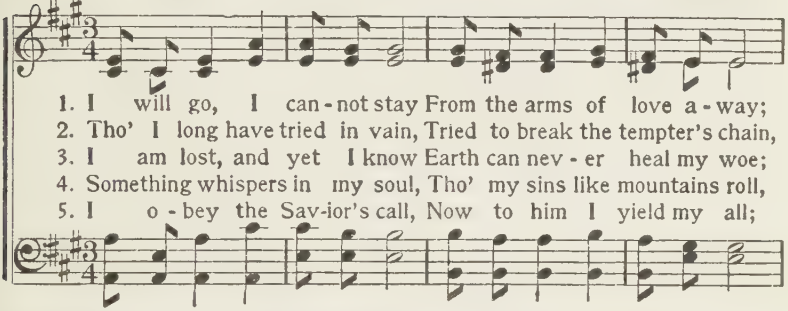
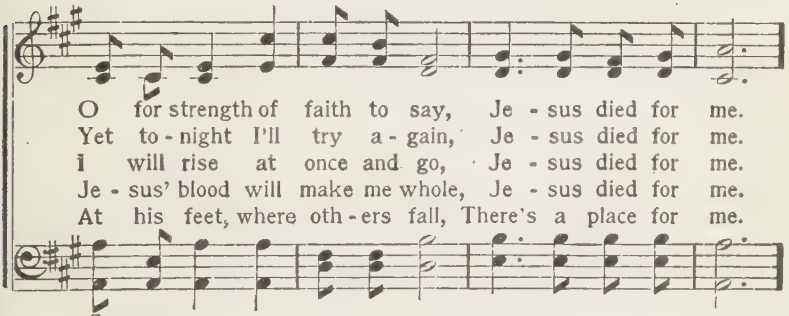
Wounded for Me.



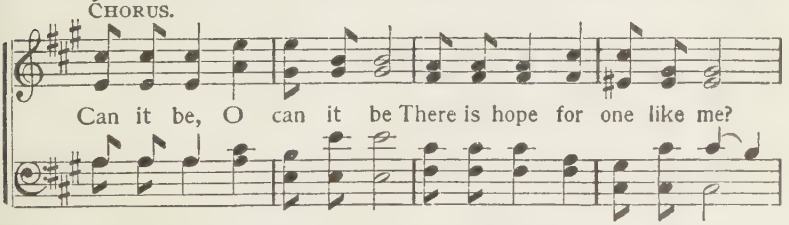
79 I Will Go.

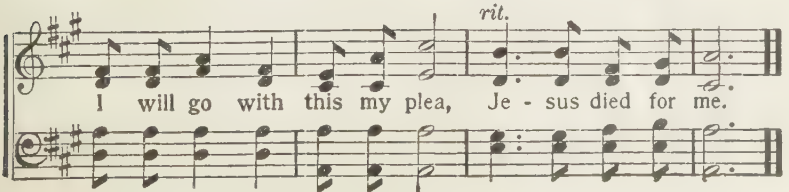
MARTHA J. LANKTON. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.





CHORUS.





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Be Loyal to Jesus.

LIZZIE DE ARMOND. ADAM GEIBEL.

1. Ev - er be loy - al to Je - sus, Trusting his won - der - ful word,
2. Ev - er be loy - al to Je - sus, Mak - ing his serv - ice de - light,
3. Ev - er be loy - al to Je - sus, Sin - gle in pur - pose and aim,

Growing each day in his like - ness, Near - er the heart of the Lord;
Cast down but never dis - cour - aged, Singing glad songs in the night;
Seek - ing in each un - der - tak - ing On - ly to hon - or his name;

Fol - low - ing on in the path - way Leading to mansions a - bove,
True to the charge he has giv - en, Liv - ing from hour to hour
Leaving the world and its pleasures, Faithful in that which is least,

Do - ing the will of the Mas - ter, Full of the joy of his love.
Cir - cled a - bout by his pres - ence, Kept by his wonderful pow'r.
Finding in Christ, our Pass - o - ver, Tru - ly a glo - ri - ous feast.

CHORUS. *Unison.*

Be loy - al to Je - sus, O live for his glo - ry a - lone,

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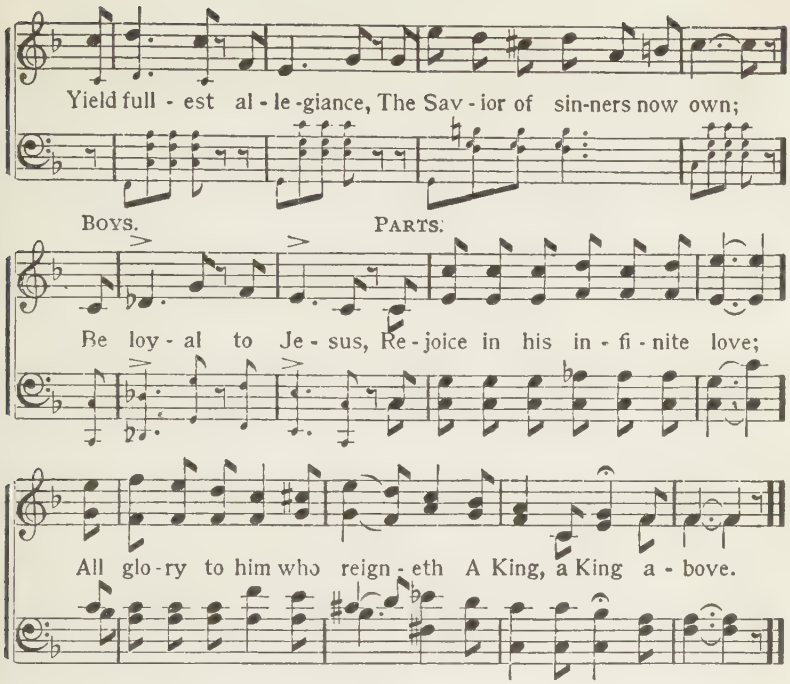
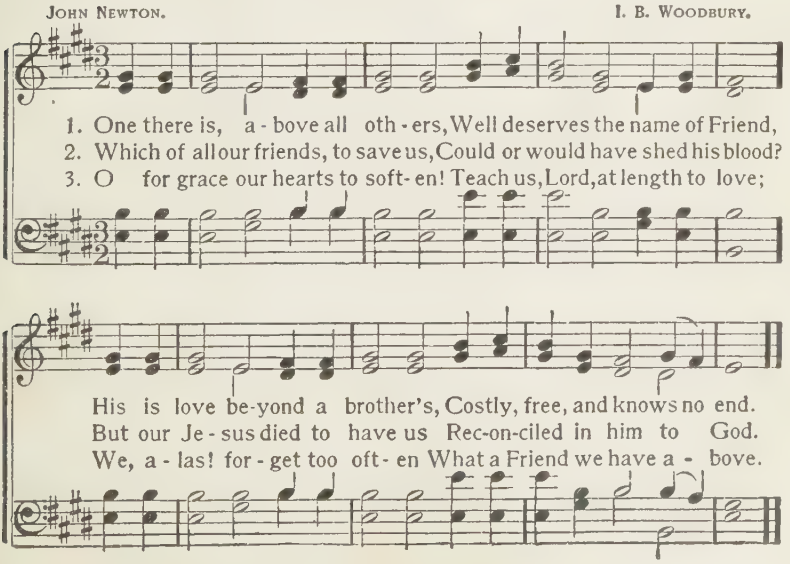
Be Loyal to Jesus.



81 One There Is, Above All Others.

JOHN NEWTON. I. B. WOODBURY.



Open Your Heart to Jesus.

JAMES ROWE. THORO HARRIS.

1. Sin - ner, are you lone and sad? Just o- pen your heart to Je - sus;
2. If the world has proved unkind, Just o- pen your heart to Je - sus;
3. Would you lose your sins to-day, Just o- pen your heart to Je - sus;
4. He is stand-ing at your side, Just o- pen your heart to Je - sus;

He a - lone can make you glad, Just o- pen your heart to Je - sus.
If a friend you wish to find, Just o- pen your heart to Je - sus.
He will take them all a - way, Just o- pen your heart to Je - sus.
Ev - 'ry need shall be sup-plied, Just o- pen your heart to Je - sus.

CHORUS.

Just o - pen your heart, bid the Sav - ior come in, O - pen your heart, he will cleanse it from sin; Sin - ner, o - pen your heart, and the work shall be - gin, Just o - pen your heart to Je - sus.

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Shall You? Shall I?

G. M. J. (Subject from M. E. I.)

JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

f *pp*

1. Some one will en - ter the pearl - y gate, By and by, by and by,
2. Some one will glad- ly his cross lay down, By and by, by and by,
3. Some one will knock when the door is shut, By and by, by and by,
4. Some one will sing the tri-um-phant song, By and by, by and by,

f *pp*

Taste of the glories that there await; Shall you? shall I? Shall you? shall I?
Faithful, approved, shall receive a crown; Shall you? shall I? Shall you? shall I?
Hear a voice saying, "I know you not!" Shall you? shall I? Shall you? shall I?
Join in the praise of the blood-bo't throng; Shall you? shall I? Shall you? shall I?

Some one will travel the streets of gold, Beau-ti-ful visions will there behold,
Some one the glo - ri- ous King will see, Ev-er from sorrow of earth be free,
Some one will call and shall not be heard, Vainly will strive when the door is barred,
Some one will greet on the golden shore Loved ones of earth who have gone before,

f *pp*

Feast on the pleasures so long fore-told; Shall you? shall I? Shall you? shall I?
Hap - py with him thro' e - ter - ni - ty; Shall you? shall I? Shall you? shall I?
Some one will fail of the saint's reward; Shall you? shall I? Shall you? shall I?
Safe in the glo-ry for - ev-er-more; Shall you? shall I? Shall you? shall I?

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On Calvary.

JULIA H. JOHNSTON and C. H. G. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. I long had wandered from my Lord who died On Cal - va - ry, on
2. Far off I heard the ten-der pleading pray'r On Cal - va - ry, on
3. His blood availed, and all my debt was paid On Cal - va - ry, on
4. And now I live for him who bore my sin On Cal - va - ry, on

Cal - va - ry; Nor cared to know that he was cru - ci - fied For
Cal - va - ry; And then I saw my Sav - ior dy - ing there, For
Cal - va - ry; My soul was cleansed, and full a-tone-ment made, For
Cal - va - ry, Who gave his life e - ter - nal peace to win For

CHORUS.

me on Cal - va - ry. From a - bove he came and
From a - bove he came,

sought me; With his pre - cious blood he
from a - bove he came and sought me; With his pre - cious blood,

bought me; Life, e - ter - nal life he
with his precious blood he bought me; Life e - ter - nal, e-

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On Calvary.

brought me, On Cal - - va - -
ter - nal life he brought me, On Cal - va - ry, on rug - ged Cal - va-
ry; va - - ry.
ry; e - ter - nal life he brought me; rug - ged Cal - va - ry, on Cal - va - ry.

85 While Jesus Whispers to You.

W. E. Witter. H. R. Palmer.

1. While Je-sus whispers to you, Come, sin-ner, come; While we are
2. Are you too heav- y - la - den? Come, sin-ner, come; Je - sus will
3. O hear his ten - der pleading, Come, sin-ner, come; Come, and re-

pray - ing for you, Come, sinner, come. Now is the time to own him,
bear your bur-den, Come, sinner, come. Je - sus will not de-ceive you,
ceive the bless-ing, Come, sinner, come. While Je-sus whispers to you,

Come, sinner, come; Now is the time to know him, Come, sinner, come.
Come, sinner, come; Je-sus can now redeem you, Come, sinner, come.
Come, sinner, come; While we are praying for you, Come, sinner, come.

Copyright, 1879, by Dr. H. R. Palmer.

The Life-Line Has Reached Even Me.

Mrs. C. D. Martin. W. Stillman Martin.

1. My bless - ed Re-deem - er and Lord Once found me o'er-
2. The Lord who, in days long a - go, Once walked on the
3. O soul in the whirl-pool of sin, Your Sav - ior he's

whelmed in life's sea, His help then he gave me, He
breast of the sea, Is ten - der and gra - cious, In-
wait - ing to be; His help he has prof - fered, And

blessed me, he saved me, The life - line has reached e- ven me.
creas - ing - ly pre- cious, Since the life - line has reached e- ven me.
man - y times of - fered To throw the strong life- line to thee.

Chorus.

The life - line has reached e-ven me,..... My gra-cious De-
e-ven me,

liv - 'rer is he;..... Tho' bil - lows may roll, There is
De - liv - 'rer is he;

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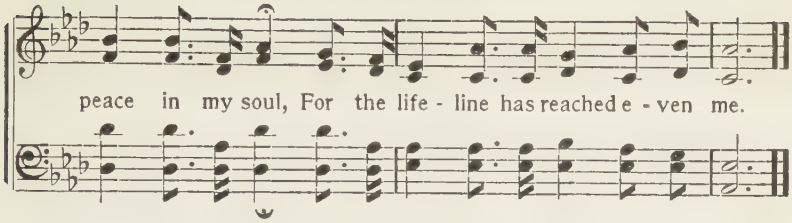
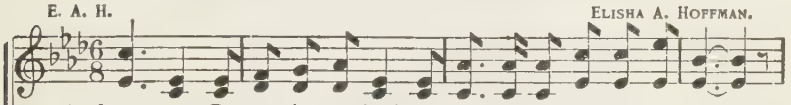
The Life-Line Has Reached Even Me.

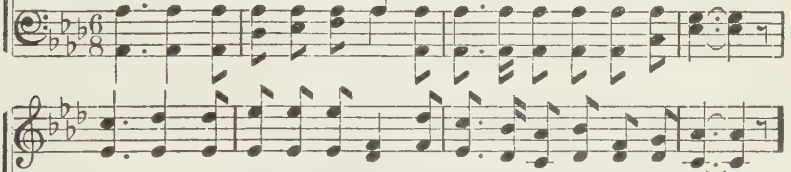


87 Make Room in Thy Heart.

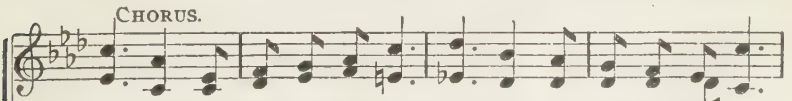
E. A. H. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.



1. Just now, O pen - i - tent child, Make room for God's love in thy heart;
2. Soul, art thou long-ing for peace? Submit, then, to Jesus to -day;
3. When thou art faint in the way, Thy burdens and cares on him roll;
4. O soul, e - ter - ni-ty-bound, Un-hap-py and rest-less within,

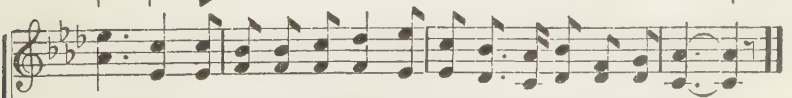


He waits a welcome from thee, And freely his grace will im-part.
Peace, rest, and freedom from sin, Can reach thee in no oth - er way.
Give him a place in thy heart; His presence will comfort thy soul.
Make room for Christ in thy heart, And wander no lon-ger in sin.

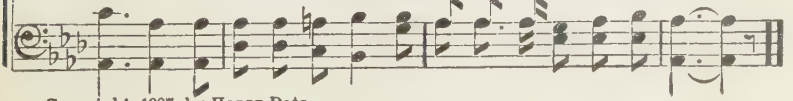


CHORUS.

Room, room, make room in thy heart; Let Christ this mo-ment come in;



Turn from the old life a-way; A new life with Je-sus be - gin.



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There Will Come a Last Time.

Mrs. C. H. M. Mrs. C. H Morris.

1. With mar - vel-ous pa-tience has Je - sus been stand-ing, A-
2. The Sav - ior who died on the cross to re - deem thee, As
3. To high - er at - tain-ments the Spir - it is call - ing, And
4. Be warned of thy dan - ger, ac - cept of God's mer - cy, Lest,

gain and a - gain at the door of thy heart; He will not be
thy In - ter - ces - sor im - plor - ing - ly stands; Thy case with the
bids thee in ful - ness of bless - ing re - joice; The years have gone
kin - dled a-gainst thee, his an - ger should burn, Lest jus - tice pre-

al - ways thus scorned and re-ject-ed, But, wearied and grieved, may for-
Fa - ther he ev - er-more pleadeth, And points to the prints of the
by with his call - ing un - heed- ed, And faint-er and faint - er now
vail and thy sea - son be o - ver; Then vain all thy ef - forts to

Chorus.

ev - er de-part.
nails in his hands.
groweth his voice.
Christ to re - turn.

There'll come a last time, a last time, friend,

there'll come a last time,

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There Will Come a Last Time.

Thy sea - son of grace will be o'er;..... There'll come a last time,
will be o'er;

rit.

There'll come a last time,
And Mer - cy will knock no more.
And Je - sus will plead no more.
The Spir - it will call no more.
Thy soul shall be lost ev - er - more.

89 He That Goeth Forth With Weeping.

THOS. HASTINGS. D. E. JONES.

1. He that go - eth forth with weeping, Bearing pre - cious seed in love,
2. Soft de-scend the dews of heav - en, Bright the rays ce - les - tial shine;
3. Sow thy seed; be nev - er wear - y; Let no fears thy soul an- noy;
4. Lo! the scene of verdure bright'ning, See the ris - ing grain ap-pear;

Nev-er tir - ing, nev - er sleep - ing, Findeth mer - cy from a - bove.
Precious fruits will thus be giv - en Thro' an influence all di - vine.
Be the pros-pect ne'er so drear - y, Thou shalt reap the fruits of joy.
Look a-gain; the fields are whitening, For the har-vest time is near

My Pilot's at the Helm.

Wm. C. Stokes. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Tho' the storms of life are rag-ing, and my bark is tem-pest-tossed,
2. Mid the cru - el waves of tri - al, and temp-ta-tions great and sore,
3. Well he knows the dangers hidden, and he knows the course to take,

And there seems no hope of res - cue from the blast, Tho' the
When the ris - ing bil-lows al - most o - ver - whelm, I will
He will bear me safe- ly o'er the swelling tide; All the

night be dark and drear-y, yet the way shall not be lost, For I'll
look be-yond the tempest to the bright and shining shore, For my
har - bor bells shall greet me for his well - be - lov - ed sake, When in-

Chorus.

trust the Lord to bring me home at last.
trust is in the Pi - lot at the helm. My Pi - lot's at the helm, hal-le-
to the bliss-ful ha - ven I shall glide.

lu - jah! He'll guide me till the storm of life is past; My Pi - lot's at the

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My Pilot's at the Helm.

helm, hal - le - lu - jah! I'll trust him, for he'll bring me home at last.

91 I Cannot Drift Beyond Thy Love.

IDA L. REED. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. I can - not drift be-yond thy love, Beyond thy ten - der care;
2. I can - not drift be-yond thy sight; Dear Lord, the tho't is sweet;
3. I can - not drift a - way from thee, No mat - ter where I go;

Wher - e'er I stray, still from a - bove Thine eye be-holds me there.
Thy lov - ing hand will guide a- right My wear - y, wan-d'ring feet.
Still thy dear love doth glad-den me; Thou all my way dost know.

I can - not drift so far a - way But what thy love di - vine
When rough and dark my lone - ly way, I shall not be for - got;
Wher - e'er I jour-ney thou art there; In wind and wave I hear

Up - on my path, by night and day, In mer - cy sweet doth shine.
Thro' all life's changeful shadowed day Thou wilt for-sake me not.
Thy voice, in tones of mu - sic rare, And know that thou art near.

Copyright, 1893, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

Jesus Has the Power.

E. A. H. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

1. Je-sus has the pow'r, the wonder-working pow'r, To pardon sin, to
2. Je-sus has the pow'r, and Je-sus Christ alone, To make sal-va-tion
3. Je-sus has the pow'r, un-lim-i-ted and free, To can-cel all my
4. Je-sus has the pow'r, to him belongs the pow'r, To give my soul the

cleanse my soul, to keep me hour by hour; He takes my guilt away, and
by his grace to ev-'ry sin-ner known; There is no oth-er name by
sin and debt, re-stor-ing peace to me; As far as is the east in
vic-to-ry in ev-'ry con-flict-hour; His grace will be my strength, my

D. S.—*He died for you and me up-*

sends me on my way, Re-joic-ing in his sav-ing grace, and
which we can be saved, His blood a-lone can pu-ri-fy the
dis-tance from the west, So far will he re-move my sins and
com-fort and my stay, And more than con-q'ror I will be by

on Mount Cal-va-ry, And now he lives for-ev-er-more, to

FINE. CHORUS.

sing-ing all the day.
heart by sin depraved.
give my spir-it rest.
trusting him alway.

Christ Jesus has the pow'r, the wonder-working pow'r,

make his people free.

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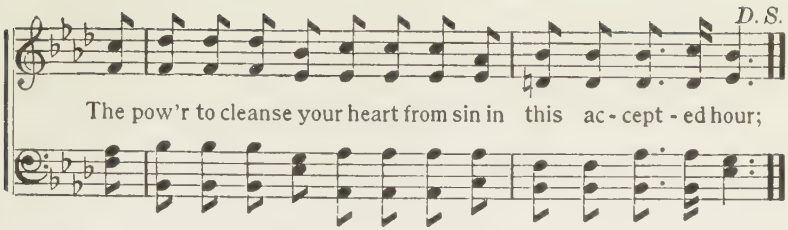
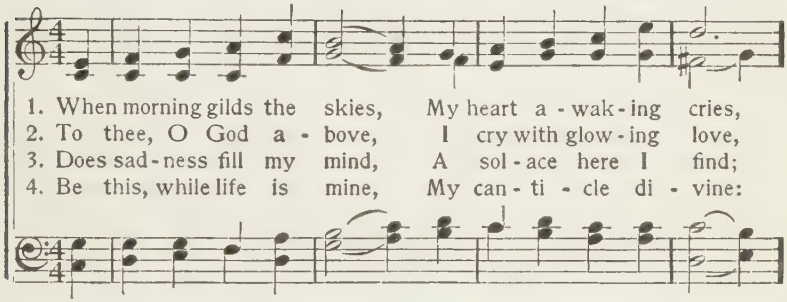
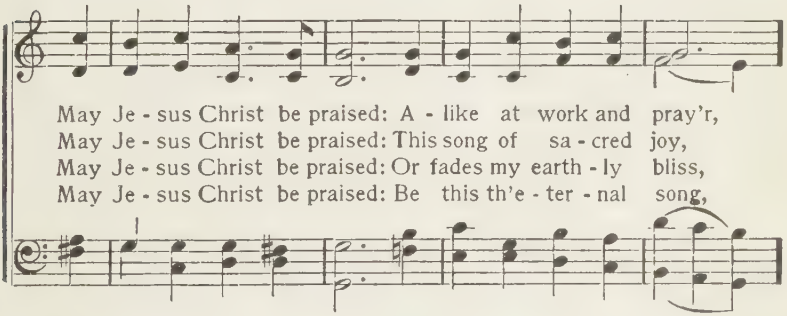
Jesus Has the Power.

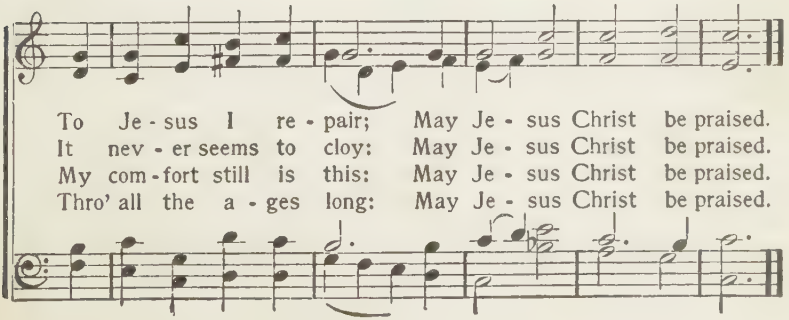


93 When Morning Gilds the Skies.

EDWARD CASWALL. JOSEPH BARNBY.







Hold Up a Promise.

E. E. Hewitt. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. Hold up a prom-ise to the throne of grace, Pause for a
2. Drop ev-'ry bur-den at the place of pray'r, Breath-ing the
3. Pray for the Spir-it that will give you pow'r, Brave-ly to
4. Faint not, the Mas-ter bids us watch and pray, Walk in his

bless-ing as you "run the race"; Look in the guide book for a
name that's always hon-ored there; Seek-ing the fa-vor of the
con-quer in the test-ing hour; O how we need him in our
foot-steps all a-long the way; All clouds will van-ish when we

word of cheer, Then to the mer-cy-seat in faith draw near.
Fa-ther's face, Hold up a prom-ise to the throne of grace.
serv-ice here, Look up, be-liev-ing; we shall find him near.
see his face, Hold up a prom-ise to the throne of grace.

Chorus.

Hold up a prom-ise, Hold up a
Hold up a prom-ise, hold up a prom-ise,

prom-ise to the throne of grace; Je-sus hath a bless-ing

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Hold Up a Promise.

just to suit your case, Hold up a prom-ise to the throne of grace.

95 Open My Eyes, That I May See.

C. H. S. CHAS. H. SCOTT.

1. O - pen my eyes, that I may see Glimpses of truth thou hast for me;
2. O - pen my ears, that I may hear Voices of truth thou sendest clear;
3. O - pen my mouth, and let me bear Gladly the warm truth ev'rywhere;

Place in my hands the won - der-ful key That shall un-clasp, and
And while the wave-notes fall on my ear, Ev - 'ry-thing false will
O - pen my heart, and let me pre - pare Love with thy chil - dren

set me free. Si-lent-ly now I wait for thee, Ready, my God, thy
dis - ap-pear. Si-lent-ly now I wait for thee, Ready, my God, thy
thus to share. Si-lent-ly now I wait for thee, Ready, my God, thy

will to see; O - pen my eyes, il - lu-mine me, Spir - it di - vine!
will to see; O - pen my ears, il - lu-mine me, Spir - it di - vine!
will to see; O - pen my heart, il - lu-mine me, Spir - it di - vine!

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Gather Them In.

FANNY J. CROSBY. GEORGE C. STEBBINS.

1. Gath er them in! for yet there is room At the feast that the
2. Gath-er them in! for yet there is room; But our hearts—how they
3. Gath-er them in! for yet there is room; 'T is a mes-sage from

King has spread; O gath-er them in!—let his house be filled,
throb with pain, To think of the man - y who slight the call
God a - bove; O gath-er them in - to the fold of grace,

REFRAIN.

And the hun - gry and poor be fed.
That may nev - er be heard a - gain. Out in the high-way,
And the arms of the Sav-ior's love.

out in the by - way, Out in the dark paths of sin, Go

forth, go forth, with a lov-ing heart, And gather the wanderers in!

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The Way of the Cross Leads Home.

JESSIE BROWN POUNDS. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. I must needs go home by the way of the cross, There's no oth - er way but this; I shall ne'er get sight of the Gates of Light,
2. I must needs go on in the blood-sprink-led way, The path that the Savior trod, If I e'er would climb to the heights sublime
3. Then I bid fare - well to the way of the world, To walk in it nevermore; For my Lord says "Come," and I seek my home,

CHORUS.

If the Cross-tree road I miss.
Where the soul's at home with God. The way of the cross leads home,
Where he waits at the o - pen door.

The way of the cross leads home; It is sweet to know as I on-ward go, That the way of the cross leads home.

leads home, leads home;

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Wholly Thine.

Mrs. C. H. M. — Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. Not with a heart di - vid - ed, I come, O Lord, to thee,
2. Choose thou for me, dear Master, And lead me day by day;
3. From foes with-in de - liv - er, From sin - ful dross re - fine;

But make a full sur - ren - der, Thine ev - er-more to be;
Un - less by thee di - rect - ed, My feet must sure - ly stray;
Let the She - ki-nah glo - ry Burn in this heart of mine;

The world has long possessed me, And a - lien loves con - trolled,
Choose thou my lot and por - tion, And give just what is best;
Give me the blessed wit - ness Of thy sweet presence now,

But now thy love has conquered, I has - ten to thy fold.
If fire for me is need - ful, Help me to stand the test.
And let me wear for - ev - er Thy seal up - on my brow.

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Wholly Thine.

CHORUS.

I am thine, O Lord! wholly thine, O Lord! For thee to set a - side or use

In any way that pleases thee, And when and where thy will shalt choose.

99 Till He Come.

E. H. BICKERSTETH. P. P. BLISS.

FINE.

1. "Till he come!"—O let the words Lin - ger on the trembling chords:
D. C.—Let us think how heav'n and home Lie be-yond that "Till he come!"

2. When the wear - y ones we love En - ter on their rest a - bove,
D. C.—Hush! be ev - 'ry mur-mur dumb; It is on - ly "Till he come!"

D. C.

Let the "lit - tle while" be - tween In their gold - en light be seen;
When their words of love and cheer Fall no lon - ger on our ear;

3 Clouds and darkness round us press;
Would we have one sorrow less?
All the sharpness of the cross,
All that tells the world is loss,
Death and darkness and the tomb,
Pain us only "Till he come!"

4 See, the feast of love is spread,
Drink the wine, and eat the bread;
Sweet memorials, till the Lord
Call us round his heavenly board;
Some from earth, from glory some,
Severed only "Till he come!"

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100 He is Coming This Way.

ANDREW J. POST. W. A. POST.

1. He's com-ing this way, hear the shouts of the throng, They're crying, "Ho-
2. He's com-ing this way,—see the love in his eye,—He died, my dear
3. He's com-ing this way with his par-don and love, O look, broth-er,

san - na—the King (the King)!" "Re-demp-tion's" our song as we
broth - er, for thee (for thee); O do not re - ject him or
look un - to him (to him); He'll give thee a man - sion in

march a - long, A crown and a king - dom to win (to win).
let him pass by, Just ask for his grace and be free (be free).
heaven a - bove, And set up his king - dom with - in (with - in).

CHORUS.

He's com - ing, coming this way, He's com - ing, coming to-day;
He's com-ing, coming, The Sav-ior is seeking, he wants you to-day;

Receive him to-day, O do not de-lay, But let the Sav-ior in.....

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Jesus' Way for Me.

MARY SLATER. L. E. JONES.

1. I am on my jour-ney with the Savior for my guide, His way I see,
2. I will nev-er mur-mur, nor from Je-sus will I stray, His way I see,
3. In the same old pathway that the prophets trod before, His way I see,

his way for me; Thro' the shine or shadow he is walking at my side,
his way for me; In his footsteps marching, at his bidding I o-bey,
his way for me; Onward, ev-er on-ward, till the march of life is o'er,

CHORUS.

His way, Je-sus' way for me. His way, ev-'ry day, Je-sus' way for me,

Glad-ly I will fol-low o-ver land or sea; His way, ev-'ry day,

Tho' it rug-ged be, Still my heart would ever sing, Jesus' way for me.

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The Print of the Nails.

MARIAN W. HUBBARD. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. We shall see the King, in that day of days, When we en-ter that far - off land; By his thorn-crowned brow we shall know our Lord, And the print of the nails in his hand. By the print of the nails in his hand, By the print of the nails in his hand; My in his hand,
2. There are clouds of glo - ry a-round the throne, Songs of praise from the an - gel band; And a - mid them all is the One we love, With the print of the nails in his hand. With the print of the nails in his hand, With the print of the nails in his hand; My
3. Oh, the joy of heav'n, I am sure, will be Not its glo - ries, so rich and grand, But the love that shines in the One dear face, With the print of the nails in his hand. With the print of the nails in his hand, With the print of the nails in his hand; My
4. We shall some day reach that im - mor - tal shore, And shall walk on its gold - en strand; There to praise his name thro' the endless years, For the print of the nails in his hand. For the print of the nails in his hand, For the print of the nails in his hand; My nails in his hand;

CHORUS.

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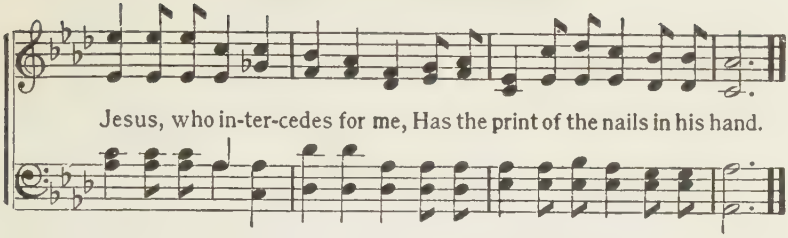
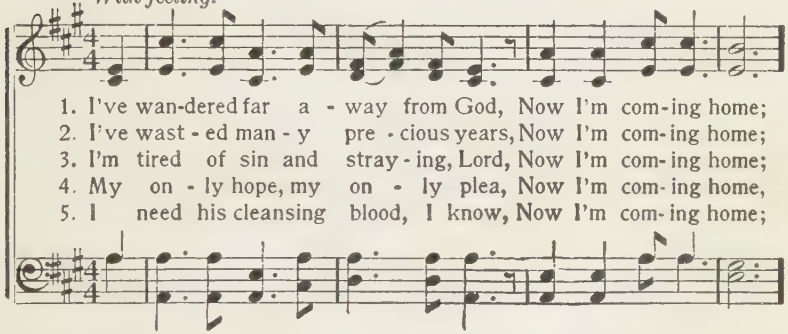
The Print of the Nails.

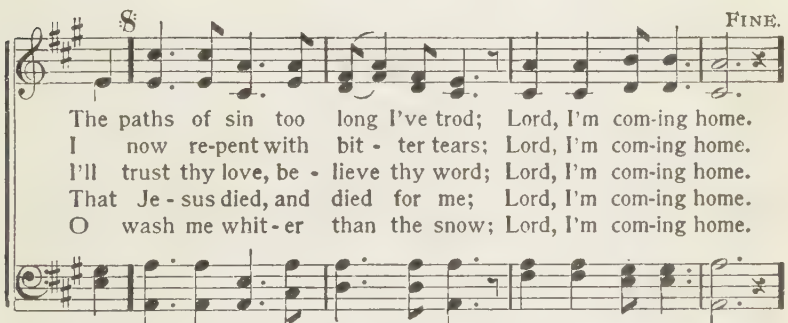


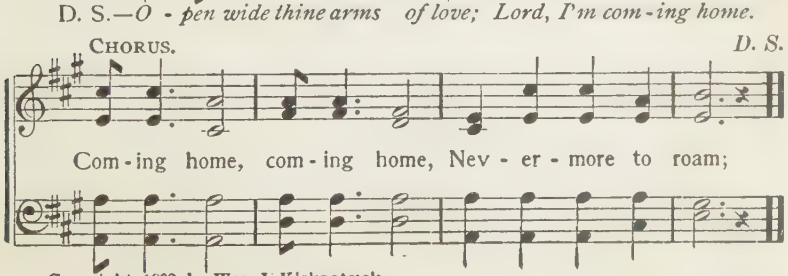
103 Lord, I'm Coming Home.

W. J. K. — Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

With feeling.







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Scarlet and Crimson.

E. A. H. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

1. Come, let us rea-son to-geth-er, dear friend; God his own Son for your
2. Deep were the nail-prints that scarred hands and feet, But the a-tone-ment he
3. Think of the blood that was shed for your soul, Think of its pow - er to
4. Think of the love that led Christ to the cross, Saving your soul from such

ran - som did send, Gave him to suf - fer and die on the tree,
made was com-plete; All your transgressions, tho' crimson they be,
cleanse and make whole; Sins may be scarlet, but this you may know,
in - fi - nite loss; Think of him dy - ing on sad Cal - va - ry

CHORUS.

That he might save you and me.
All have been nailed to the tree.
They shall be whiter than snow.
That he might save you and me.

Your sins may be deep as scar-let, No

com-fort of soul you may know, Your stains may be red as the crimson, Yet

made e - ven whiter than snow. Whit - er than snow, ...
Whit-er and pur - er than beau-ti - ful snow,

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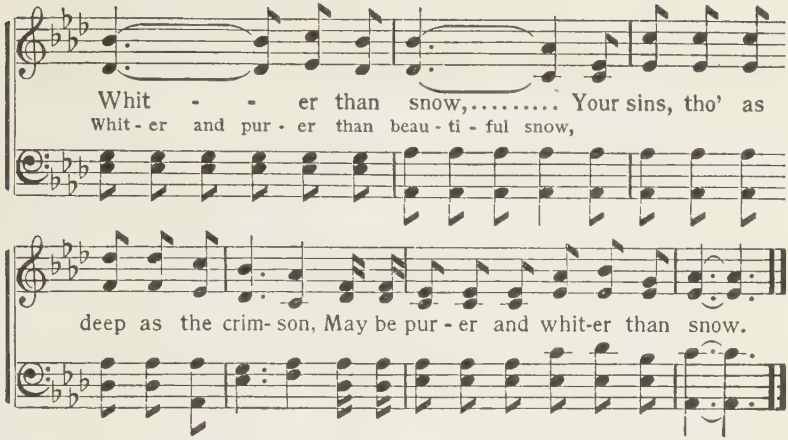
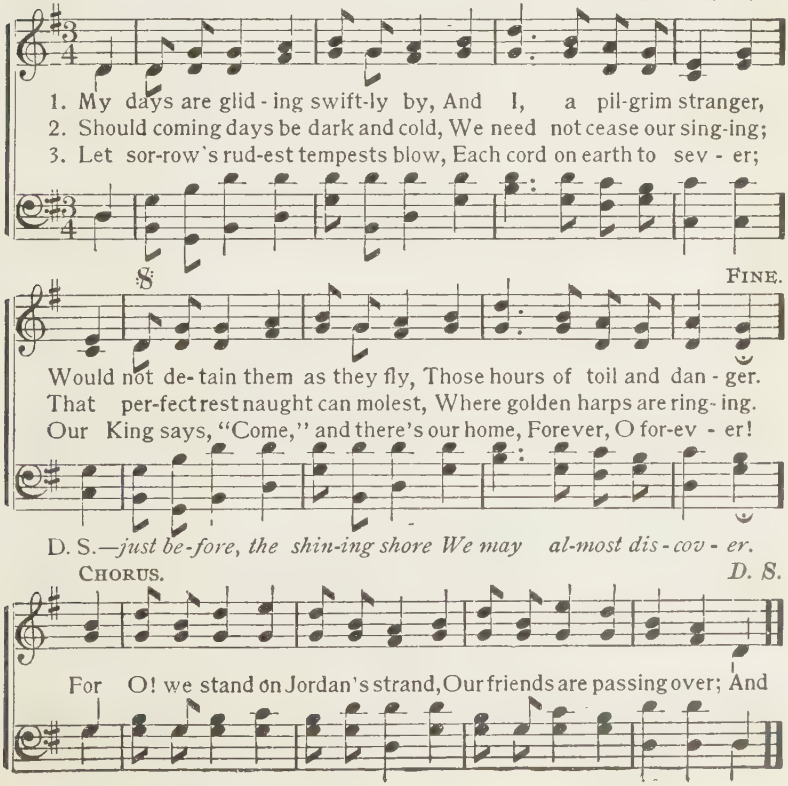
Scarlet and Crimson.



105 The Shining Shore.

GEO. F. ROOT.



Purity and Power.

Mrs. C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. For pow'r to save the lost in sin, The Church u- nit- ed prays, The
2. But we must be made pure in heart, In tho't and ac-tion clean, And
3. Christ loved the Church, his chosen bride, And gave himself to die, That
4. The Lord a glorious Church would have, From spot or wrinkle free, His

old - time Pen-te - cos - tal pow'r, The old-time Pentecostal pow'r, Re-
have the dross of sin removed, And have the dross of sin removed, Ere
he, thro' his most precious blood, That he, thro' his most precious blood, His
praises round the throne to sing, His praises round the throne to sing, Thro'

Chorus.

vealed in lat - ter days. For pu - ri - ty and pow'r we plead,
we have pow'r within.
own might sanc-ti - fy.
all e - ter - ni - ty. For pu - ri - ty, for purity and pow'r we plead,

For pu - - ri - ty and pow'r; For
Pu - - ri - ty, pu - ri - ty, for pu - ri - ty and pow'r;

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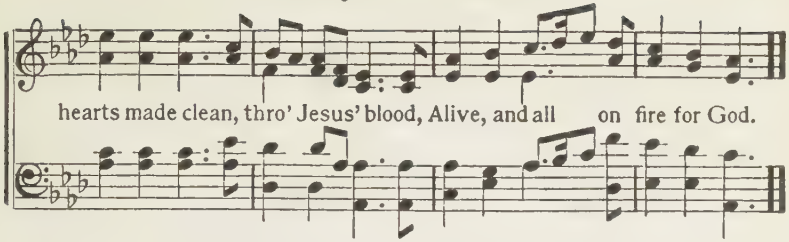
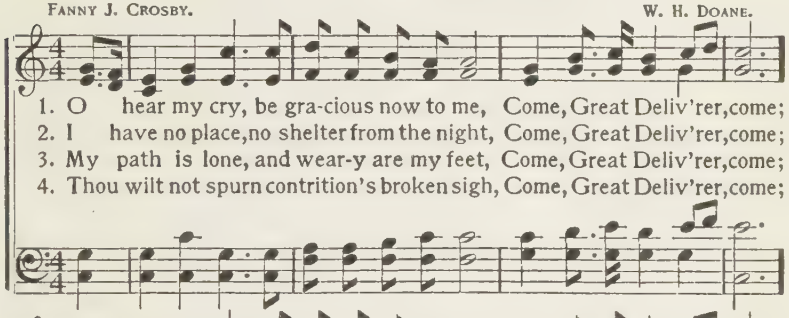
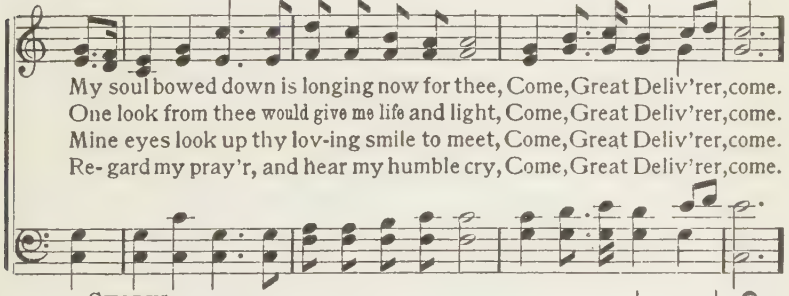
Purity and Power.



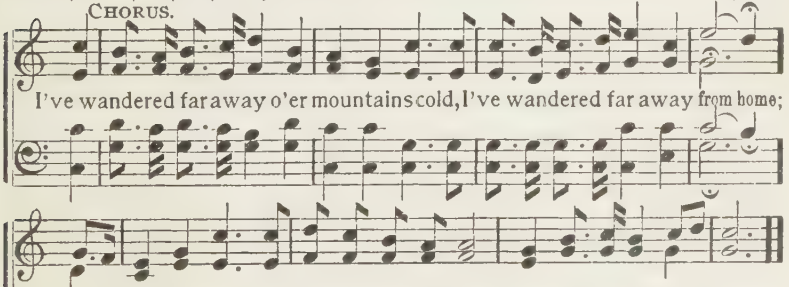
107 Come, Great Deliverer, Come.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.





CHORUS.



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Lend a Helping Hand.

E. T. Cassel. E. T. and F. H. Cassel.

1. We're on the march..... at God's com-mand,..... .. A-gainst the
2. The Spir-it's sword..... the Lord will give..... To strike the
3. Wher-ev-er du - - ty's voice may call,..... To wield a

We're on the march at God's command,

foe..... in ev-'ry land;..... Where'er the hosts..... of
blow..... that men may live;..... Receiving grace..... from
sword..... or build a wall,..... The moment that..... the

Against the foe in ev-'ry land; Where'er the hosts

sin abound, There our loy-al legions ev-er will be found.
heav'n above, We shall conquer by the pow'r of Jesus' love.
call is heard We will ral-ly at our great Commander's word.

of sin abound,

Chorus.

And this our watchword evermore shall stand, We'll look up, lift up, lend a helping hand!

still shall stand, lend a hand!

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Lend a Helping Hand.

And wher-ev - er we may be, on the land or on the sea,

We will serve at his com - mand; And as we go..... will blessings
And as we go

flow,..... For God in pow'r will with his peo - ple go.
will blessings flow,

109 Lord of All Being, Throned Afar.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES. E. MILLER.

1. Lord of all being, throned a - far, Thy glo-ry flames from sun and star:
2. Sun of our life, thy quick'ning ray Sheds on our path the glow of day;
3. Lord of all life, below, above, Whose light is truth, whose warmth is love,
4. Grant us thy truth to make us free, And kindling hearts that burn for thee,

Cen-ter and soul of ev - 'ry sphere, Yet to each lov-ing heart how near!
Star of our hope, thy softened light Cheers the long watches of the night.
Be - fore thy ev - er - blaz-ing throne We ask no lus - ter of our own.
Till all thy lov- ing al - tars claim One ho-ly light, one heaven-ly flame.

My Savior's Love.

C. H. G. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. I stand a-mazed in the pres-ence Of Je-sus, the Naz-a-rene,
2. For me it was in the garden he prayed—"Not my will but thine;"
3. In pit-y an-gels be-held him, And came from the world of light
4. When with the ransomed in glo-ry, His face I at last shall see,

And won-der how he could love me, A sin-ner, condemned, unclean.
He had no tears for his own griefs, But sweat-drops of blood for mine.
To com-fort him in the sor-row He bore for my soul that night.
'Twill be my joy thro' the a-ges To sing of his love for me.

CHORUS.

How mar-vel-ous! how wonderful! And my song shall ev-er be:—
O how mar-vel-ous! O how won-der-ful!

How mar-vel-ous, how won-der-ful, Is my Sav-ior's love for me!
O how mar-vel-ous, O how won-der-ful.

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111 Speed for Thy Life.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

1. Speed for thy life to the moun-tain, Slight not the message di-vine,
2. Speed for thy life to the moun-tain, List to the warn-ing a-gain;
3. Speed, for the day is de-clin-ing, Soon its bright moments will fade;
4. Speed for thy life to the moun-tain, Fly like a bird to its nest,

Dan-ger and death are be-fore thee, Haste, while the hours are thine.
For-ward, and look not be-hind thee, Stay not in all the plain.
What if a storm should o'er-take thee, Where would thou turn for aid?
Fly to the arms of the Sav-ior: There is thy on-ly rest.

CHORUS.

Speed thee, speed thee, Shadows around thee are fall-ing;
Speed thee a-way, hear and o-bey,

Speed thee, speed thee, Come while the Savior is call-ing.
Speed thee a-way, hear and o-bey,

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The Love of My Lord.

Mrs. C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. As a shel - t'ring rock in a des - ert land, Where the
2. As a great sheep - fold where the wan-d'ring sheep Have been
3. As a ref - uge sure when the bil - lows roll, And the
4. As a liv - ing stream gush-ing cool and clear, From the

sun's rays fall on the burn - ing sand, As its cool-ing shade by the
gathered safe from the mountains steep, Where the shepherd kind faith - ful
surg - es dash o'er the storm-tossed soul, Where a voice supreme doth the
riv - en rock in the des - ert drear, Thirsty souls to quench, drooping

breez - es fanned, Is the love of my Lord to me, Is the
watch doth keep, Is the love of my Lord to me, Is the
waves con - trol, Is the love of my Lord to me, Is the
hearts to cheer, Is the love of my Lord to me, Is the

love, the love, Is the love of my Lord to me.
Is the love, is the love,

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The Love of My Lord.

CHORUS.

O this wonderful, wonderful love none can measure, Coming down from a-

bove full and free; O this won-der-ful, wonderful love, priceless

treas- ure, And 'tis offered as a gift to you and me.

to you and me.

113 O Love of God.

H. BONAR. GEORGE HEWS.

1. O love of God, how strong and true! Eternal and yet ev - er new;
2. O wide-embracing, wondrous Love, We read thee in the sky a - bove,
3. We read thee best in him who came To bear for us the cross of shame,
4. O love of God, our shield and stay, Thro' all the perils of our way,

Un-com-pre-hend-ed and un - bought, Beyond all knowledge and all tho't.
We read thee in the earth be-low, In seas that swell and streams that flow.
Sent by the Fa-ther from on high, Our life to live, our death to die.
E - ter-nal Love, in thee we rest, For- ev - er safe, for-ev-er blest!

114 Begin to Love Jesus To-day.

FLORA E. BRECK. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Come to the Sav - ior, con-fess all your sins, His life - blood will wash them a - way; Trust in his name, he is ev - er the same; Be-
2. Great is the par - don - ing love of our Lord, O what can we do to re - pay? Christ died for all who up - on him will call; Be-
3. Much there's to do, and the la - b'rers are few, O make not a mo - ment's de - lay; Show some poor soul it is sweet to be whole; Be-
4. Wher-e'er the place of thy la - bor may be, Be faith - ful and quick to o - bey; Christ is thy guide, ev - er walk at his side; Be-

CHORUS.

gin to love Je - sus to - day. Be - gin to love Je - sus, be - gin to love Je - sus, Be-gin to love Je - sus to - day; Con-se-crate to him thy life, He will help thee in the strife; Be - gin to serve Je - sus to - day.

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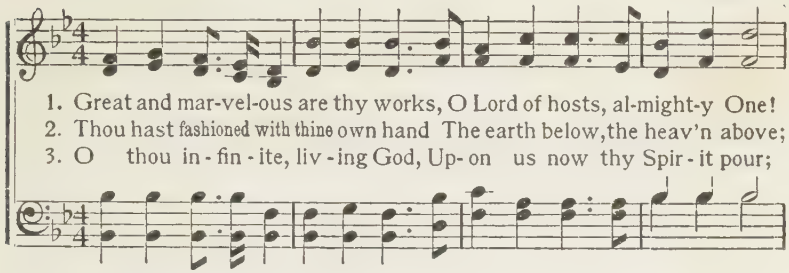
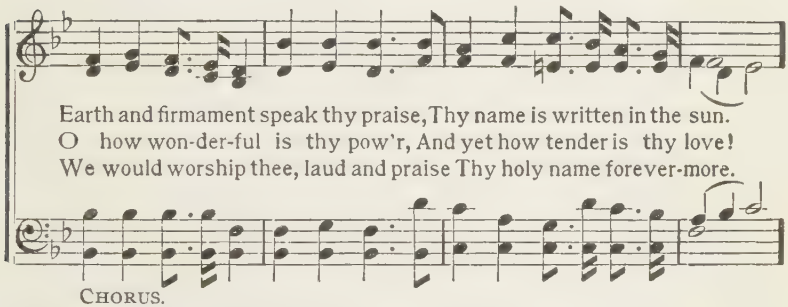
115 Sing of His Mighty Love.

CHARLOTTE G. HOMER. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

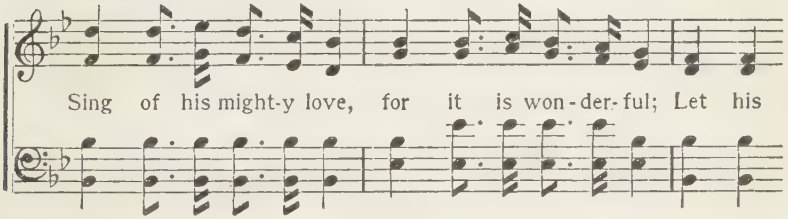


1. Great and mar-vel-ous are thy works, O Lord of hosts, al-might-y One!
2. Thou hast fashioned with thine own hand The earth below, the heav'n above;
3. O thou in-fin-ite, liv-ing God, Up-on us now thy Spir-it pour;

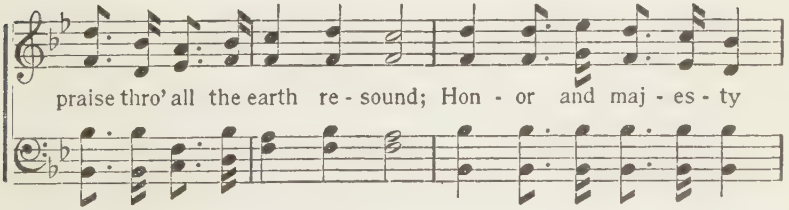


Earth and firmament speak thy praise, Thy name is written in the sun.
O how won-der-ful is thy pow'r, And yet how tender is thy love!
We would worship thee, laud and praise Thy holy name forever-more.

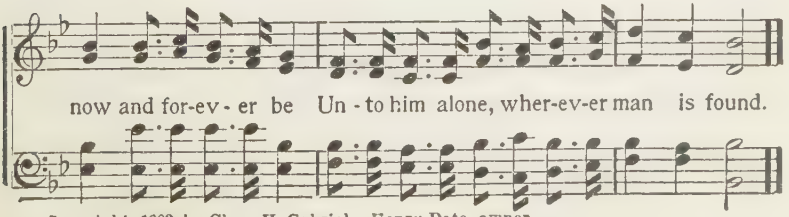
CHORUS.



Sing of his might-y love, for it is won-der-ful; Let his



praise thro' all the earth re-sound; Hon-or and maj-es-ty



now and for-ev-er be Un-to him alone, wher-ev-er man is found.

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He is Calling the Roll.

Mrs. C. D. Martin. W. Stillman Martin.

1. O who to the Mas-ter is faith-ful and true, To serve him with
2. No tal-ent or moment but what is his own; Your spir-it, and
3. With Christ are you walking or liv-ing in sin? God wants not a

heart and with hand? To strive ev-'ry mo-ment to hon-or his name,
bod-y, and soul Are his, and he's ten-der-ly speaking your name,
part, but the whole; Come all the way o-ver, for Je-sus de-clare,

CHORUS.

When oth-ers may fall, who will stand? Call - - ing the
Just now, while he's call-ing the roll.
Just now, while he's call-ing the roll.

Call-ing the roll,

roll,..... He is call - - ing the roll;.....

call-ing the roll, Call-ing the roll, call-ing the roll;

False or true, which are you, While the Master is call-ing the roll?

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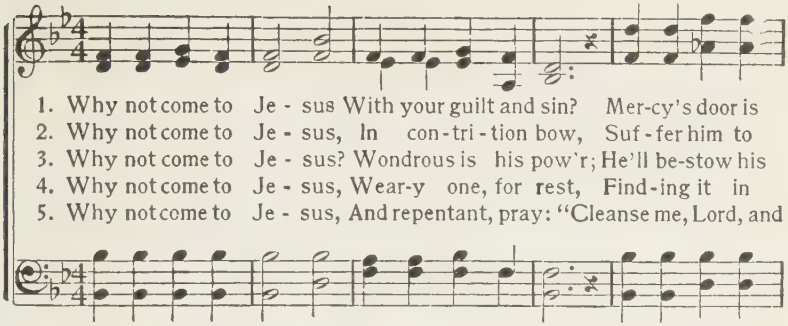
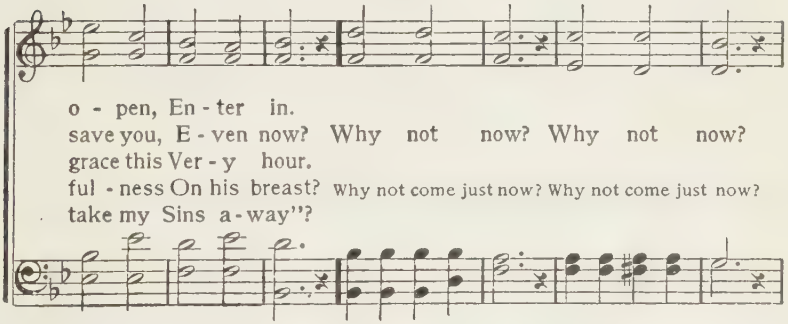
117 Why Not Come Just Now?

E. A. H. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN

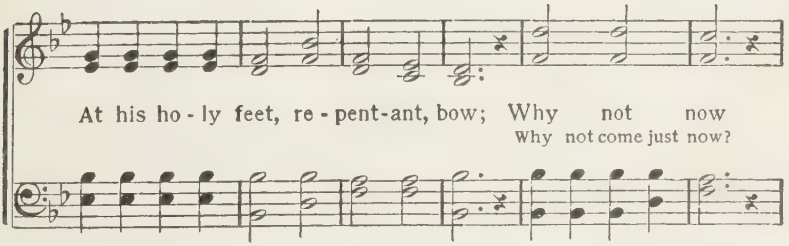


1. Why not come to Je - sus With your guilt and sin? Mer-cy's door is
2. Why not come to Je - sus, In con-tri-tion bow, Suf-fer him to
3. Why not come to Je - sus? Wondrous is his pow'r; He'll be-stow his
4. Why not come to Je - sus, Wear-y one, for rest, Find-ing it in
5. Why not come to Je - sus, And repentant, pray: "Cleanse me, Lord, and

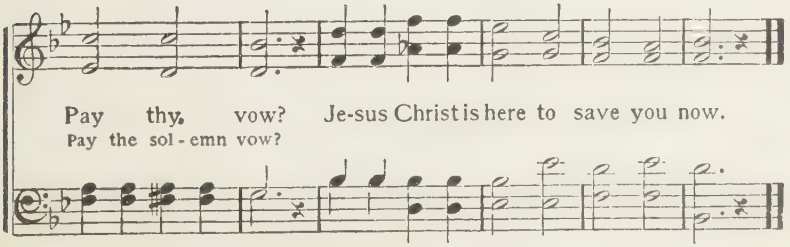
CHORUS.



o - pen, En - ter in.
save you, E - ven now? Why not now? Why not now?
grace this Ver - y hour.
ful - ness On his breast? Why not come just now? Why not come just now?
take my Sins a - way"?



At his ho - ly feet, re - pent-ant, bow; Why not now
Why not come just now?



Pay thy vow? Je-sus Christ is here to save you now.
Pay the sol - emn vow?

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It Is For You.

Mrs. C. H. M. — Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. O my broth-er, are you trust-ing in the Savior's pre-cious word?
2. Do you know this great Redeemer, and a clean heart does he give?
3. Are you walk-ing with the Sav-ior, lean-ing on him day by day?
4. Does a peace that passeth knowledge fill and thrill your in-most soul?

Have your sins all been for-giv-en, bur-ied 'neath the crim-son flood?
Are you all up-on the al-tar, for the Lord to die or live?
Are you trust-ing him to guide you, keep your feet within the way?
Does a joy that knows no measure now in bil-lows o'er you roll?

Is your name in heav-en writ-ten? are you now a child of God?
Have you now the bless-ed wit-ness that he does your gift re-ceive?
Does he save you in temp-ta-tion? does he hear you when you pray?
Do you love to tell to oth-ers that the Lord hath made you whole?

Chorus.

Are you saved? then if not, why not?
Ful-ly saved? then if not, why not?
Are you kept? then if not, why not?
Are you filled? then if not, why not?

It is for you, it is for you in its

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It Is For You.

ful - ness and its pow'r, All the gra - ces of the Spir - it you may

claim; It is for you, it is for you now, this

hal - le - lu - jah!

ver - y day and hour, Praise, O praise his ho - ly name!

119 My Dear Redeemer, and My Lord.

ISAAC WATTS. LOWELL MASON.

1. My dear Re-deem-er, and my Lord, I read my du - ty in thy word;
2. Such was thy truth and such thy zeal, Such deference to thy Father's will,
3. Cold mountains and the midnight air Witnessed the fervor of thy pray'r;
4. Be thou my pat-tern; make me bear More of thy gra-cious im - age here;

But in thy life the law appears, Drawn out in liv-ing char-ac- ters.
Such love, and meekness so divine, I would transcribe and make them mine.
The des-ert thy temptations knew, Thy conflict and thy vic-t'ry too.
Then God, the Judge, shall own my name Among the followers of the Lamb.

Jesus Will Go With Me.

JULIETTE E. PERRY. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Down the rug - ged path of life, When I fal - ter by the way,
2. He is lead - ing all the way, Tho' the path is oft - en drear;
3. Christ will ev - er hold my hand, So I trust his ten - der care;

There's a Help - er I have found, Who is all my strength and stay.
But, in sweet com-mun-ion there, With this Friend I have no fear.
He will lead me home at last, To the loved ones wait-ing there.

CHORUS.

Je - sus will go with me al - ways, al - ways; He will nev - er leave me, nev - er, nev - er; Je - sus will go with me al - ways, al - ways, And keep me un - to the end.

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121 Make Me a Channel of Blessing.

H. G. S. H. G. Smyth.

1. Is your life a chan - nel of bless - ing? Is the love of God
2. Is your life a chan - nel of bless - ing? Are you burdened for
3. Is your life a chan - nel of bless - ing? Is it dai - ly
4. We can-not be chan - nels of bless - ing If our lives are not

flowing thro' you? Are you tell - ing the lost of the Sav - ior? Are you
those that are lost? Have you urged upon those who are straying, The
tell - ing for him? Have you spoken the word of sal - va - tion To
free from all sin; We will bar - ri - ers be and a hindrance To

Chorus.

read-y his serv-ice to do?
Sav-ior who died on the cross?
those who are dying in sin?
those we are trying to win.

Make me a channel of blessing to-day,

Make me a chan-nel of bless-ing, I pray; My life pos-sess-ing,

rit.

my serv-ice blessing, Make me a chan-nel of blessing to - day.

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Come and Welcome.

E. E. Hewitt. W. A. Post.

Cheerfully.

1. The Fa-ther's door is o - pen wide; Why on the threshold stand?
2. The Shepherd's fold is o - pen wide; Why at the por - tal stand?
3. The Fa-ther's home is o - pen wide, And thou, at last, shall stand,

For thou may'st en- ter and a - bide; O take his of - fered hand!
So bar - ren is the mountain-side; Be-hold Love's bleeding hand!
Ac - cept - ed thro' the Cru - ci - fied, A - mong his ran-somed band,

A little slower.

And he will lead thee to the light, The gos - pel feast of love;
Did not the Shep - herd seek for thee Thro' the cold drear-y night?
O then shall all for - got - ten be The sor - rows of the way;

A tempo primo.

He'll clothe thee with the rai-ment white, And write thy name a - bove.
Why not re - ceive his grace so free, And trust his sav - ing might?
And when thine eyes the King shall see, 'Twill be e - ter - nal day.

Chorus.

Come and wel - come, come and wel - come; Thro' the
Come and welcome, come and wel-come, welcome, come and welcome; Thro' the

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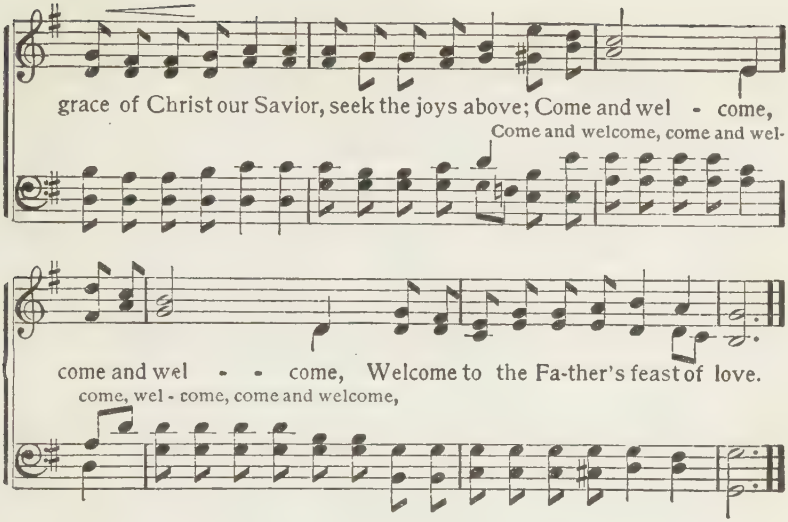
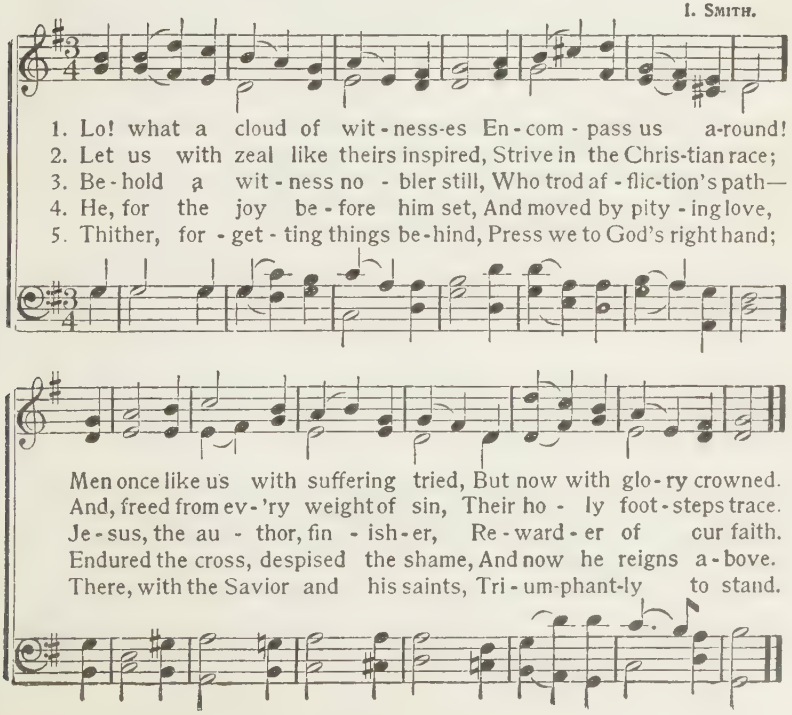
Come and Welcome.



123 A Cloud of Witnesses.

I. Smith.



Just In the Border-land.

Mrs. C. D. Martin. H. B. Overpeck.

1. O how man - y are liv - ing in the bor - der - land,
2. O how man - y are long - ing for the prom - ised land,
3. O the dan - ger each mo - ment in the bor - der - land,

Not far from the king-dom of God; They are al - most per-
Yet nev - er will en - ter in; Sal - va - tion and
"Al - most" is to per - ish at last; Step o - ver the

suad-ed to forsake their sins,' Most ready to trust in the Lord.
blessing on - ly can be found By those who for-sake ev-'ry sin.
bor - der while the Sav-ior calls, Go in ere the har-vest is past.

Chorus.

Just in the bor - der - land, not far a - way, Man - y are

liv - ing in this place to - day, Near to the king-dom, yet

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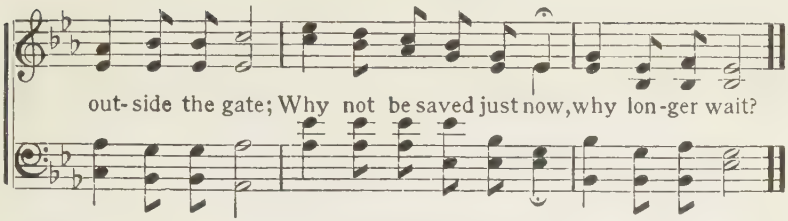
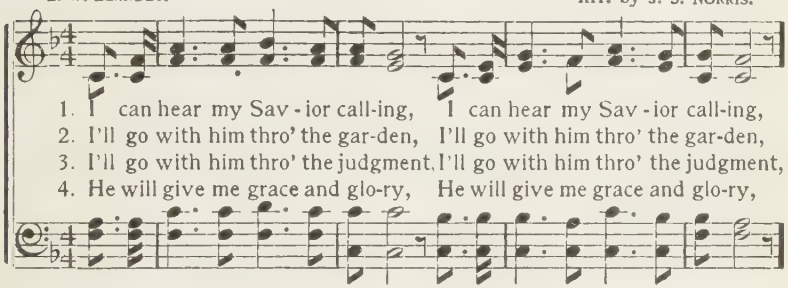
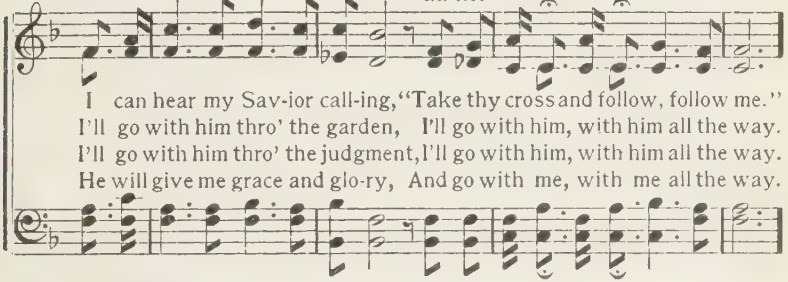
Just In the Border-land.



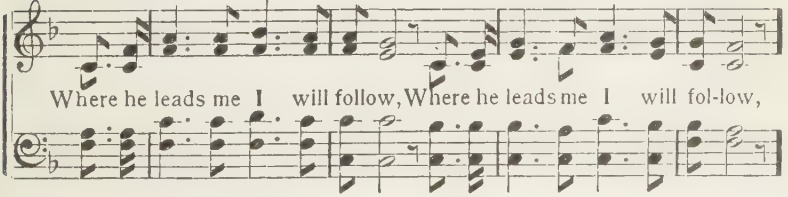
125 Where He Leads Me.

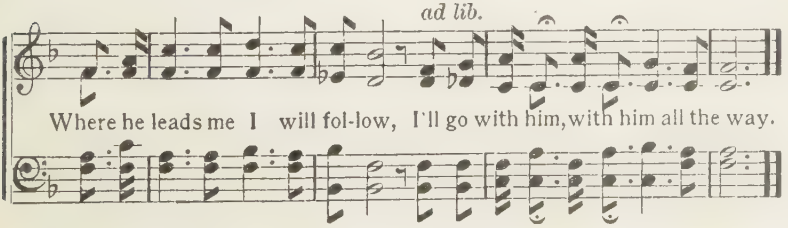
E. W. Blandly. Arr. by J. S. Norris.





Chorus.





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Power for Service.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN. BENJAMIN F. BUTTS.

1. Spir- it of pow-er, a-noint me for serv-ice, Spir-it of ho - li- ness,
2. Man-y are winning lost souls for the kingdom, While of my life much is
3. Nev-er before has my soul had such yearning For thy in - fill- ing, O
4. My-self I yield in com-plete con-se-cra-tion, Bod-y and spir- it and

cleanse thou my heart; Give to my soul of thy- self a new vi- sion,
fruit - less and waste; Great is their joy for the jew-els in- gath-ered,
Spir - it of love! Come to the throne, be my Mas- ter and Rul - er,
soul to be thine; Spir - it of pow- er, re - gard thou my yearnings,

CHORUS.

And a new meas-ure of pow - er im-part.
May not my soul of this joy have a taste?
Reign thou and draw my af - fec-tions a- bove.
And fill thou me with thy ful - ness di-vine.

Fill me with power for

service, and use me; Is there not some work my weak hands can do? Make me a

channel of life and of blessing, And with the Spirit a-noint me a- new.

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127 Coming Back to Jesus.

LIZZIE DE ARMOND. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Take me, O my Sav - ior! I have wan-dered far from thee;
2. Wash me in the cleans-ing blood that flows from Cal - va - ry,
3. Save me! at thy bleed - ing feet I fall, O might - y King!

Wear - y, tem-pest-tossed, Hopeless, al-most lost, Save me from my-self! I come with this my on - ly plea— Je sus died for sin-ners
Then my soul shall grow Whit-er than the snow; To thy pre - cious prom-is - es for com-fort now I flee; Call me once a-gain, dear
Cast me not a - way; Be my Guide and Stay; Un - to thee, a sac - ri - fice, my bro-ken heart I bring; Help me thy re-deem-ing

D S.—*O pen wide the mer-cy gate, O let me en - ter in; Bind my life to thine for-ev - er- more.*

FINE. CHORUS.

just like me! Coming back, com-ing back,
Lord, to thee!
love to sing! Com-ing back to Je - sus, I am com - ing back to - day,

D. S.

Griev-ing for the sins I loved be - fore;..... my soul re - store;

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I Need a Savior Too.

LIZZIE DE ARMOND. THORO HARRIS.

1. I see the joy that oth - ers feel, whose sins are washed away
2. A - far I stand with tear - ful eyes, nor dare to join the throng
3. Have mer-cy, Lord! un - to thy cross in pen - i- tence I fly,

With - in the pre - cious heal-ing flood that flows from day to day;
Who gath - er round the feast of love, and sing the glad new song;
My soul has long been tem-pest-tost, O save me or I die;

I feel my own un-worth - i - ness, and long to know 'tis true
O is his grace so rich and free, that I have naught to do
O reach to me thy nail-pierced hand, and all my life re-new,

That "who - so - ev - er will may come." (I need him too.)
But lay my heart be - fore his feet? (I need him too.)
For this my on - ly hope and plea— (I need thee too.)

CHORUS.

I need a Sav - ior too, A Friend for-ev - er true, By
I need him too, I do, This Friend so true, don't you?

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I Need a Savior Too.

night and day, yes, all the way, I need a Savior too; Come, blessed Lord, a-
need a Sav-ior, too;

bide with me and all my life renew, I need thee, oh, I need thee too!

129 Faith of Our Fathers.

FREDERICK W. FABER. Adapted by J. G. WALTON.

1. Faith of our fa-thers! liv - ing still In spite of dungeon, fire and sword;
2. Our fathers, chained in prisons dark, Were still in heart and conscience free:
3. Faith of our fa-thers! we will love Both friend and foe in all our strife;

O how our hearts beat high with joy Whene'er we hear that glorious word:
How sweet would be their children's fate, If they, like them, could die for thee!
And preach thee, too, as love knows how, By kindly words and virtuous life:

Faith of our fathers! ho-ly faith! We will be true to thee till death.

Master, Use Me.

E. A. H. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

1. There are lives that may be brightened by a word of hope and cheer,
2. There is work with-in the vine-yard, there is serv-ice to be done,
3. O I would not be an i - dler in the vineyard of the Lord;

Who with us the joys of life should free-ly share; There are
There's a mes-sage of sal-va - tion to de - clare; Send me
With the Christ the vineyard-la - bor I would share; In - to

hearts that may be light-ened of the bur - dens which they bear;
forth to tell the sto - ry in the homes of sin - ful men;
hearts a - far from Je - sus I would speak the sav - ing word;

D. S.—*read - y to re - port for or - ders, Mas - ter, sum-mon me,*

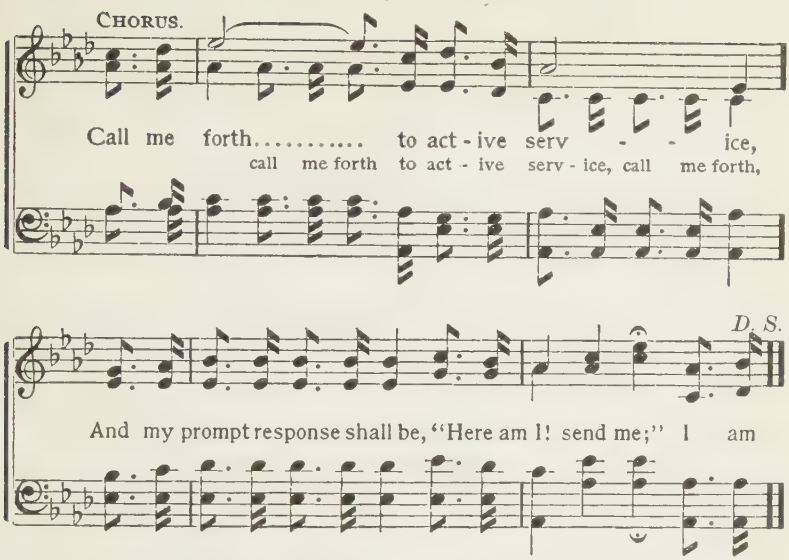
FINE.

Let me take the bless - ed hope of the gos - pel there.
Let me take the bless - ed Christ of the gos - pel there.
Let me take the bless - ed joy of the gos - pel there.

And I'll go on an - y er-rand of love for thee.

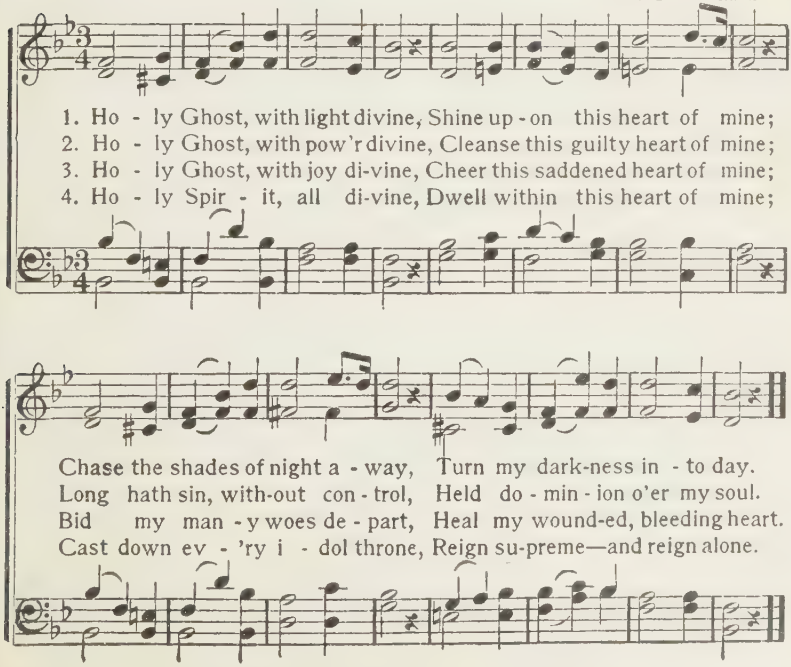
Copyright, 1894, by The Hoffman Music Co.

Master, Use Me.



131 Holy Ghost, With Light Divine.

A. REED. LOUIS M. GOTTSCHALK.



Keep Your Heart Singing.

C. H. G. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. We may light- en toil and care, Or a heav - y burden share, With a word, a kind- ly deed, or sun - ny smile; We may gird - le day and night
2. If his love is in the soul, And we yield to his con-trol, Sweetest mu - sic will the lone-ly hours be- guile; We may drive the clouds away,
3. How a word of love will cheer, Kindle hope, and banish fear, Soothe a pain, or take a-way the sting of guile; O how much we all may do,

With a ha - lo of delight, If we keep our hearts singing all the while.
Cheer and bless the darkest day, If we keep our hearts singing all the while.
In the world we trav-el thro', If we keep our hearts singing all the while.

FINE.

CHORUS.

Keep your heart singing all the while, ... Make the world brighter with a sing-ing, singing all the while, bright-er, smile; . . . . . Keep the song ringing, lonely hours we may beguile, brighter with a smile;

D.S.

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133 This Loving Redeemer is Mine.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN. BENJAMIN F. BUTTS.

1. The dear lov - ing Sav - ior was tak - en by men And nailed to the cross, and was cru - el - ly slain, Was bur - ied, but came forth tri- um-phant a - gain; And now this Redeemer is mine.

2. He came to my heart and the light en-tered in; His won- der - ful grace made an end of my sin; He spoke the one word and the blood made me clean; This friend of the sinner is mine. This loving Re- deem - er is mine, A friend and a Savior di - vine; He dwells in me

3. His friendship is ten-der, and precious, and sweet, And rich the com- mun - ion en-joyed at his feet; And oh, his sal - va - tion is full and complete, And all his sal- va- tion is mine.

CHORUS.

is mine, divine;

rit.

sweetly, and saves me completely, This loving Redeemer of mine.

Re-deem-er of mine.

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Kind Words.

LIZZIE DE ARMOND. W. A. POST.

1. There's a gleam of sun-shine in a word of love That may
2. We may give a bless-ing to the souls we meet, Help some
3. Scat-ter kind words free-ly in his bless-ed name, Not a

bright-en some dark day, Don't neg-lect to speak it in a cheer-y
broth-er to the light, Bring a note of glad-ness in-to sor-row's
sin-gle one can die; They will ring for-ev-er with a sil-ver

CHORUS.

tone, As you pass along life's way.
song, Fill with stars the darkest night. Kind words are the music of the
chime, In the blessed by and by.

world, Speak them out in a tone of love; Kind words are the
of the world,

mu-sic of the world,..... Born in Par-a-dise a-bove.
are the mu-sic of the world,

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Taste and See.

Mrs. C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. Come, ye burdened sons and daughters, Taste and see, taste and see;
2. No one else your sins can par-don, Taste and see, taste and see;
3. Wear-y of earth's fleeting pleasures, Taste and see, taste and see;

Drink ye of sal-va-tion's waters, Taste and see that the Lord is good.
None like he can share your burden, Taste and see that the Lord is good.
Find in him en-dur-ing treasures, Taste and see that the Lord is good.

Chorus.

Come, be-liev-ing and re-ceiv-ing Full sal-va-tion in the blood;

'Tis a glo-rious in-vi-ta-tion, Taste and see that the Lord is good.

4 Claim each promise he hath spoken,
Taste and see, taste and see;
Never shall his word be broken,
Taste and see that the Lord is good.

5 He's a friend that faileth never,
Taste and see, taste and see;
Saving fully and forever,
Taste and see that the Lord is good.

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136 I Know That Jesus Saves Me.

IDA M. BUDD. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. My heart is filled with joy to-day, I know that Je-sus saves me;
2. When peace is shining in my soul, I know that Je-sus saves me;
3. In calm or storm, in shine or shade, I know that Je-sus saves me;
4. No oth-er joy can e-qual this, I know that Je-sus saves me;
5. His blood doth for my sins a-tone, I know that Je-sus saves me;

His presence brightens all my way, I know that Je-sus saves me.
When sorrow's waves around me roll, I know that Je-sus saves me.
In hope fulfilled, or good de-layed, I know that Je-sus saves me.
Since he is mine and I am his, I know that Je-sus saves me.
His love receives me as his own, I know that Je-sus saves me.

CHORUS.

He saves me, he saves me, I know he saves me now;
He saves me now, he saves me now, I know he saves, he saves me now;

O praise his name, his precious name, I know that Jesus saves me!

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137 Victory Ours Shall Be.

PALMER HARTSOUGH. J. H. FILLMORE.

UNISON.

1. Banners waving proud-ly o'er us, Voi-ces swelling loud the cho-rus,
2. To the na-tions slow-ly wak-ing, Lands their idol gods for-sak-ing,
3. Join us in our good en-deav-or, On we'll go and fal-ter nev-er,

Hope the way makes bright before us, Vic-t'ry, vic-t'ry ours shall be.
We the light of life are tak-ing, Vic-t'ry, vic-t'ry ours shall be.
'Tis the cause of God for-ev-er, Vic-t'ry, vic-t'ry ours shall be.

CHORUS.

March-ing, march-ing, cheer-i-ly the bu-gle sounding,
March-ing, march-ing, light-ly ev-'ry heart is bounding,

1

March-ing, march-ing, read-y we to meet the foe;

2

Je-sus is our Cap-tain, as we on-ward go.

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I Cannot Forget the Hour.

G. M. Bills and E. A. H. M. L. McPhail.

Not too fast.

1. I can - not for-get the hour when the Lord of life and pow'r
2. When my heart, defiled with sin, heard the Savior's voice with-in,
3. What a joy to meet in heav'n all the ransomed and for-giv'n,

Came to woo me by his love, and make me whole, When my
As he plead-ed my af - fec-tions to con - trol, I con-
Who with us will reach the ev - er - last - ing goal; And with

heart, by sin op-prest, sweetly en - tered in - to rest, And my
fessed my guilt and shame, and he to my res - cue came, And in
joy with them to sing, and to God thanksgiving bring, For the

Chorus.

Savior bro't sal-va-tion to my soul.
mer-cy bro't sal-va-tion to my soul. Tho' I dwell among the blest
love that bro't salvation to my soul.

in the pal - a - ces of rest, While the gold - en a - ges

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I Cannot Forget the Hour.

ev - er on-ward roll, I shall not for-get the hour when I

felt the Spirit's pow'r, And my Savior bro't sal-va-tion to my soul.

139 Here's a Savior for the Lost Ones.

WILLIAM E. BARTON. *Tune:*—CAERSALEM.

Slow, with feeling.

1. Here's a Sav - ior for the lost ones, Sent to earth from heav'n a-bove;
2. I was lost when Je - sus sought me, Sought me where I far did roam;
3. Je - sus seeks thee now, O lost one! Do not flee from him, nor hide!

Here is mer-cy, strength and comfort, Ev'ry blessing grace can prove; Thine, O
Not more wide my steps could wander Than his bleeding feet could come; And he
Mountains steep and raging torrents He hath crossed, and deserts wide, All to

lost one! Thine, O lost one! Christ our Shepherd, full of love, God's wondrous love!
found me! And he found me! He has bro't his lost one home, His lost one home!
find thee! All to find thee! Come, and in his fold abide, His fold a - bide!

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Coming To-day.

FANNY J. CROSBY. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Out on the des - ert, seek-ing, seeking, Sin - ner, 'tis Je - sus
2. Still he is wait-ing, wait - ing, waiting, Oh, what com - pas - sion
3. Lov - ing - ly plead-ing, plead-ing, pleading, Mer - cy, tho' slight-ed,
4. Spir - its in glo - ry, watch-ing, watching, Long to be - hold thee

seek - ing for thee; Ten - der - ly call - ing, call - ing, call - ing,
beams in his eye; Hear him re - peat - ing gen - tly, gen - tly,
bears with thee yet; Thou canst be hap - py, hap - py, hap - py,
safe in the fold; An - gels are wait - ing, wait - ing, wait - ing,—

CHORUS.

Hith - er, thou lost one, O come un - to me.
Come to thy Sav - ior, O why wilt thou die?
Come, ere thy life star for - ev - er shall set.
When shall thy sto-ry with rap-ture be told?

Je - sus is seek-ing,

Je-sus is calling, Why dost thou linger, why tarry away? Run to him

quickly, say to him glad-ly, Lord, I am com-ing, com-ing to - day.

Copyright, 1880, by John J. Hood.

141 Make Some Other Heart Rejoice.

C. M. F. CHAS. M. FILLMORE.

1. Would you know earth's highest happiness, Would you know its greatest
2. Pleas-ant smiles will cheer a drooping heart, Kind-ly words re-lieve a
3. Man - y hearts are crushed with bitter woe, Man - y hearts with grief are

bless-ed-ness, Would you know its truest joy - ful-ness, Make some other
bit - ter smart, Helping hands to weakness strength impart, Make some other
bend - ing low, Many hearts need help you can bestow, Make some other

CHORUS.

heart re - joice. Give a pleasant smile, Speak a kind-ly word,
Give a pleasant smile, Speak a kind- ly word,

Lend a hand to help a broth - er; Give a pleas-ant smile,
Lend a hand to help a broth - er; Give a pleasant smile,

Speak a kind - ly word, Lend a hand to help an - oth - er.
Speak a kind-ly word, Lend a hand to help an - oth - er.

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Some Day.

VICTOR M. STALEY. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Some day 'twill all be o - ver—The toils and cares of life; Some
2. Some day I'll see the man-sions Of heav-en's cit - y fair; Some
3. Some day I'll see the Sav - ior, And know him face to face; Some

day the world be vanquished, With all this mortal strife; Some day, the journey
day I'll greet with pleasure The dear ones waiting there; Some day I'll hear the
day receive, unmeasured, The blessings of his grace; Some day he'll smile up-

end - ed, I'll lay my bur-den down; Some day, in realms su-per - nal,
voi - ces Of God's an-gel - ic throng; Some day I'll join the cho - rus
on me From that white throne above; Some day I'll know the ful - ness

CHORUS.

Re-ceive at last my crown. Some day, ... some happy day, ...
In heav'n's immortal song.
Of his un-dy-ing love. Some happy day, some happy day,

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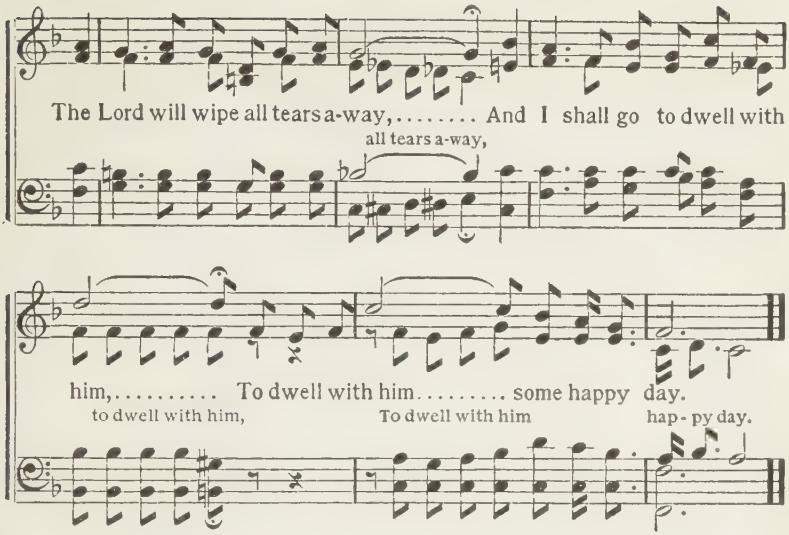
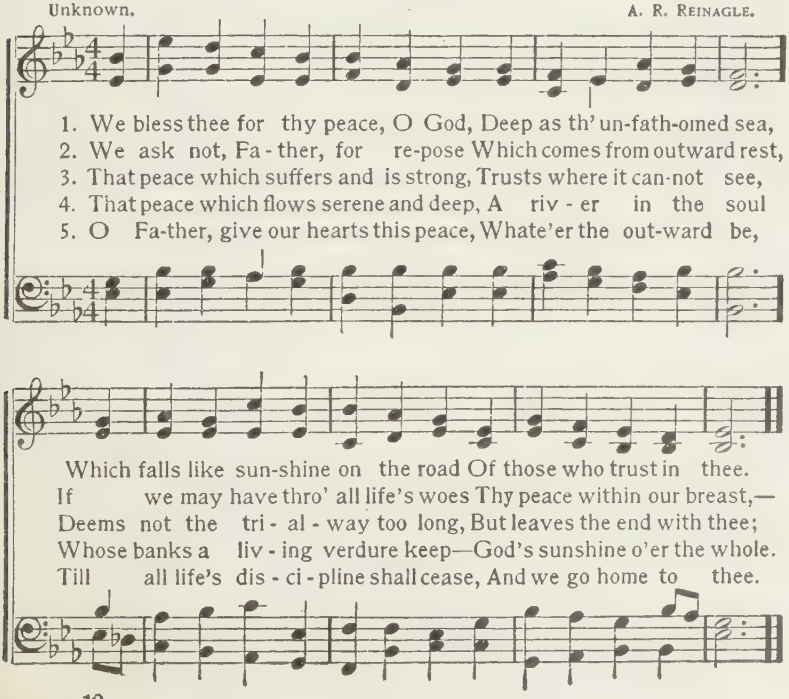
Some Day.



143 We Bless Thee for Thy Peace, O God.

Unknown. A. R. Reinagle.



144 "If No One Else Will Say It."

(The revival in Wales is said to have been brought about, humanly speaking, by the testimony of a young girl. Her pastor had been urging his people to witness for Jesus Christ, and after a somewhat prolonged silence, she arose, and said, "If no one else will say it, then I will: I do love Jesus with all my heart.")

JAMES M. GRAY. O. F. PUGH.

1. "If no one else will say it, Then I will say it now;
2. The path-os and the pas-sion Of loy-al words like these
3. Thus breaks the glad re-vi-val, When qui-et hush of pray'r,
4. O bear a faith-ful wit-ness To Je-sus Christ our Lord;

The Spir-it moves with-in me, My heart would pay its vow;
A-wake the slumb'ring spir-it, As stirred by heav'nly breeze;
And song of new-found par-don With joy perfume the air;
It may a-wak-en cour-age, Or move some oth-er chord

I love the bless-ed Je-sus, O hear it ere we part,
They move men to sur-ren-der, To say with one ac-cord,
The glow of a new morn-ing, The splen-dor of a dawn,
In lives now bowed with sor-row, Or lost to hu-man shame,

My Sav-ior and Re-deem-er I love with all my heart."
"We al-so love the Sav-ior, We, too, would serve the Lord."
The fore-taste of a glo-ry That comes to the new-born!
And, win-ning them to Je-sus, Their pre-cious souls re-claim.

Copyright, 1905, by J. Wilbur Chapman.

"If No One Else Will Say It."

CHORUS.

"If no one else will say it, O hear it ere we part,
we part,
My Sav - ior and Re - deem - er I love with all my heart."

145 Tread Softly.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

Gently. *p*

1. Be si - lent, be si - lent, A whis - per is heard; Be si - lent, and list - en, O treas-ure each word! Tread soft - ly, tread soft - ly, The
2. Be si - lent, be si - lent, For ho - ly this place; This al - tar that ech - oes The mes-sage of grace.
3. Be si - lent, be si - lent, Breathe humbly our pray'r, A fore-taste of E - den This mo-ment we share.
4. Be si - lent, be si - lent, His mer - cy re - cord; Be si - lent, be si - lent, And wait on the Lord.

CHORUS.

Tread softly here, tread softly here,

p *p* *rit.*

Mas - ter is here; Tread soft-ly, tread soft - ly, He bids us draw near.
Tread softly here, tread softly here,

Copyright, 1903, by W. H. Doane

146 Press Your Way to Jesus.

Mrs. C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. Press your way to Je-sus, tho' the world may frown, Tho' your friends and kin-dred may his pow'r dis-own; Trust the soul's Phy-si-cian; know his sav-ing grace; Your e-ter-nal int'rests in his keep-ing place.
2. Press your way to Je-sus, he will sure-ly bless; Seek ye first his kingdom and his right-eous-ness; All things that are needful then shall add-ed be, Faith-ful to his prom-ise ev-er-more is he.
3. Press your way to Je-sus, tho' the passing throng Seek to-day the pleasures which to earth be-long; Pleas-ures more en-dur-ing, joys that e'er a-bide, You will find in Je-sus, and be sat-is-fied.

Chorus.

Press your way to Je-sus, touch his garment's hem; Press your way to Je-sus, he will not con-demn; Claim him as your Sav-ior, he will

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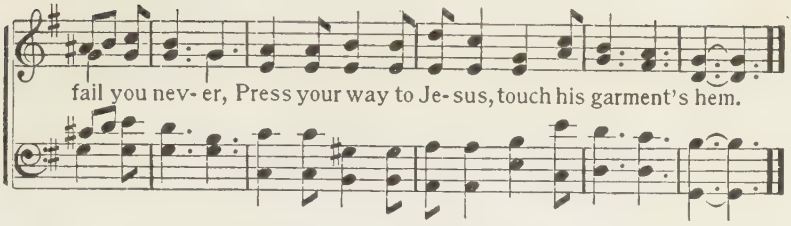
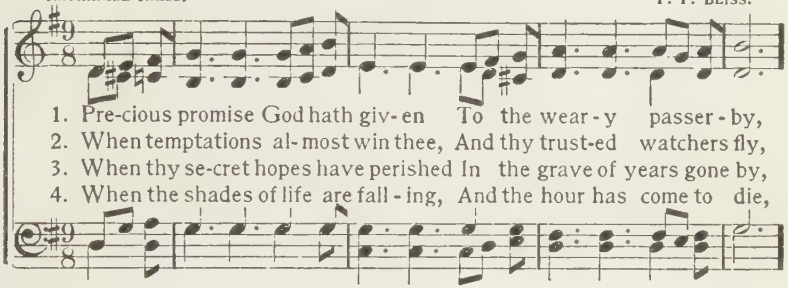
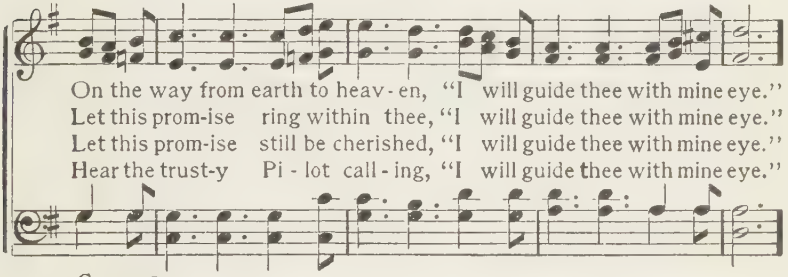
Press Your Way to Jesus.



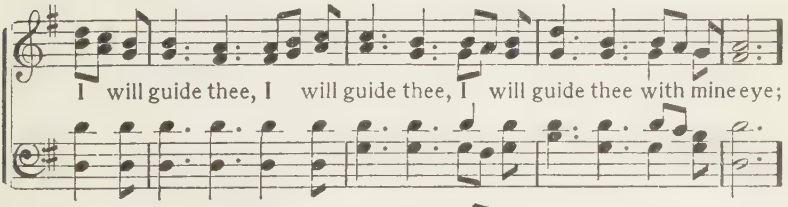
147 Precious Promise.

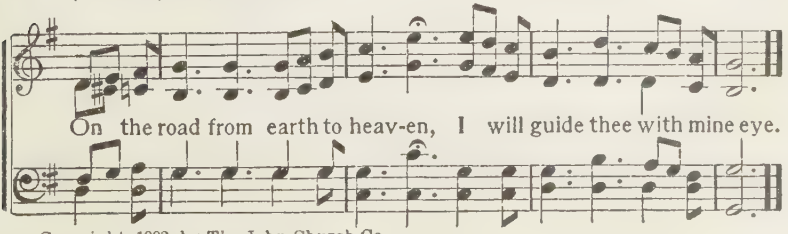
NATHANIEL NILES. P. P. BLISS.





CHORUS.





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148 Pass Along a Word of Cheer.

Mrs. Mary B. Wingate. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. Catch and ra - di - ate the sun-shine, Pass a- long a word of cheer:
2. To the wear-y, heav-y - la - den, Slowly trav'ling down life's road,
3. To the lives that sin has bro- ken, Where the tempter lingers near,
4. Not a - lone in crowded al - leys Do we find the sor - est need;

Give a ten- der smile of greet-ing To the sad ones far and near.
You can lend a hand to help them, Ere they faint beneath their load.
Give the tru - est, sur - est to - ken, Give the warmest love and cheer.
There is sor- row in the palace, There are hearts that break and bleed.

Gath - er up each passing sun-beam, Go re-flect it far and wide,
To the a - ged and the care-worn, As they walk their lonely way,
Whisper words of hope and cour- age, Bid the fall- en look a - bove,
Scat - ter sunshine, brother, sis - ter, Sym-pa-thize with smile or tear;

Flash- ing out its rays the brightest Where the darkest shadows hide.
You can be a ver - y sunbeam, Light-ing up the dark-est day.
Lead them to the Christ that's waiting, To the arms of deathless love.
Make the whole wide world the better For your ten-der words of cheer.

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Pass Along a Word of Cheer.

CHORUS.

Pass a-long a word of cheer, Pass along a word of cheer,
Pass a-long a word of cheer, Pass a-long a word of cheer,

Give a ten - der smile of greeting, Pass along a word of cheer.
Give a ten-der smile of greeting, Pass a-long a word of cheer.

149 Hallelujah, What a Savior!

P. P. B. P. P. BLISS.

1. "Man of Sor-rows," what a name For the Son of God who came
2. Bear-ing shame and scoff-ing rude, In my place con-demned he stood,
3. Guilt-y, vile and help-less we; Spot-less Lamb of God was he;
4. Lift-ed up was he to die, "It is fin-ished," was his cry,
5. When he comes, our glo-rious King, All his ran-somed home to bring,

Ru-ined sin-ners to re-claim! Hal-le-lu-jah! what a Sav-ior!
Sealed my par-don with his blood; Hal-le-lu-jah! what a Sav-ior!
"Full a-tone-ment!" can it be? Hal-le-lu-jah! what a Sav-ior!
Now in heav'n ex-alt-ed high, Hal-le-lu-jah! what a Sav-ior!
Then a-new this song we'll sing, Hal-le-lu-jah! what a Sav-ior!

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150 E. S. L.

Riches of Grace.

E. S. Lorenz.

1. Rich-es of earth I may not see, God may pre-vent; Rich-es of grace are of-fered me, I am con-tent. Wealth of the world must fade and fail, Earth-ly de-lights grow tasteless, stale; I have the wealth that must a-vail—Rich-es of grace.

2. I may not win fair hon-or's crown, God may prevent; Heav-en-ly hon-ors are my own, I am con-tent. Chil-dren of God and heirs of grace, Walking in light be-fore his face, Rest-ing in peace in his embrace—Rich-es of grace.

3. Earth will not bring me hours of peace, Sin will pre-vent; I have a peace that can-not cease, God hath it sent. Sweet-ly the hours of life glide by, Harm-less its tri-als past me fly, Strong in his grace I all de-fy—Rich-es of grace.

Chorus.

Riches of grace..... for-ev-er en-dure,..... Rich-es of grace
Rich-es of grace for-ev-er en-dure,
Riches of grace..... are fadeless and pure,..... Rich-es of grace
Rich-es of grace are fadeless and pure,

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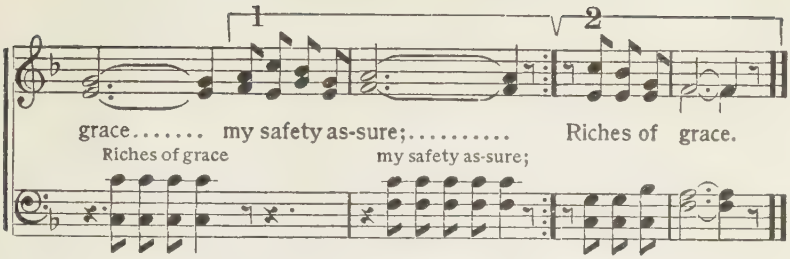
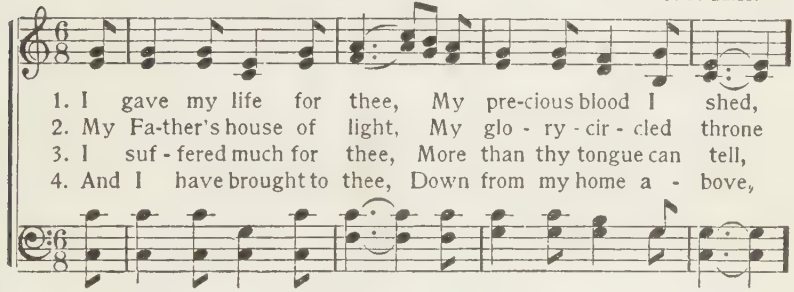
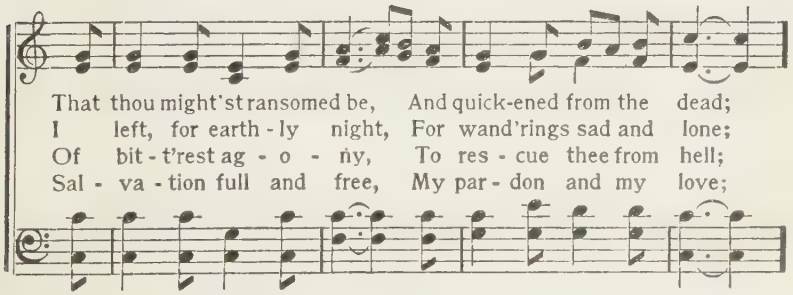
Riches of Grace.

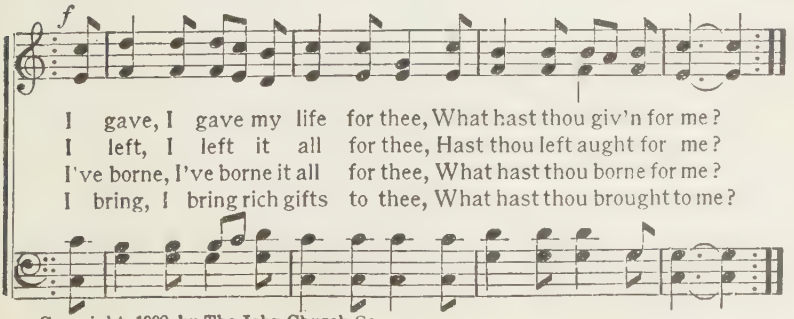


151 I Gave My Life for Thee.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. P. P. BLISS.







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When the Heart is Right with God.

Mrs. C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. There's a song I love to sing, e - ven prais - es to our King,
2. Then as friend communes with friend shall our wills in un - ion blend,
3. When the breakers threaten ill, we can wait his "Peace, be still!"
4. Vic - t'ry o'er the grave, we sing, "Where, O Death, is now thy sting?"

When the heart is right with God; There's a
When the heart is right with God; Then we'll
When the heart is right with God; Fear gives
When the heart is right with God; Lift with
When the heart is right with God;

joy that does not cease, and a deep, a - bid - ing peace, When the
love to do the right, find his serv - ice a de-light, When the
place to ho - ly calm, life be-comes one blissful psalm, When the
con - fi-dence our eyes to our home be-yond the skies, When the

Chorus.

heart is right with God. When the heart is right with God,
When the heart is right with God. is right with God,

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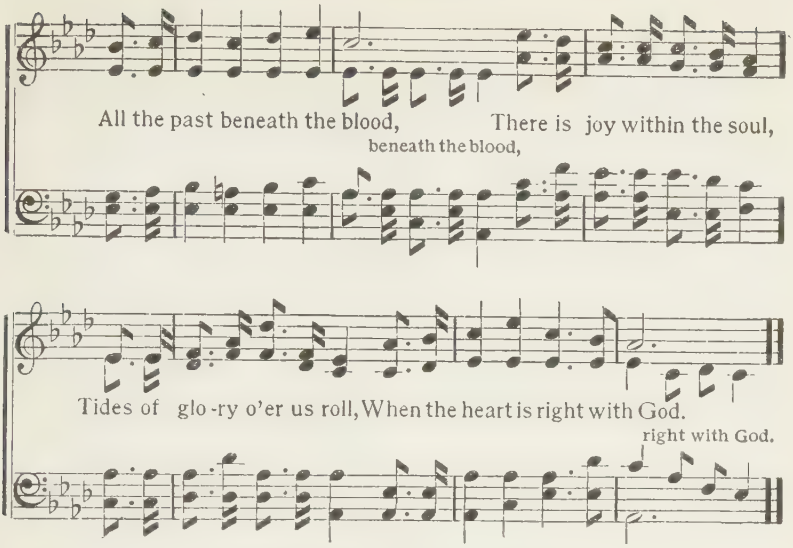
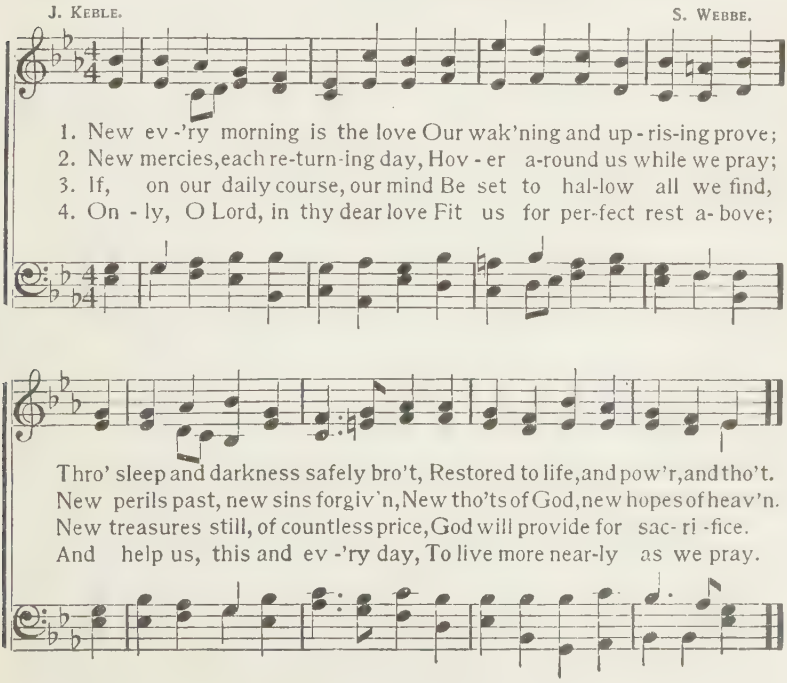
When the Heart is Right with God.



153 New Every Morning is the Love.

J. Keble. S. Webbe.



O Cross of Love.

T. O. Chisholm. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Far back in the a - ges past, Veiled in the mists of years,
2. And gaz- ing up - on that cross, What feel-ings fill my breast,
3. O cross of re-deem- ing love, Stay thou be - fore mine eyes,
4. O won-der - ful cross of Christ, With hearts of men plead on;

A wondrous vi - sion I be-hold, That moves my heart to tears;
What sor - row for my life of sin, What hun - ger - ings for rest!
Lest, wan-der - ing, my heart for-get Thy bleed - ing sac - ri - fice!
Con-strain the wayward, raise the low, And melt the heart of stone;

There, hanging up-on a cross, The form of One I see
Then peace, as the peace of heav'n, Steals in up - on my soul,
Send forth thy re - ful - gent beams A - long my pil - grim way,
O win for thy-self, in earth, A might - y vic - to - ry,

Who suf - fered there a sin- ner's death, That sinners might be free.
And tides of deep and ho - ly joy Thro' all my be - ing roll.
And guide my feet, thro' earthly night, To realms of fade-less day.
Till right-eous-ness shall flood the earth, As wa - ters flood the sea.

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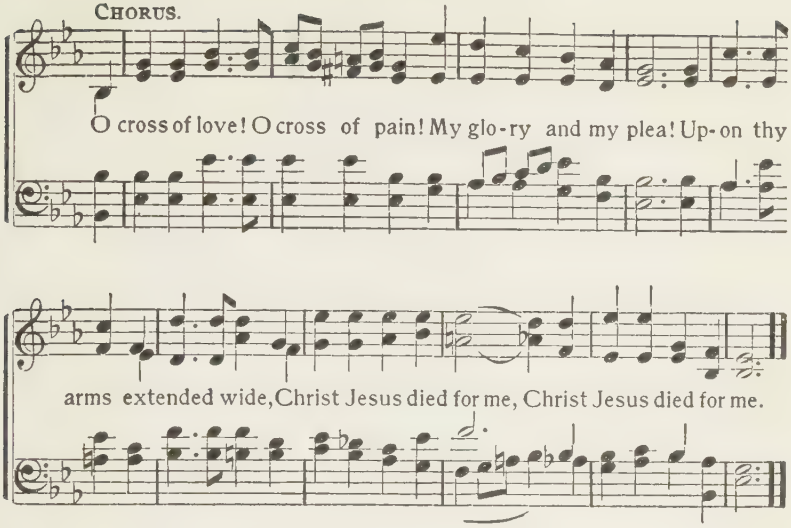
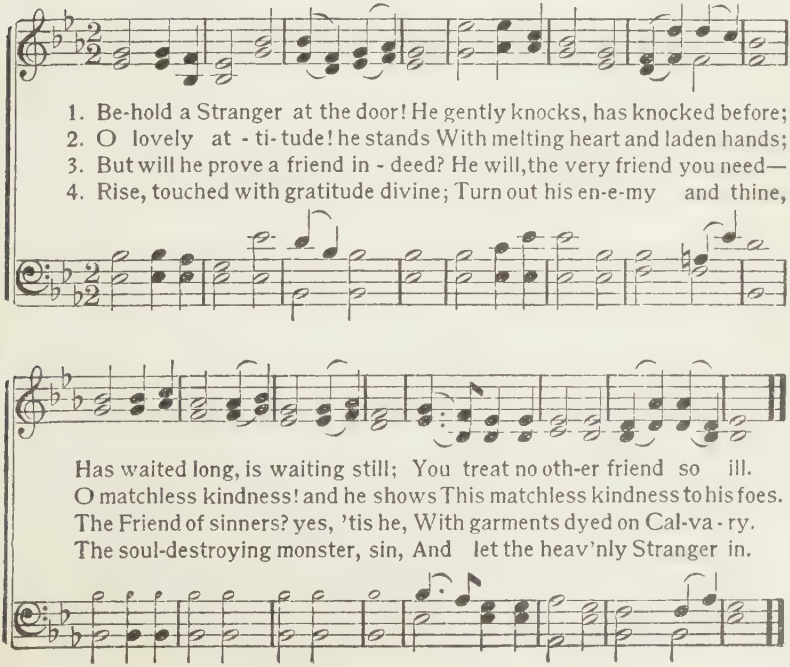
O Cross of Love.



155 Behold a Stranger at the Door.

JOSEPH GRIGG. J. E. GOULD.



The Scarlet Thread.

Mrs. F. A. Breck. Frank A. Robertson.

1. A won - der - ful, won-der - ful gos - pel With - in the blest
2. Pro-claim the good news of sal - va - tion, Of Je - sus, our
3. With glad-ness re - peat the old sto - ry Of Je - sus wher-

Bi - ble is told, A gos - pel of love and of mer - cy, More
Sav-ior and King, Who came to the world to re-deem us, Un-
ev - er you go, 'Tis fraught with a ra - di - ant glo - ry That

pre-cious than sil - ver or gold; 'Tis need - ed in time of temp-
speak-a - ble glo-ries to bring; Let sin - ners be told of his
brightens the pathway of woe; O haste with the won-der - ful

ta - tion, 'Tis need - ed in sor-row and sin, 'Tis the scar- let thread
king-dom, In - vite them to en - ter there-in, Keep the scar- let thread
ti - dings Of all that my Sav-ior hath been, And keep the bright

rit.

bound in the win - dow, Where the dear ones may all gather in.
bound in the win - dow, Till the dear ones are all gath-ered in.
thread in the win - dow, Till the pre - cious ones all gath - er in.

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The Scarlet Thread.

CHORUS.

Are the precious ones all gathered in? All gathered in-to the fold?

all gathered in?

rit.

Is the scarlet thread bound in the window? Are the precious ones all gathered in?

157 The Call for Reapers.

J. O. THOMPSON. J. B. O. CLEMM.

1. Far and near the fields are teeming With the waves of rip-ened grain;
2. Send them forth with morn's first beaming; Send them in the noontide's glare;
3. O thou, whom thy Lord is send - ing, Gather now the sheaves of gold;

FINE.

Far and near their gold is gleam- ing O'er the sun - ny slope and plain.
When the sun's last rays are gleaming, Bid them gath-er ev-'ry-where.
Heav'nward then at evening wend-ing, Thou shalt come with joy untold.

D. S.—*Send them now the sheaves to gath-er, Ere the har - vest time pass by.*

CHORUS. D.S.

Lord of har- vest, send forth reapers! Hear us, Lord, to thee we cry;

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Study Your Chart.

LIZZIE DE ARMOND. W. A. POST.

1. Stud-y your chart as you sail o'er life's sea; 'Mid rocks and
2. Stud-y your chart! read it hour by hour, Come in - to
3. Stud-y your chart! ships are lost ev - 'ry day, Swept by the

shoals a sure guide it will be; Thro' the dark bil - lows a
touch with its won-der-ful pow'r; When storms are rag - ing and
break - ers of sin far a - way; Launch your bark brave-ly, sails

rit.

path-way you'll trace, Till you can an - chor in yon rest-ing place.
waves wildly roll, Safe it will guide you to heaven's bright goal.
set with a pray'r, Where duty leads you will find Je-sus there.

CHORUS. *a tempo.*

Stud - y your chart!..... O stud - y your chart!.....
Stud - y your chart! O stud - y your chart!

With glad - - ness its teach-ings o - bey;.....
With glad - ness ev - - er its teach - ings o - bey;

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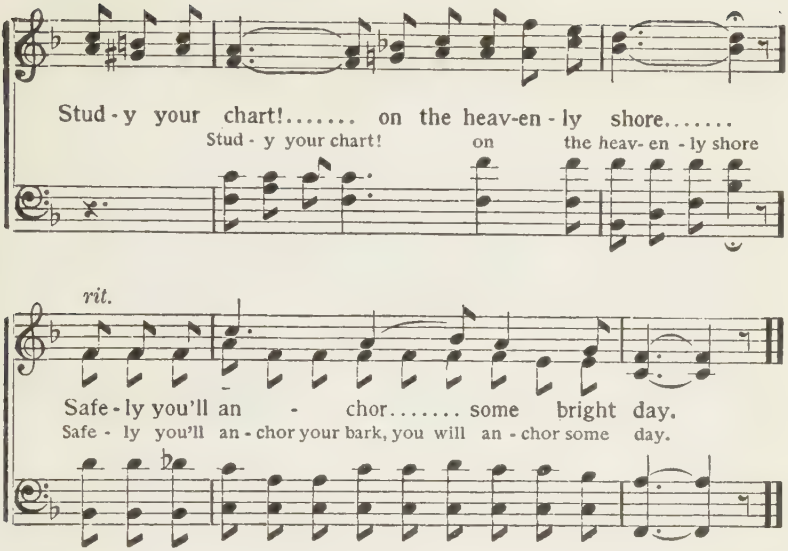
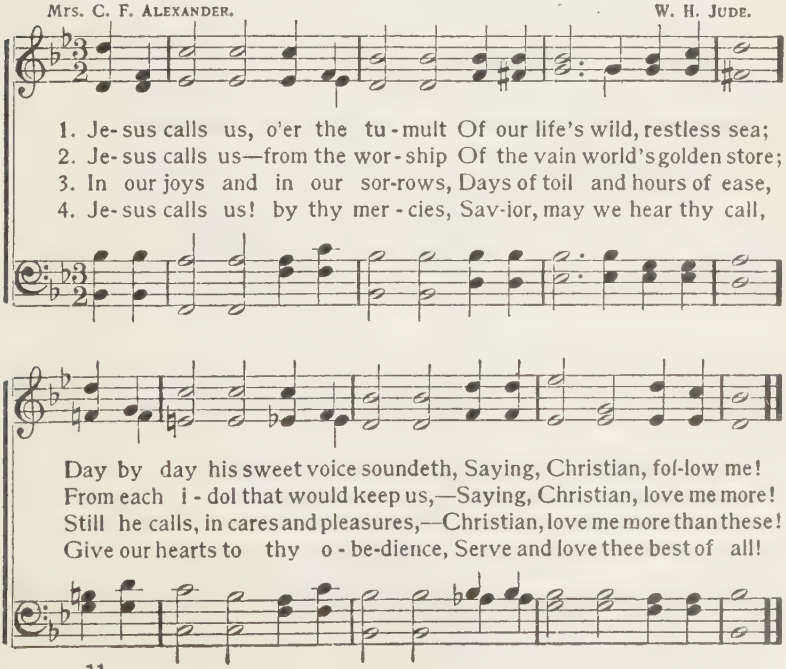
Study Your Chart.



159 Jesus Calls Us.

Mrs. C. F. Alexander. W. H. Jude.



The Half Was Never Told.

P. P. B. P. P. Bliss.

1. Re-peat the sto-ry o'er and o'er, Of grace so full and free;
2. Of peace I on-ly knew the name, Nor found my soul its rest,
3. My high-est place is ly-ing low At my Re-deem-er's feet;
4. And oh, what rap-ture will it be, With all the host a-bove,

I love to hear it more and more, Since grace has res-cued me.
Un-til the sweet-voiced angel came To soothe my wear-y breast.
No re-al joy in life I know But in his serv-ice sweet.
To sing thro' all e-ter-ni-ty The won-ders of his love.

Chorus.

The half.... was never told,
The half was nev-er told, The half was never told,
nev-er told, nev-er told,
The half.... was never told.

Of grace divine, so wonderful, The half was nev-er told.
Of peace divine, so wonderful, The half was nev-er told.
Of joy divine, so wonderful, The half was nev-er told.
Of love divine, so wonderful, The half was nev-er told.
nev-er told.

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Is It There?

FANNY J. CROSBY. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. In the book which thou art keeping, In thy Book of Life so fair,
2. Lighter far the dai - ly tri - als That my wear-y heart must bear,
3. Tho' I oft have failed in du - ty, Yet my faith still clings to thee;
4. Let me hear thy lov - ing Spir - it Soft-ly whis-per, "All is well,"
5. When from earth my tho'ts are winging To the heav'nly mansions fair,

Tell me, O my Sav-ior, tell me, Is my name re-cord-ed there?
Light-er far my toil and la - bor, If I knew my name was there.
When thou makest up thy jew - els, Will my name remembered be?
That my name in light is shin - ing, Where I soon with thee shall dwell.
Let me feel the sweet as-sur-ance That my hum-ble name is there.

CHORUS.

1, 2, 3. Is it there? is it there? In thy Book of Life so fair?
4, 5. Yes,'tis there, yes,'tis there, In thy Book of Life so fair;
Is it there? is it there? In thy Book

Tell me, O my Savior, tell me, Is my name re-cord-ed there?
I be-lieve, O blessed Savior, That my name is written there.
Tell me, O my Is my name

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162 Not to Save the Righteous.

Mrs. C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. There's a mes - sage sweet for the bur - dened heart, When the way is dark and the tear-drops start; To the sin - op-pressed he will peace im - part; It was not to save the right-eous Je - sus came.
2. For the whole need not a Phy - si - cian's skill, But to sin - sick souls he is gra-cious still; All may free-ly come, "who-so-ev - er will;" It was not to save the right-eous Je - sus came.
3. To the pen - i - tent he will mer - cy show, And the vil - est heart may sal - va- tion know, Trust the blood to cleanse whiter than the snow; It was not to save the right-eous Je - sus came.
4. You will need his grace when you stand a - lone In the last great day at the judgment throne; Nothing but the blood can for sin a - tone; It was not to save the right-eous Je - sus came.

Chorus.

It was not to save the righteous Je - sus came, But a world of re - bel sin-ners to re-claim; Let the whole.... world sing

save the right - eous Je - sus came, sin - ners to re-claim; Let the whole

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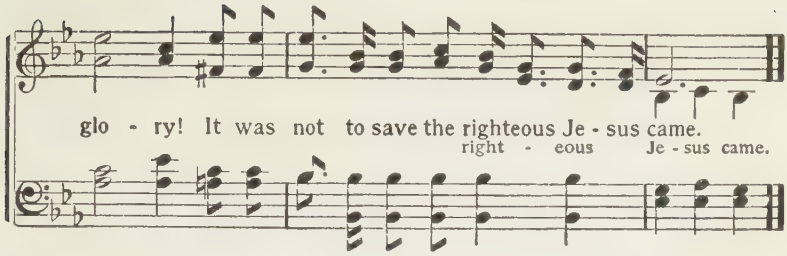
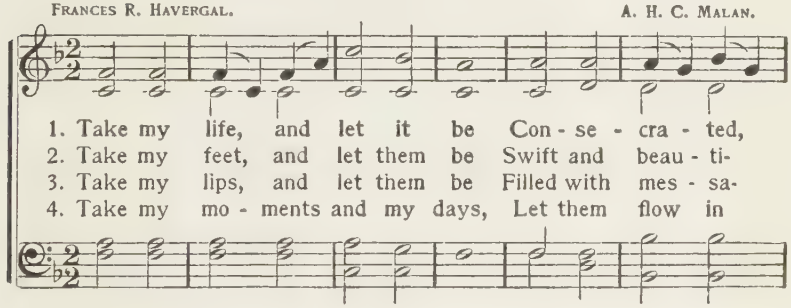
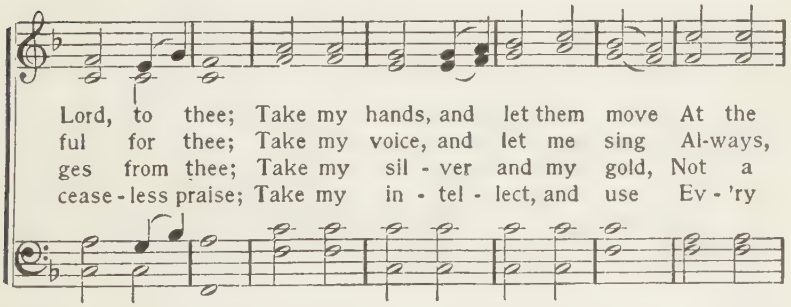
Not to Save the Righteous.

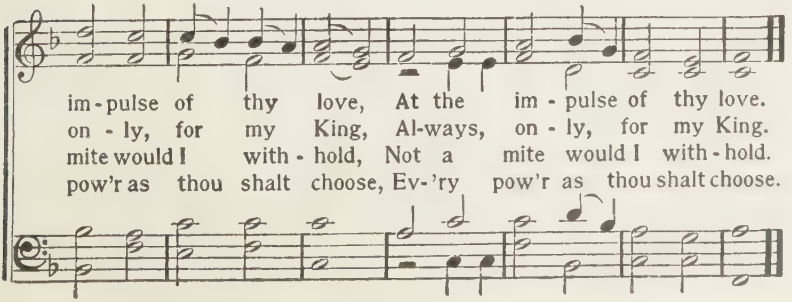


163 Take My Life.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. A. H. C. MALAN.







All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name!

E. Perronet. Welsh Tune "Diadem."

1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name! Let angels prostrate fall,
2. Ye cho - sen seed of Is - rael's race, Ye ransomed from the fall,
3. Let ev - 'ry kin - dred, ev - 'ry tribe, On this ter-res-trial ball,
4. O that with yon - der sa - cred throng We at his feet may fall,

Let an - gels prostrate fall; Bring forth the roy-al di - a - dem,
Ye ran-somed from the fall, Hail him who saves you by his grace,
On this ter - res-trial ball, To him all maj - es - ty as - cribe,
We at his feet may fall! We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song,

And crown..... him, Crown him,

And crown him, crown him, crown him, crown him, And crown him
And crown..... him, Crown him,

And crown him, crown him, crown him, Crown.....

crown him, crown him,

Lord of all, crown him, And crown him Lord of all.
crown..... him,

..... him, And crown him Lord of all.

165 Will Jesus Find Us Watching?

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

1. When Je - sus comes to re - ward his serv-ants, Whether it be
2. If, at the dawn of the ear - ly morn - ing, He shall call us
3. Have we been true to the trust he left us? Do we seek to
4. Bless - ed are those whom the Lord finds watching, In his glo - ry

noon or night, Faith - ful to him will he find us watch-ing,
one by one, When to the Lord we re - store our tal - ents,
do our best? If in our hearts there is naught condemns us,
they shall share; If he shall come at the dawn or mid-night,

rit.

CHORUS.

With our lamps all trimmed and bright?
Will he an-swer thee—Well done?
We shall have a glo - rious rest.
Will he find us watch-ing there?

O can we say we are

read - y, broth-er? Read - y for the soul's bright home? Say, will he

find you and me still watching, Waiting, waiting when the Lord shall come?

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166 The Business of the King.

ALICE JEAN CLEATOR. WILLIAM W. BENTLEY.

1. There's a sto - ry sweet and old, That is wait - ing to be told
2. Soon the Pen - te - cos - tal show'r shall descend with old-time pow'r,
3. When the bells of heav'n shall ring, and its gate-ways o - pen swing,

Un - to man - y souls that dwell in sin to - day! Haste, the
If with one ac - cord all Christians work and pray; Then with
O what joy to know you told some soul the way! Then be

joy - ful news make known, Till the world to Christ is won, For the
will - ing hand and heart, Quickly run to do your part, For the
bus - y hour by hour, Tell of Je - sus' sav - ing pow'r, For the

REFRAIN.

busi-ness of the King must not de - lay. O the busi-ness of the

King must not de-lay, Souls are dy - ing as you pass a-long life's
must not delay,

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The Business of the King.

way; Haste, the joy - ful news make known, Till the
a - long life's way;

world to Christ is won, For the business of the King must not de-lay.

167 More Love to Thee.

ELIZABETH P. PRENTISS. W. H. DOANE.

1. More love to thee, O Christ, More love to thee! Hear thou the
2. Once earth-ly joy I craved, Sought peace and rest; Now thee a-
3. Then shall my lat - est breath Whisper thy praise; This be the

pray'r I make On bend-ed knee; This is my ear - nest plea,
lone I seek, Give what is best: This all my pray'r shall be,
part - ing cry My heart shall raise; This still its pray'r shall be,

More love, O Christ, to thee, More love to thee! More love to thee!

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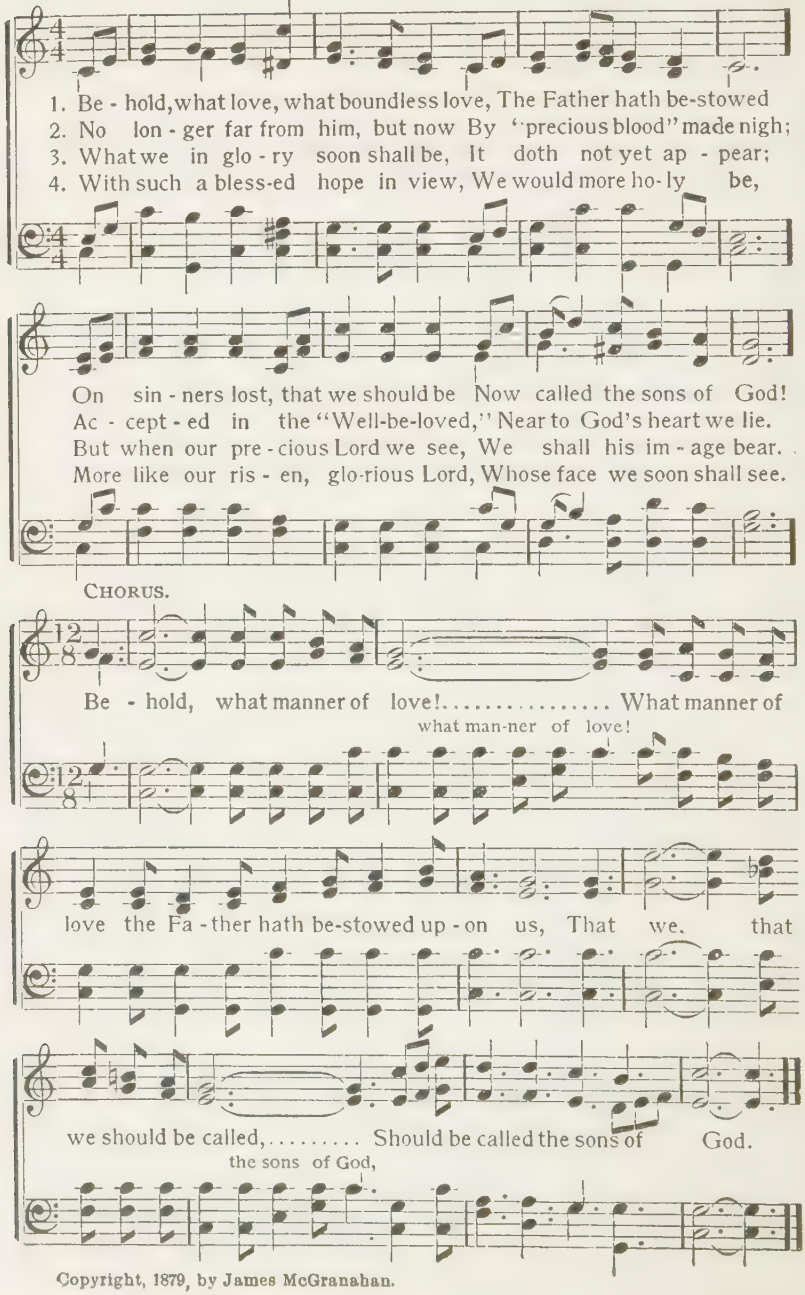
Behold, What Love.

M. S. S. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.



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169 They are Reading You.

FRANCES E. BOLTON. THORO HARRIS.

1. Some souls there are who nev - er heed The Word of God you love to read, Who will be - lieve the Gos - pel true If
2. And some there are whose souls un - fed, Are hun-g'ring for "the Liv - ing Bread", Who will for grace and mer - cy sue If
3. Words have their pow'r, songs oft-en win And save a soul from doubt and sin; When you for Je - sus clear - ly shine, Men
4. Then let the love of Christ di - vine In ev - 'ry look and ac - tion shine; And let the light of heav'n beam thro', For

CHORUS.

Christ is clear - ly seen in you.
Je - sus has his way with you.
will ac - cept his grace di - vine.
un - saved men are read - ing you.

They're read - ing you, They're read - ing you, They're spell-ing out the works you do;— O can they see the Sav-ior's grace Re - flect - ed in your face?

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170 The Son of God Goes Forth to War.

REGINALD HEBER. H. S. CUTLER.

1. The Son of God goes forth to war, A king-ly crown to gain;
2. The mar-tyr first, whose ea-gle eye Could pierce beyond the grave,
3. A glo-rious band, the cho-sen few On whom the Spir-it came,
4. A no-ble ar-my, men and boys, The ma-tron and the maid,

His blood-red ban-ner streams a-far: Who fol-lows in his train?
Who saw his Mas-ter in the sky, And called on him to save:
Twelve valiant saints, their hope they knew, And mocked the cross and flame:
A-round the throne of God re-joice, In robes of light ar-rayed;

Who best can drink his cup of woe, Tri-um-phant o-ver pain,
Like him, with par-don on his tongue In midst of mor-tal pain,
They met the tyrant's brandished steel, The li-on's go-ry mane;
They climbed the steep ascent of heav'n, Thro' peril, toil and pain:

Who pa-tient bears his cross be-low, He fol-lows in his train.
He prayed for them that did the wrong: Who fol-lows in his train?
They bowed their necks the death to feel: Who fol-lows in their train?
O God, to us may grace be giv'n To fol-low in their train.

171 Draw Me Nearer.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

1. I am thine, O Lord, I have heard thy voice, And it told thy
2. Con-se-crate me now to thy serv-ice, Lord, By the pow'r of
3. O the pure de-light of a sin-gle hour That be-fore thy
4. There are depths of love that I can-not know Till I cross the

love to me; But I long to rise in the arms of faith,
grace di-vine; Let my soul look up with a steadfast hope,
throne I spend, When I kneel in pray'r, and with thee, my God,
nar-row sea; There are heights of joy that I may not reach

REFRAIN.

And be clos-er drawn to thee. Draw me near - er,
And my will be lost in thine.
I commune as friend with friend!
Till I rest in peace with thee. near-er, near-er,

near-er, bless-ed Lord, To the cross where thou hast died; Draw me

near-er, near-er, near-er, blessed Lord, To thy precious, bleeding side.

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Jesus Will Give You Rest.

FANNY J. CROSBY. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Will you come, will you come, with your poor broken heart, Burdened and
2. Will you come, will you come? there is mer - cy for you, Balm for your
3. Will you come, will you come? you have noth-ing to pay; Je - sus, who
4. Will you come, will you come? how he pleads with you now! Fly to his

sin - op - pressed? Lay it down at the feet of your Sav-ior and Lord,
ach - ing breast; On - ly come as you are, and be-lieve on his name,
loves you best, By his death on the cross purchased life for your soul,
lov - ing breast, And what-ev - er your sin or your sor-row may be,

REFRAIN.

Je - sus will give you rest. O hap - py rest, sweet, happy rest!

Je - sus will give you rest (happy rest); O why don't you come in

sim - ple, trust - ing faith? Je - sus will give you rest.

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Give Me Thy Heart.

E. E. Hewitt. Annie F. Bourne.

1. "Give me thy heart," says the Father a-bove, No gift so precious to him as our love; Soft-ly he whispers, wher-ev-er thou art, "Grate-ful-ly trust me, and give me thy heart."
2. "Give me thy heart," says the Savior of men, Call-ing in mer-cy a-gain and a-gain; "Turn now from sin, and from e-vil de-part, Have I not died for thee? give me thy heart." "Give me thy heart,
3. "Give me thy heart," says the Spirit di-vine, "All that thou hast to my keeping re-sign; Grace more a-bound-ing is mine to im-part, Make full sur-ren-der, and give me thy heart."

Chorus.

p

Give me thy heart," "Hear the soft whisper, wherever thou art; From this dark world he would draw thee apart, Speaking so tenderly, "Give me thy heart."

rit.

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Grace and Glory.

Mrs. C. D. Martin. W. Stillman Martin.

1. The won-der-ful grace of Je-ho-vah we see In sav-ing a
2. The day soon will come when the Lord we shall see; Where he is, his
3. His grace and his glo-ry, praise God! all may share, Who follow his

sin-ner and mak-ing him free; We stand all be-wil-dered at
chil-dren for-ev-er will be; In heav-en to-day he's pre-
footsteps, their cross dai-ly bear; The full weight of glo-ry at

what he has done, Thro' Je-sus, his well-be-loved Son.
par-ing a place For all who are saved by his grace.
last may be won, Thro' Je-sus, God's well-be-loved Son.

Chorus.

When glo-ry has fin-ished what grace has be-gun, Life's bat-tles are

o-ver, its vic-to-ries won, When we shall be crowned with God's

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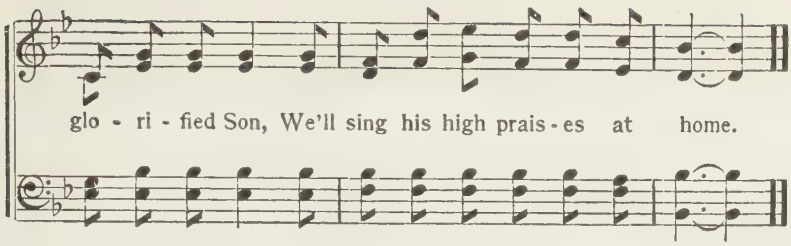
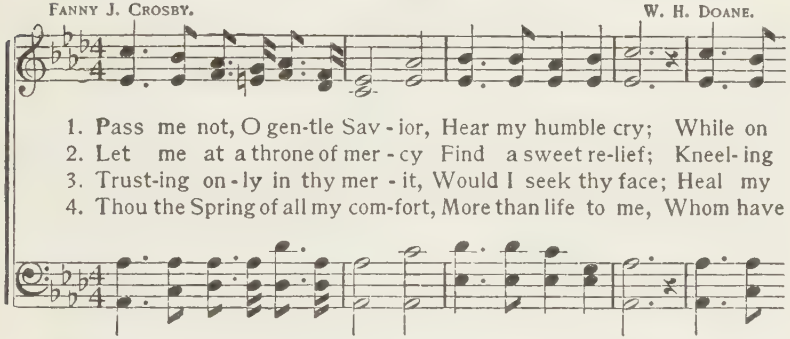
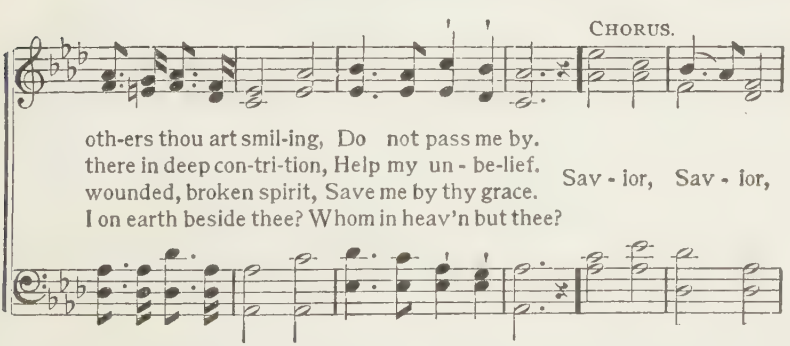
Grace and Glory.

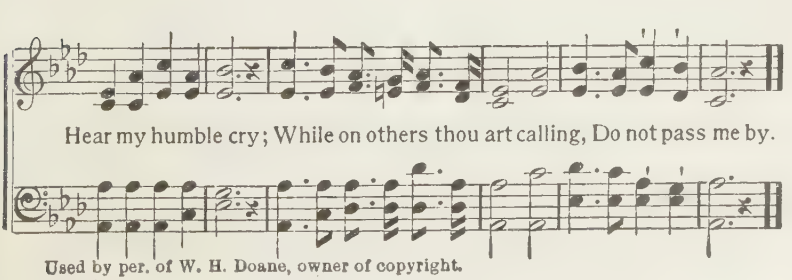


175 Pass Me Not.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.







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176 Come, Ye Sinners.

J. Hart. J. Ingalls.

Fine.

1. { Come, ye sin-ners, poor and needy, Weak and wound-ed, sick and sore; }
   { Je - sus read - y stands to save you, Full of pit-y, love, and pow'r. }

2. { Now, ye need- y, come and wel-come; God's free bounty glo - ri - fy; }
   { True be - lief and true re-pent-ance, Ev'ry grace that brings you nigh. }

D. C.—*Glory, hon - or, and sal - va - tion, Christ the Lord is come to reign.*

Chorus. *D. C.*

Turn to the Lord, and seek sal-va-tion, Sound the praise of his dear name;

3 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness he requireth
Is to feel your need of him.

4 Come, ye weary, heavy-laden,
Bruised and mangled by the fall,
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all.

177 We are Passing Away.

J. Hart. Arr. by W. J. K.

1. { Vain man, thy fond pursuits for-bear; Re-pent, thine end is nigh; }
   { Death, at the farthest, can't be far: O think be- fore thou die. }

2. { Re - flect, thou hast a soul to save; Thy sins, how high they mount! }
   { What are thy hopes beyond the grave? How stands that dark account? }

Refrain. 1 2

We are passing away, We are passing away, To the great judgment day.

3 Death enters, and there's no defence,
His time there's none can tell;
He'll in a moment call thee hence,
To heaven, or down to hell.

4 Thy flesh (perhaps thy greatest care)
Shall into dust consume;
But, ah! destruction ends not there,
Sin kills beyond the tomb.

Used by per.

178 Holy Spirit, Faithful Guide.

M. M. W. MARCUS M. WELLS.

Fine.

1. { Ho - ly Spir - it, faith-ful Guide, Ev - er near the Christian's side, }
   { Gen-tly lead us by the hand, Pilgrims in a des - ert land; }
2. { Ev - er-pres - ent, tru - est Friend, Ev-er near thine aid to lend, }
   { Leave us not to doubt and fear, Grop-ing on in dark-ness here; }
3. { When our days of toil shall cease, Waiting still for sweet re-lease, }
   { Noth-ing left but heav'n and pray'r, Trusting that our names are there, }

D. C.—*Whisper soft-ly, "Wand'rer, come, Follow me, I'll guide thee home."*

D. C.

Wear - y souls for - e'er re-joice While they hear that sweetest voice
When the storms are rag - ing sore, Hearts grow faint, and hopes give o'er,
Wad - ing deep the dis - mal flood, Plead-ing naught but Je - sus' blood,

179 God is Present Everywhere.

OLIVER HOLDEN. G. F. HANDEL.

1. They who seek the throne of grace, Find that throne in ev - 'ry place;
2. In our sick - ness or our health, In our want or in our wealth,
3. When our earth-ly com-forts fail, When the foes of life pre - vail,
4. Then, my soul, in ev - 'ry strait, To thy Fa-ther come and wait,

If we live a life of pray'r, God is pres - ent ev-'ry-where.
If we look to God in pray'r, God is pres - ent ev-'ry-where.
'Tis the time for ear-nest pray'r; God is pres - ent ev-'ry-where.
He will an-swer ev - 'ry pray'r; God is pres - ent ev-'ry-where.

180 In the Cross of Christ.

JOHN BOWRING. *Tune:*—RATHBUN. 8s, 7s.

1. In the cross of Christ I glo - ry, Tow'ring o'er the wrecks of time;
2. When the woes of life o'er-take me, Hopes deceive, and fears an-noy,
3. When the sun of bliss is beaming Light and love up - on my way,
4. Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure, By the cross are sanc - ti - fied;

All the light of sa - cred sto - ry Gathers round its head sublime.
Nev-er shall the cross for-sake me; Lo! it glows with peace and joy.
From the cross the ra - diance streaming Adds new luster to the day.
Peace is there that knows no measure, Joys that thro' all time a-bide.

181 Walk In the Light.

B. BARTON. *Tune:*—MANOAH. C. M.

1. Walk in the light! so shalt thou know That fel-low-ship of love,
2. Walk in the light! and thou shalt find Thy heart made truly his,
3. Walk in the light! and thou shalt own Thy darkness passed away,

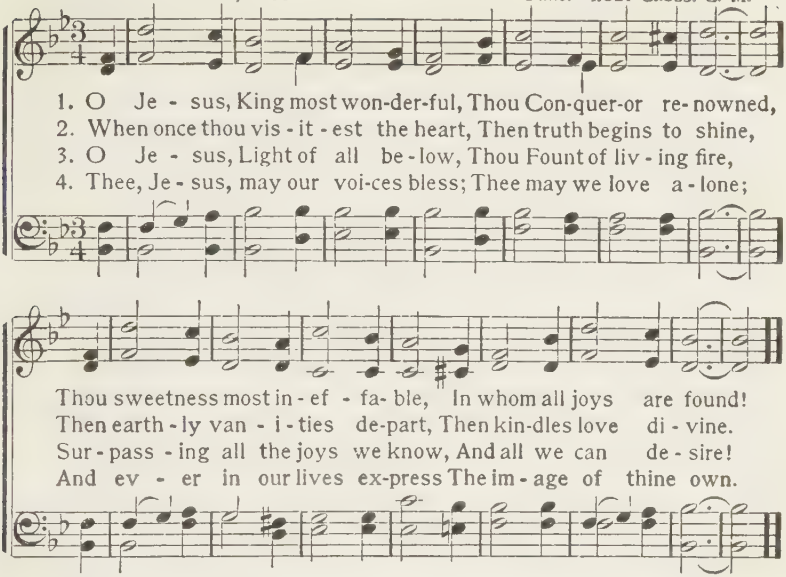
His Spir - it on - ly can be - stow Who reigns in light a- bove.
Who dwells in cloudless light enshrined, In whom no darkness is.
Be - cause the light has on thee shone In which is per-fect day.

4 Walk in the light! and e'en the tomb
No fearful shade shall wear;
Glory shall chase away its gloom,
For Christ hath conquered there.

5 Walk in the light! thy path shall be
Peaceful, serene and bright:
For God, by grace, shall dwell in thee,
And God himself is light.

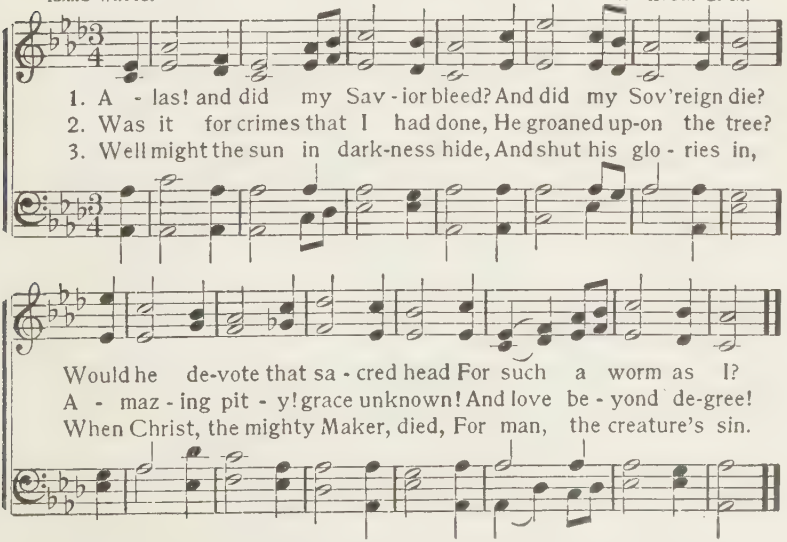
182 O Jesus, King.

BERNARD OF CLAIRVAUX, 1153. *Tune:*—HOLY CROSS. C. M.



183 Alas! and Did My Savior Bleed.

ISAAC WATTS. *Tune:*—AVON. C. M.



4 Thus might I hide my blushing face,
While his dear cross appears;
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt mine eyes to tears.

5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe:
Here, Lord, I give myself away;
'Tis all that I can do.

184 I Know That My Redeemer Lives.

CHARLES WESLEY. *Tune:*—BRADFORD. C. M.

1. I know that my Re - deem-er lives, And ev - er prays for me;
2. I find him lift - ing up my head; He brings sal - va - tion near;
3. He wills that I should ho - ly be: Who can with-stand his will?
4. Je-sus, I hang up - on thy word: I stead - fast - ly be - lieve

A to - ken of his love he gives, A pledge of lib - er - ty.
His pres - ence makes me free in-deed, And he will soon ap-pear.
The coun - sel of his grace in me He sure - ly shall ful - fil.
Thou wilt re - turn and claim me, Lord, And to thy - self re-ceive.

185 Grow Thou in Me.

J. C. LAVATER. Tr. by H. B. SMITH. *Tune:*—LAVATER. C. M.

p

1. O Jesus Christ, grow thou in me, And all things else re - cede;
2. In thy bright beams which on me fall, Fade ev - 'ry e - vil thought:
3. Fill me with glad-ness from a- bove, Hold me by strength di- vine;
4. Make this poor self grow less and less, Be thou my life and aim;

My heart be dai - ly near - er thee; From sin be dai - ly freed.
That I am noth-ing, thou art all, I would be dai - ly taught.
Lord, let the glow of thy great love Thro' my whole be - ing shine.
O make me dai - ly thro' thy grace More meet to bear thy name!

186 'Tis Midnight.

WILLIAM B. TAPPAN. *Tune:*—OLIVE'S BROW. L. M.

1. 'Tis midnight; and on Olive's brow The star is dimmed that lately shone:
2. 'Tis midnight; and, from all removed The Savior wrestles 'lone with fears:
3. 'Tis midnight; and, for others' guilt, The Man of sorrows weeps in blood:
4. 'Tis midnight; from the heav'nly plains Is borne the song that angels know;

'Tis midnight; in the gar - den now The suff'ring Savior prays a - lone.
E'en that dis - ci-ple whom he loved Heeds not his Master's grief and tears.
Yet he that hath in an-guish knelt Is not for-sak-en by his God.
Un - heard by mortals are the strains That sweetly soothe the Savior's woe.

187 I Love Thy Kingdom, Lord.

TIMOTHY DWIGHT. *Tune:*—SHIRLAND. S. M.

1. I love thy king - dom, Lord, The house of thine a - bode,
2. I love thy Church, O God! Her walls be - fore thee stand,
3. For her my tears shall fall, For her my pray'rs as - cend;

The Church our blest Re - deem- er saved With his own precious blood.
Dear as the ap - ple of thine eye, And grav-en on thy hand.
To her my cares and toils be giv'n, Till toils and cares shall end.

4 Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways,
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

5 Sure as thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven.

188 The Army of God.

Wm. W. How. J. Barnby.

1. For all thy saints, who from their la - bors rest, Who thee by
2. Oh, may thy sol - diers, faith-ful, true and bold, Fight as the
3. Oh, blest com-mun- ion, fel - low-ship di - vine! We fee - bly
4. From earth's wide bounds, from ocean's farthest coast, Thro' gates of

p

faith be - fore the world con-fessed, Thy name, O Je - sus,
saints who no - bly fought of old, And win, with them, the
strug-gle, they in glo - ry shine; Yet all are one in
pearl streams in the count - less host, Sing - ing to Fa - ther,

f

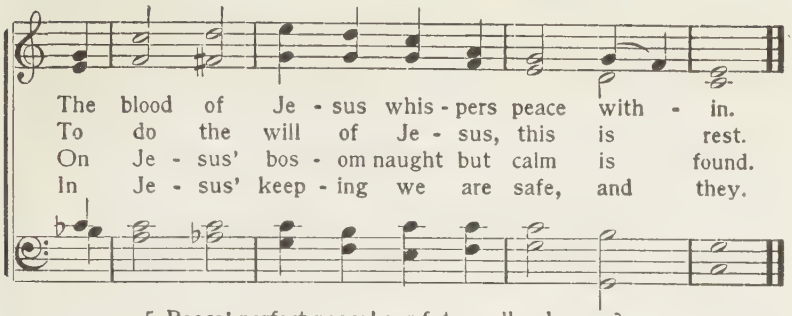
be for - ev - er blest. Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah!
vic - tor's crown of gold. Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah!
thee, for all are thine. Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah!
Son, and Ho - ly Ghost. Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah!

189 Peace! Perfect Peace!

E. H. Bickersteth. [*Tune:*—Pax Tecum. 10s.

1. Peace! per - fect peace! in this dark world of sin?
2. Peace! per - fect peace! by throng - ing du - ties pressed?
3. Peace! per - fect peace! with sor - rows surg - ing round?
4. Peace! per - fect peace! with loved ones far a - way?

Peace! Perfect Peace!



5 Peace! perfect peace! our future all unknown?
Jesus we know, and he is on the throne.

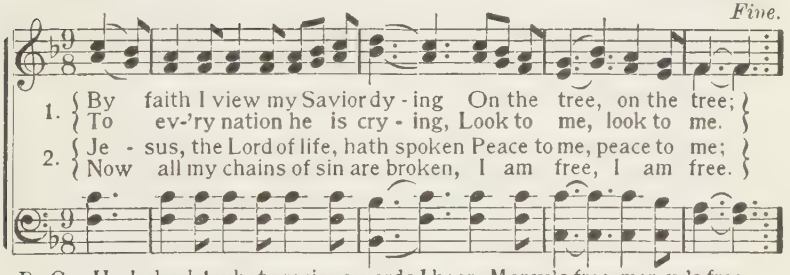
6 Peace! perfect peace! death shadowing us and ours?
Jesus has vanquished death and all its powers.

7 It is enough: earth's struggles soon shall cease,
And Jesus call to heaven's perfect peace.

190 Mercy's Free.

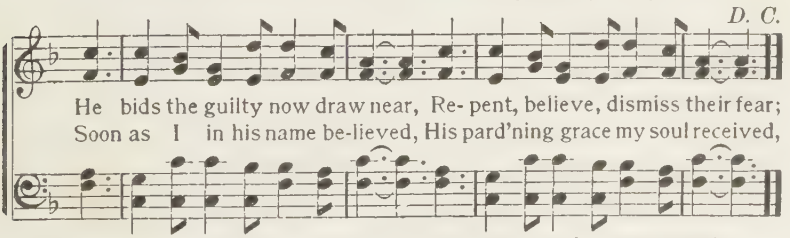
RICHARD JUKES. D. F. AUBER.

Fine.



D. C.—Hark, hark! what precious words I hear: Mercy's free, mer-cy's free.
D. C.—And was from sin and death retrieved: Mercy's free, mercy's free.

D. C.



3 This precious truth, ye sinners, hear it,
Mercy's free, mercy's free;
Ye ministers of God, declare it,
Mercy's free, mercy's free.
Visit the heathen's dark abode,
Proclaim to all the love of God,
And spread the glorious news abroad,
Mercy's free, mercy's free.

4 Long as I live I'll still be crying,
Mercy's free, mercy's free,
And this shall be my theme when dying,
Mercy's free, mercy's free.
And when the vale of death I've passed,
When lodged above the stormy blast,
I'll sing while endless ages last,
Mercy's free, mercy's free.

191 Laborers of Christ, Arise.

Mrs. L. H. Sigourney. H. W. Greatorex.

1. La - b'rers of Christ, a-rise, And gird you for the toil! The
2. Go where the sick re - cline, Where mourning hearts deplore; And
3. Be faith, which looks above, With pray'r, your constant guest; And
4. So shall you share the wealth That earth may ne'er despoil, And

dew of prom - ise from the skies Al - read - y cheers the soil.
where the sons of sor - row pine, Dis - pense your hal-lowed store.
wrap the Sav - ior's changeless love A man - tle round your breast.
the blest gos - pel's sav - ing health Re - pay your ar - duous toil.

192 Uplift the Banner! Let it Float.

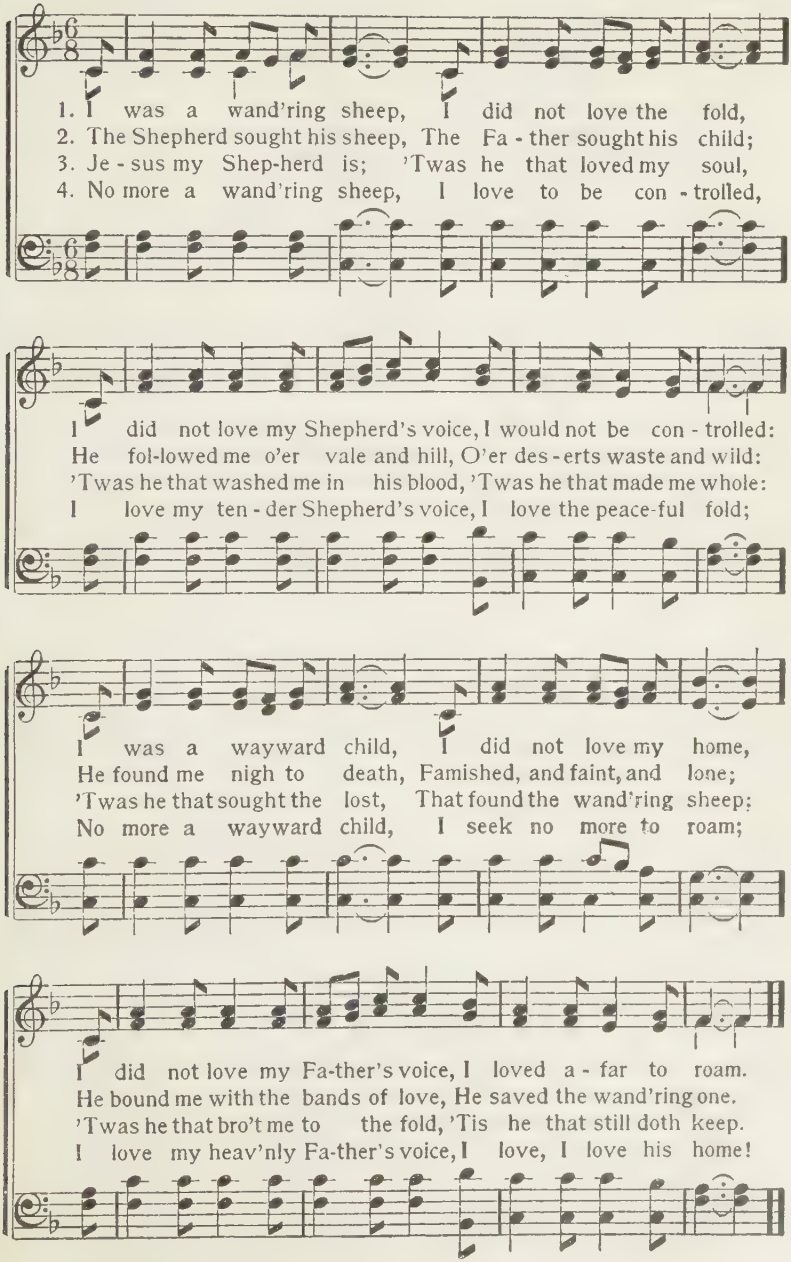
George W. Doane. *Tune:*—Waltham. L. M.

1. Up- lift the banner! let it float, Skyward and seaward, high and wide;
2. Up- lift the banner! an - gels bend In anxious si-lence o'er the sign,
3. Up- lift the banner! let it float, Skyward and seaward, high and wide;
4. Up- lift the banner! wide and high, Skyward and seaward, let it shine:

The sun shall light the shining folds, The cross on which the Savior died.
And vain - ly seek to com - pre-hend The wonder of the love di - vine.
Our glo - ry on - ly in the cross; Our on - ly hope the Cru - ci-fied.
Nor skill, nor might, nor mer-it ours; We conquer on - ly in that sign.

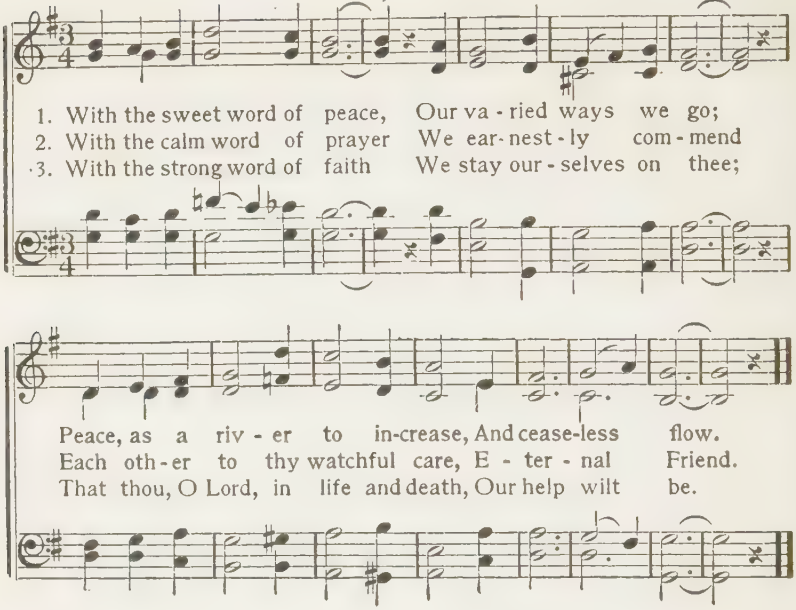
193 I Was a Wandering Sheep.

HORATIUS BONAR. J. ZUNDEL.



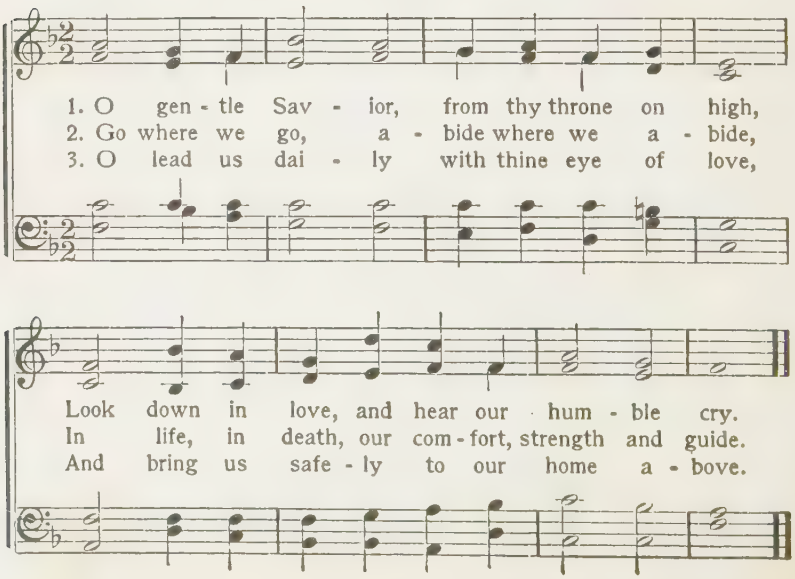
194 Peace be With Thee.

GEORGE WATSON. *Tune:*—VERBUM PACIS. P. M.



195 Go Where We Go.

T. R. BIRKS. ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN.



196 Now the Day is Over.

SABINE BARING—GOULD. JOSEPH BARNBY.

1. Now the day is o - ver, Night is draw-ing nigh,
2. Je - sus, give the wea - ry Calm and sweet re - pose;
3. Grant to lit - tle chil - dren Vis - ions bright of thee;
4. Thro' the long night-watch-es, May thine an - gels spread
5. When the morn - ing wak - ens, Then may I a - rise,

Shad - ows of the ev - 'ning Steal a - cross the sky.
With thy ten-d'rest bless - ing May our eye - lids close.
Guard the sail - ors toss - ing On the deep blue sea.
Their white wings a - bove me, Watch-ing round my bed.
Pure and fresh and sin - less In thy ho - ly eyes.

evening Steal a - cross the sky.

197 Jesus, Savior, Pilot Me.

EDWARD HOPPER. J. E. GOULD.

FINE.

1. Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me O - ver life's tem-pest-uous sea;
D.C.—Chart and compass came from thee; Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me.
2. As a moth - er stills her child, Thou canst hush the o-cean wild;
D.C.—Wondrous Sov'reign of the sea, Je - sus, Sav-ior, pi - lot me.
3. When at last I near the shore, And the fear - ful break-ers roar
D.C.—May I hear thee say to me, "Fear not, I will pi - lot thee!"

D. C.

Un-known waves be-fore me roll, Hid - ing rock and treach'rous shoal;
Boist'rous waves o - bey thy will When thou say'st to them, "Be still!"
'Twixt me and the peaceful rest, Then, while lean-ing on thy breast,

198 What a Friend.

H. BONAR. C. C. CONVERSE.

1. What a friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear!

f. FINE.

What a priv - i - lege to car - ry Ev-'ry thing to God in pray'r!

D. S.–*All be-cause we do not car - ry, Ev-'ry thing to God in pray'r!*

D. S.

Oh, what peace we oft-en for - feit, Oh, what needless pain we bear,

2 Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Can we find a friend so faithful,
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

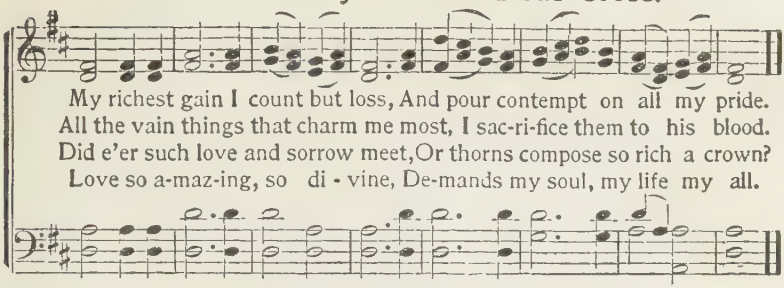
3 Are we weak and heavy laden,
Cumbered with a load of care?
Precious Savior, still our refuge,
Take it to the Lord in prayer;
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?
Take it to the Lord in prayer,
In his arms he'll take and shield thee;
Thou wilt find a solace there.

199 When I Survey the Wondrous Cross.

ISAAC WATTS. *Tune:*—EUCHARIST. L. M.

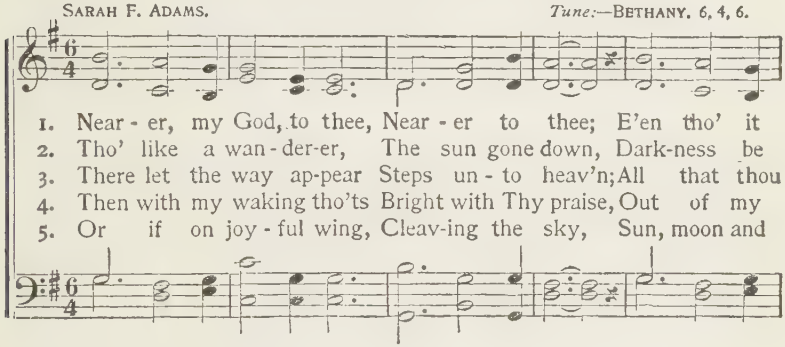
1. When I survey the wondrous cross, On which the Prince of glo-ry died,
2. For-bid it, Lord, that I should boast, Save in the death of Christ, my God;
3. See, from his head, his hands, his feet, Sorrow and love flow mingled down;
4. Were the whole realm of nature mine, That were a present far too small;

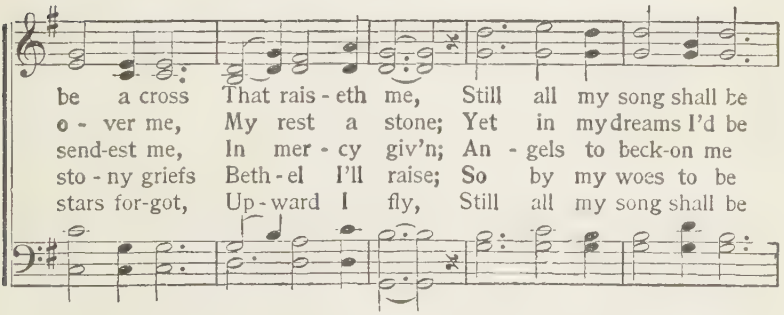
When I Survey the Wondrous Cross.

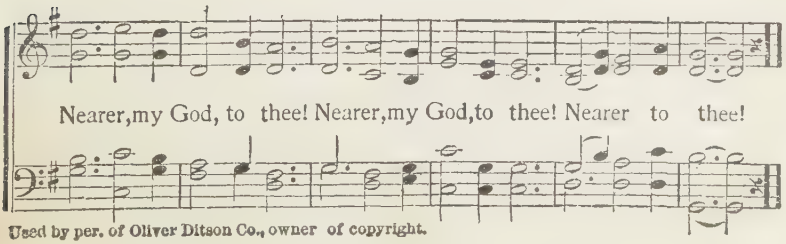


200 Nearer, My God, to Thee.

SARAH F. ADAMS. *Tune:*—BETHANY. 6, 4, 6.







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201 My Faith Looks Up to Thee.

RAY PALMER. *Tune:*—OLIVET. 6. 4.

1. My faith looks up to thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry,
2. May thy rich grace im - part Strength to my faint - ing heart,
3. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs a - round me spread,
4. When ends life's transient dream, When death's cold sull-en stream

Sav - ior di - vine! Now hear me while I pray, Take all my
My zeal in-spire; As thou hast died for me, Oh, may my
Be thou my Guide: Bid dark - ness turn to day, Wipe sor-row's
Shall o'er me roll; Blest Sav - ior, then, in love, Fear and dis -

guilt a - way, Oh, let me from this day, Be whol - ly thine.
love to thee Pure, warm, and changeless be, A liv - ing fire.
tears a - way, Nor let me ev - er stray From thee a - side.
trust re - move; Oh, bear me safe a - bove, A ran-somed soul!

202 O Day of Rest and Gladness.

C. WORDSWORTH. *Tune:*—MENDEBRAS. 7, 5.

1. { O day of rest and glad-ness, O day of joy and light,
   O balm of care and sad-ness, Most beau-ti - ful, most bright; }
2. { To - day on wea - ry na-tions The heav'nly man - na falls;
   To ho - ly con - vo - ca-tions The sil - ver trum - pet calls, }
3. { New grac - es ev - er gain - ing From this our day of rest,
   We reach the rest re - main-ing To spir - its of the blest; }

O Day of Rest and Gladness.

On thee, the high and low - ly, Through a - ges joined in tune,
Where gos-pel light is glow - ing With pure and ra - diant beams,
To Ho - ly Ghost be prais - es, To Fa - ther, and to Son;

Sing "Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly," To the great God Tri - une.
And liv - ing wa - ter flow-ing With soul - re - fresh-ing streams.
The Church her voice up - rais-es To thee, blest Three in One.

203 There is a Fountain.

WILLIAM COWPER.

Tune:—FOUNTAIN. C. M.

1. { There is a fountain filled with blood, Drawn from Immanuel's veins, }
{ And sinners plunged beneath that flood, *Omit.* . . . . . }

D.C.—*And sinners plunged beneath that flood, Omit.* . . . . . .

FINE. D. C.

Lose all their guilty stains. Lose all their guilty stains, Lose all their guilty stains.
Lose all their guilty stains.

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, tho' vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.

3 Dear dying Lamb! thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed Church of God
Are saved to sin no more.

4 E'er since by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme
And shall be, till I die.

5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy power to save, [tongue
When this poor, lisping, stamm'ring
Lies silent in the grave.

204 Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

CHARLES WESLEY. *Tune:*—REFUGE. 7 D.

1. Je - sus, lov - er of my soul, Let me to thy bos - om fly,
2. Oth - er ref - uge have I none, Hangs my helpless soul on thee;
3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want, More than all in thee I find;
4. Plenteous grace with thee is found, Grace to cov - er all my sin;

While the near - er wa-ters roll, While the tem-pest still is high.
Leave, ah, leave me not a - lone, Still sup-port and com-fort me.
Raise the fall - en, cheer the faint, Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Let the heal - ing streams abound; Make me, keep me pure with-in.

Hide me, O my Sav-ior, hide, Till the storm of life is past;
All my trust on thee is stay'd, All my help from thee I bring;
Just and ho - ly is thy name, I am all un-right-eous-ness;
Thou of life the fount-ain art, Free - ly let me take of thee;

Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, Oh, re - ceive my soul at last.
Cov - er my de-fense-less head With the shad - ow of thy wing.
Vile and full of sin I am, Thou art full of truth and grace.
Spring thou up with - in my heart, Rise to all e - ter - ni - ty.

Used by per.

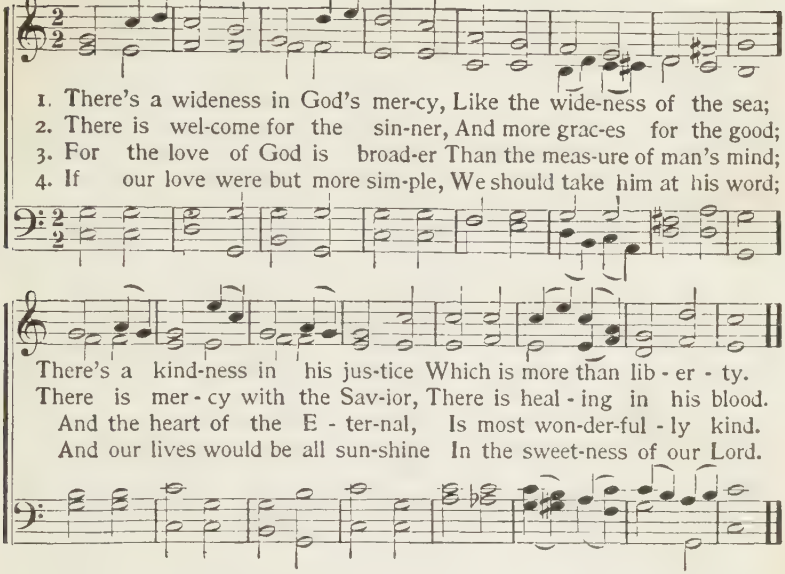
205 (Second Tune.)

Tune:—MARTYN. 7. D.

FINE. D.C.

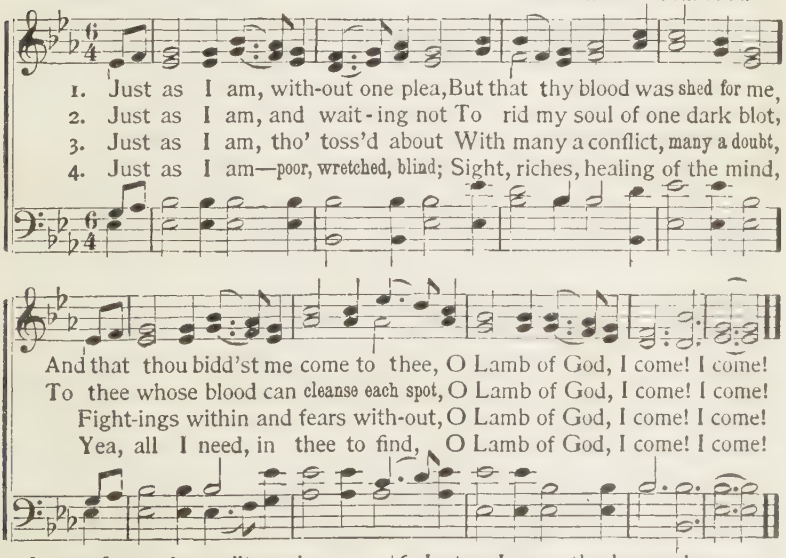
206 There's a Wideness in God's Mercy.

F. W. FABER. LIZZIE S. TOURGEE.



207 Just as I Am.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT. *Tune:*—WOODWORTH. L. M.



5 Just as I am thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

6 Just as I am — thy love unknown
Hath broken every barrier down;
Now, to be thine, yea, thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

208 My Country, 'Tis of Thee.

S. F. SMITH. *Tune:*—AMERICA.

1. My coun - try, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty,
2. My na - tive coun - try, thee, Land of the no - ble free,
3. Let mu - sic swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees
4. Our fa - thers' God, to thee, Au - thor of lib - er - ty,

Of thee I sing; Land where my fa - thers died, Land of the
Thy name I love; I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and
Sweet freedom's song; Let mor - tal tongues a-wake, Let all that
To thee we sing; Long may our land be bright With freedom's

cres.

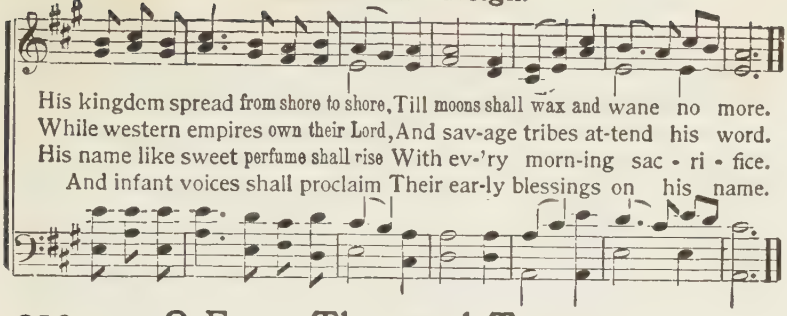
pil-grims' pride, From ev - 'ry mount-ain side, Let free - dom ring.
tem - pled hills, My heart with rapt - ure thrills Like that a - bove.
breathe partake, Let rocks their si-lence break, The sound pro - long.
ho - ly light, Pro - tect us by thy might, Great God, our King.

209 Jesus Shall Reign.

ISAAC WATTS. *Tune:*—MIGDOL. L. M.

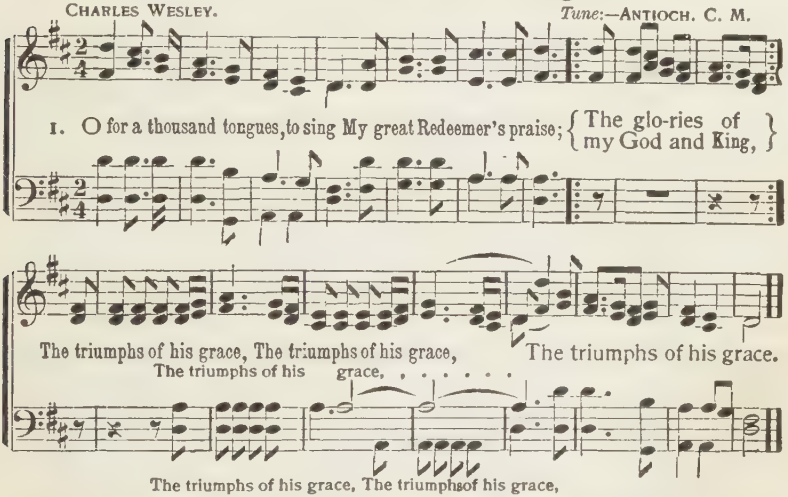
1. Jesus shall reign where'er the sun Does his suc-ces-sive journeys run;
2. From north to south the princes meet, To pay their homage at his feet;
3. To him shall endless pray'r be made, And endless praises crown his head;
4. People and realms of ev'ry tongue Dwell on his love with sweetest song,

Jesus Shall Reign.



210 O For a Thousand Tongues

CHARLES WESLEY. *Tune:*—ANTIOCH. C. M.



2 My gracious Master and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,
To spread thro' all the earth abroad,
The honors of thy name.

3 Jesus! the name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

4 He breaks the power of canceled sin,
He sets the prisoner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean;
His blood availed for me.

5 He speaks, and, listening to his voice,
New life the dead receive;
The mournful, broken hearts rejoice;
The humble poor believe.

6 Hear him, ye deaf; his praise, ye dumb,
Your loosened tongues employ;
Ye blind, behold your Savior come;
And leap, ye lame, for joy.

211 Joy to the World.

1 Joy to the world! the Lord is come;
Let earth receive her King;
Let every heart prepare him room,
And heaven and nature sing.

2 Joy to the world! the Savior reigns;
Let men their songs employ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains,
Repeat the sounding joy.

3 No more let sin and sorrow grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground;
He comes to make his blessings flow
Far as the curse is found.

4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of his righteousness,
And wonders of his love.

ISAAC WATTS.

212 Holy, Holy, Holy.

REGINALD HEBER. *Tune:*—NICEA. 11, 12, 10.

1. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly! Lord God Al-might-y! Ear - ly in the
2. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly! all the saints adore thee, Casting down their
3. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly! tho' the darkness hide thee, Tho' the eye of
4. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly! Lord God Al-might-y! All thy works shall

morn - ing our song shall rise to thee; Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly,
golden crowns a-round the glass-y sea; Cher-u-bim and seraphim
sin - ful man thy glo-ry may not see; On-ly thou art ho - ly!
praise thy name, in earth, and sky, and sea; Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly,

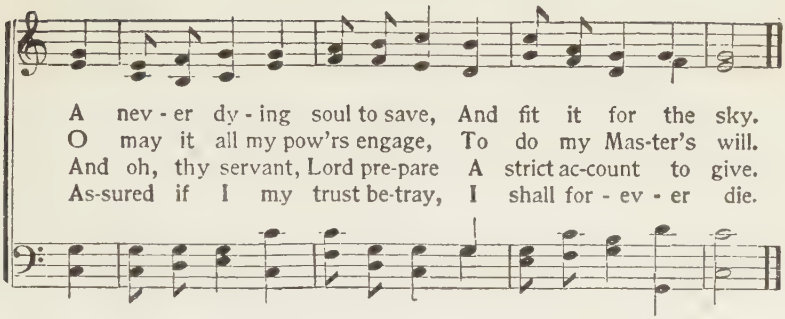
mer - ci - ful and mighty, God in Three Persons, blessed Trin-i - ty!
fall-ing down before thee, Which wert, and art, and evermore shalt be.
there is none beside thee, Per-fect in pow'r, in love and pur - i - ty.
mer - ci - ful and mighty, God in Three Persons, blessed Trin-i - ty!

213 A Charge to Keep I Have.

CHAS. WESLEY. *Tune:*—BOYLSTON S. M.

1. A charge to keep I have, A God to glo - ri - fy;
2. To serve the pres - ent age, My call - ing to ful - fill,
3. Arm me with jeal - ous care, As in thy sight to live;
4. Help me to watch and pray, And on thy - self re - ly,

A Charge to Keep I Have.



214 Lord, God, the Holy Ghost.

Tune:—BOYLSTON, on opposite page.

1 Lord, God, the Holy Ghost!
In this accepted hour,
As on the day of Pentecost,
Descend in all thy power.

2 We meet with one accord
In our appointed place,
And wait the promise of our Lord,—
The Spirit of all grace.

3 Like mighty, rushing wind
Upon the waves beneath,
Move with one impulse every mind;
One soul, one feeling breathe.

4 The young, the old, inspire
With wisdom from above;
And give us hearts and tongues of fire,
To pray, and praise, and love.

J. Montgomery.

215 Sow in the Morn.

Tune:—BOYLSTON, on opposite page.

1 Sow in the morn thy seed;
At eve hold not thy hand;
To doubt and fear give thou no heed,
Broadcast it o'er the land.

2 Thou know'st not which shall thrive,
The late or early sown;
Grace keeps the precious germ alive,
When and wherever strown:

3 Thou canst not toil in vain;
Cold, heat, and moist, and dry,
Shall foster and mature the grain
For garners in the sky.

4 Then, when the glorious end,
The day of God, shall come,
The angel reapers shall descend,
And heaven shout "Harvest home!"

James Montgomery.

216 O Blessed Paraclete

Tune:—BOYLSTON, on opposite page.

1 O blessed Paraclete,
Assert thine inward sway;
My body make the temple meet,
For thy perpetual stay.

2 Too long this house of thine
By alien loves possessed,
Has shut from thee its inner shrine,
Kept thee a slighted guest.

3 Now rend, O Spirit blest,
The veil of my poor heart;
Enter thy long forbidden rest,
And nevermore depart.

4 Oh, to be filled with thee!
I ask not aught beside;
For all unholy guests must flee,
If thou in me abide.

A. J. Cordon. By per.

217 Evils of Intemperance.

Tune:—BOYLSTON, on opposite page.

1 Mourn for the thousands slain,
The youthful and the strong;
Mourn for the wine-cup's fearful reign,
And the deluded throng.

2 Mourn for the lost,—but call,
Call to the strong, the free:
Rouse them to shun that dreadful fall,
And to the refuge flee.

3 Mourn for the lost,—but pray,
Pray to our God above,
To break the fell destroyer's sway,
And show his saving love.

218 Sun of My Soul.

JOHN KEBLE. *Tune:*—HURSLEY. L. M.

1. Sun of my soul, thou Savior dear, It is not night if thou be near:
2. When the soft dews of kindly sleep My wearied eye-lids gen - tly steep,
3. Abide with me from morn till eve, For without thee I can - not live;
4. If some poor wand'ring child of thine Have spurned to-day the voice divine,

O may no earth-born cloud a - rise To hide thee from thy servant's eyes.
Be my last tho't, how sweet to rest For - ev - er on my Savior's breast.
A-bide with me when night is nigh, For with-out thee I dare not die.
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin; Let him no more lie down in sin.

219 Rock of Ages.

A. M. TOPLADY. *Tune:*—TOPLADY. 7s.

FINE.

1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in thee:
D. C.-Be of sin the dou - ble cure, Save from wrath and make me pure.

D. C.

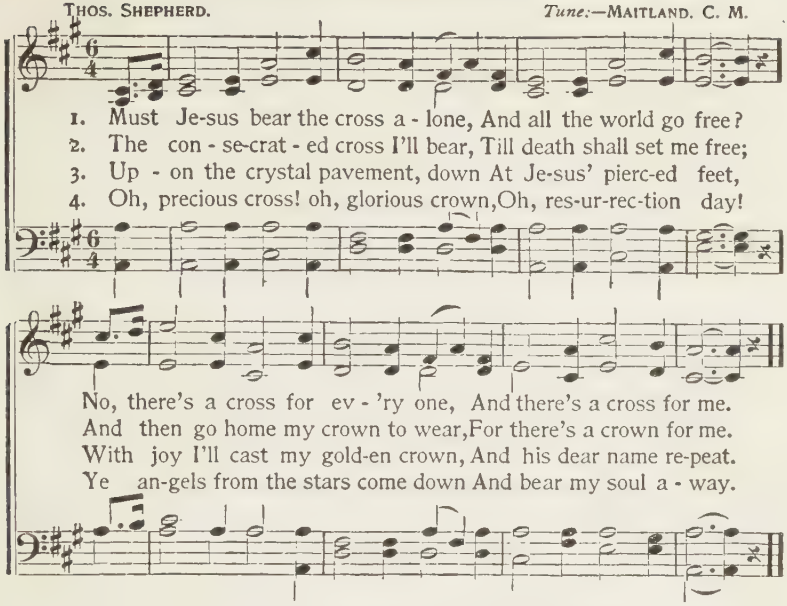
Let the wa - ter and the blood, From thy wounded side which flow'd.

2 Could my tears forever flow,
Could my zeal no languor know,
These for sin could not atone,
Thou must save, and thou alone:
In my hand no price I bring,
Simply to thy cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyes shall close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold thee on thy throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.

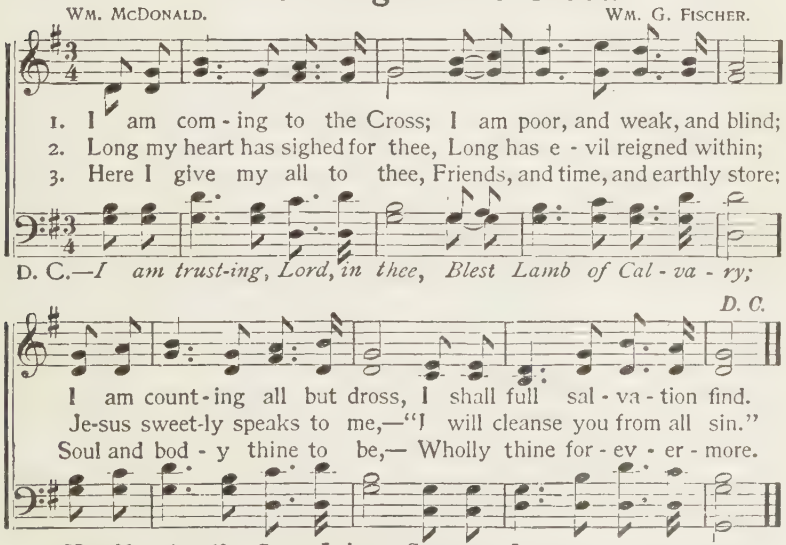
220 Must Jesus Bear the Cross?

THOS. SHEPHERD. *Tune:*—MAITLAND. C. M.



221 I Am Coming to the Cross.

WM. MCDONALD. WM. G. FISCHER.



4 In thy promises I trust,
Now I feel the blood applied:
I am prostrate in the dust,
I with Christ am crucified.

5 Jesus comes! he fills my soul!
Perfected in him I am;
I am every whit made whole:
Glory, glory to the Lamb.

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Let the Master In.

S. D. PHELPS. ROBERT LOWRY.

1. Once I heard a sound at my heart's dark door, And was roused from the slum - ber of sin; It was Je - sus knock'd, he had knock'd be - fore; Now I said, "Bless - ed Mas - ter, come in."
2. Then he spread a feast of re - deem - ing love, And he made me his own hap - py guest; In my joy I thought that the saints a - bove Could be hard - ly more fav - ored or blest.
3. In the ho - ly war with the foes of truth, He's my shield, he my ta - ble pre - pares, He re - stores my soul, he re- news my youth, And gives tri - umph in an - swer to prayers.
4. He will feast me still with his pres - ence dear, And the love he so free - ly hath giv'n; While his prom-ise tells, as I serve him here, Of the ban - quet of glo - ry in heav'n.

CHORUS.

Then o - pen, o - pen, O-pen; let the Mas-ter in; . . .
Then o - pen to him, o - pen to him, let him in;

For the heart will be bright with a heav'nly light, When you let the Mas-ter in.

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The Name of Jesus.

W. C. MARTIN. E. S. LORENZ.

1. The name of Je - sus is so sweet, I love it's mu - sic
2. I love the name of him whose heart Knows all my griefs and
3. That name I fond - ly love to hear, It nev - er fails my
4. No word of man can ev - er tell How sweet the name I

to re - peat; It makes my joys full and com-plete, The pre-cious
bears a part; Who bids all anx - ious fears de - part— I love the
heart to cheer, Its mu - sic dries the fall - ing tear; Ex - alt the
love so well, Oh, let its prais - es ev - er swell, Oh, praise the

The

CHORUS.

name, of Je - sus. "Je - sus," oh, how

pre - cious name

sweet the name! "Je - sus," ev - 'ry day the same; "Je - sus," let all

saints pro - claim Its wor - thy praise for - ev - er.

Its wor - thy praise

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It is Mine.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN. WM. EDIE MARKS.

1. God's a - bid-ing peace is in my soul to - day, Yes, I feel it
2. He has wrought in me a sweet and per - fect rest, In my rapt-ured
3. He has giv - en me a nev - er - fail - ing joy, Oh, I have it
4. Oh, the love of God is com-fort - ing my soul, For his love is

now, yes, I feel it now; He has ta-ken all my doubts and fears a-
heart I can feel it now; He each passing moment keeps me sav'd and
now! oh, I have it now! To his praise I will my ransom'd pow'rs em-
mine, yes, his love is mine! Waves of joy and gladness o'er my spir-it

CHORUS.

way, Tho' I can-not tell you how.
blest, Floods with light my heart and brow. It is mine, mine,
ploy, And re-new my grate-ful vow.
roll, Thrill-ing me with life di-vine. It is mine, this priceless treasure, ev-er

bless-ed be his name! He has giv-en peace, per-fect peace to me; It is

mine, mine, blessed be his name! Mine for all e-ter - ni-ty.
mine, this priceless treasure, ever

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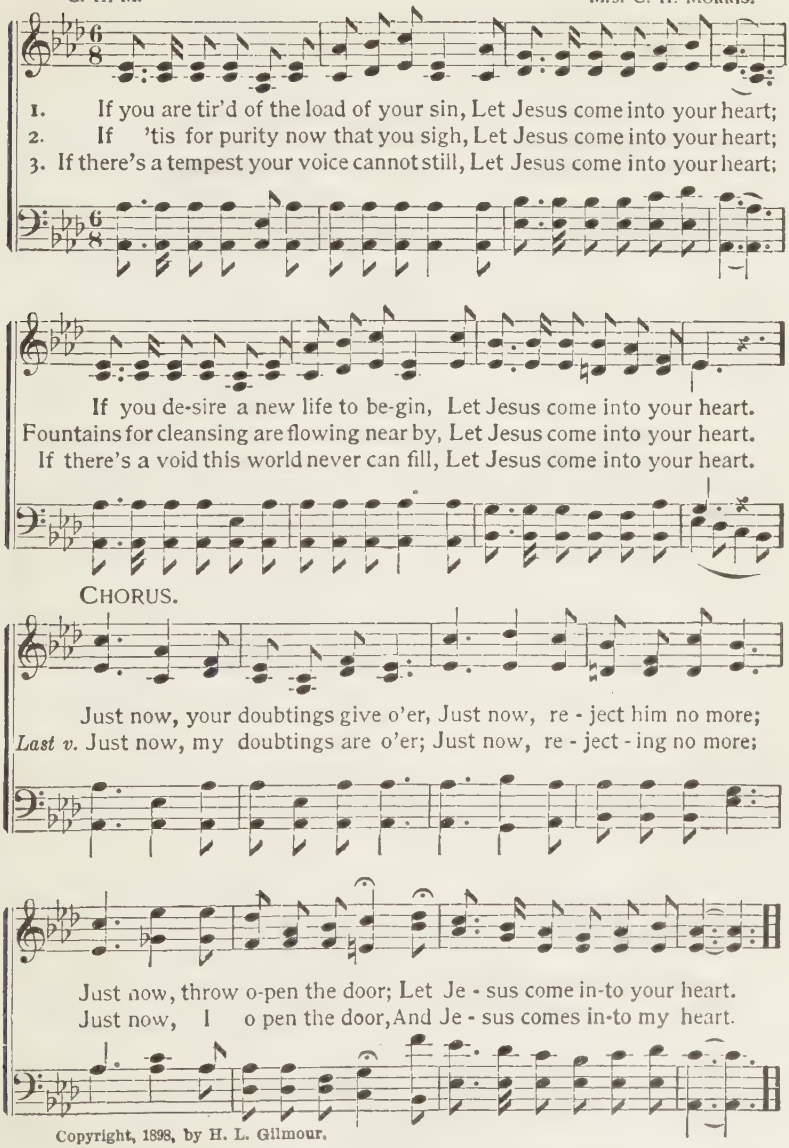
225 Let Jesus Come Into Your Heart.

C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. Morris.



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4 If friends, once trusted have proven untrue,
Let Jesus come into your heart;
Find what a Friend he will be unto you,
Let Jesus come into your heart.

5 If you would join the glad songs of the blest,
Let Jesus come into your heart;
If you would enter the mansions of rest,
Let Jesus come into your heart.

Will there be Any Stars?

E. E. Hewitt. Jno. R. Sweney.

1. I am thinking to-day of that beau-ti-ful land I shall reach when the
2. In the strength of the Lord let me labor and pray, Let me watch as a
3. Oh, what joy it will be when his face I be-hold, Living gems at his

sun go-eth down; When thro' wonderful grace by my Sav - ior I stand,
win - ner of souls; That bright stars may be mine in the glorious day,
feet to lay down; It would sweeten my bliss in the cit - y of gold,

CHORUS.

Will there be a - ny stars in my crown?
When his praise like the sea-billow rolls. Will there be a-ny stars, a - ny
Should there be any stars in my crown.

stars in my crown, When at ev'ning the sun goeth down? When I wake with the
goeth down?

blest In the mansions of rest, Will there be any stars in my crown?
a - ny stars in my crown?

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227 There Shall be Showers of Blessing.

EL NATHAN. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

1. "There shall be showers of bless-ing;" This is the promise of love;
2. "There shall be showers of bless-ing;" Precious re-viv- ing a - gain;
3. "There shall be showers of bless-ing;" Send them up-on us, O Lord;
4. "There shall be showers of bless-ing;" O that to- day they might fall,

There shall be sea-sons re - fresh - ing, Sent from the Sav- ior a - bove.
O - ver the hills and the val-leys, Sound of a - bun-dance of rain.
Grant to us now a re - fresh - ing, Come, and now hon-or thy word.
Now as to God we're con-fess- ing, Now as on Je - sus we call.

CHORUS.

Show - ers of bless - ing, Show-ers of bless- ing we need;
Show-ers, show - ers of bless - ing,

Mer-cy-drops round us are fall - ing, But for the showers we plead.

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It Must be Told.

ALMEDA E. WIGHT. ROBT. C. MARQUIS.

1. 'Tis a sweet and ten-der sto - ry, How the Fa-ther from a - bove
2. 'Tis the ver - y same old sto - ry That has warmed the cold world's heart,
3. Say you not that un - a-vail-ing Seem the words you try to speak;

Look'd down on his err - ing chil-dren With the pitying eyes of love,
Thro' the centuries that have vanished, But its charm can ne'er depart;
Trust the Ho - ly Spir - it's unc-tion; It shall strengthen what is weak.

How he sent his well - be - lov - ed, For - give - ness to un - fold;
There are souls that have not heard it, Some hearts so strangely cold,
Go ye forth to do his bid-ding; The truth shall make you bold;

That sweet and ten - der sto - ry, O Christian, must be told.
To these, O fal-t'ring Christian, The sto - ry must be told.
Tho' few shall heed your sto - ry, That sto - ry must be told.

CHORUS.

It must be told, It must be told, The
It must be told, it must be told, It must be told, it must be told, The

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It Must be Told.

sto-ry must be told; That sweet and ten-der
sto-ry must be sweet-ly told, be oft-en sweet-ly told,

sto - ry, ... O Chris-tian, must be told.
sto - ry, won-drous sto - ry, O Chris-tian, must be oft - en sweet-ly told.

229 I Surrender All.

J. W. Van De Venter. *Solo or Duet.* W. S. Weeden.

1. All to Je - sus I sur-ren-der, All to him I free - ly give;
I will ev - er love and trust him, In his pres-ence dai - ly live.

2. All to Je - sus I sur-ren-der, Hum-bly at his feet I bow;
Worldly pleasures all for-sak-en, Take me, Je - sus, take me now.

3. All to Je - sus I sur-ren-der, Make me, Sav-ior, whol-ly thine;
Let me feel the Ho - ly Spir - it, Tru-ly know that thou art mine.

4. All to Je - sus I sur-ren-der, Now I feel the sa-cred flame;
O the joy of full sal-va-tion! Glo - ry, glo - ry to his name!

CHORUS.

I sur-ren-der all I sur-ren-der all;
I sur-ren-der all, I sur-ren-der all;

All to thee, my bless - ed Sav - ior, I sur-ren - der all.

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Count Your Mercies.

FLORA KIRKLAND. Alt. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Are you heav-y - lad - en and with sor-row tried? Look in faith to
2. Think of hid - den dangers he has brought you thro', Of the cares and
3. Does your pathway darken when the clouds draw near? Count your many
4. As he looks from heaven down on you and me, Know you not he

Christ, your Helper, Friend, and Guide; Think of all your mercies, such a
bur - dens he has borne for you, Of his words of com-fort in your
mer - cies, dry the flow - ing tear; Trust him in the shad-ows dim and
choos - eth what each day shall be? Trust his lov - ing wis-dom, tho' the

bound-less store, Tears will change to prais - es as you count them o'er.
deep - est need, Count the times when Je - sus proved a Friend in-deed.
have no fear; "Heav'n will be the sweet - er for the dark down here."
hot tears start, Give to him the in - cense of a grate - ful heart.

CHORUS.

Count your mer - cies, such a bound-less store, Count your
Count your ma - ny mer - cies, bound - less store, Count your ma - ny

mer-cies, pressed and run - ning o'er, All your mer - cies,
mer - cies run - ning o'er, All your mer - cies, count them

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Count Your Mercies.

count them o'er and o'er, Lost in love and won-der at the boundless store.
o'er and o'er,

231 Who'll be the Next?

ANNIE S. HAWKS. ROBERT LOWRY.

1. Who'll be the next to fol-low Je-sus? Who'll be the next his cross to bear?
2. Who'll be the next to fol-low Je-sus–Fol - low his wea-ry, bleed-ing feet?
3. Who'll be the next to fol-low Je-sus? Who'll be the next to praise his name?
4. Who'll be the next to fol-low Je-sus, Down thro' the Jordan's rolling tide?

Some one is ready, some one is waiting; Who'll be the next a crown to wear?
Who'll be the next to lay ev'ry burden Down at the Father's mer-cy seat?
Who'll swell the chorus of free redemption–Sing, hallelujah! praise the Lamb?
Who'll be the next to join with the ransom'd, Sing-ing up-on the oth-er side?

REFRAIN.

Who'll be the next? Who'll be the next? Who'll be the next to follow Je-sus?

Who'll be the next to fol - low Je - sus now? Fol - low Je - sus now?

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232 God Be with You.

J. E. RANKIN. W. G. TOMER.

1. God be with you till we meet again, By his counsels guide, uphold you,
2. God be with you till we meet again, 'Neath his wings securely hide you,
8. God be with you till we meet again, When life's perils thick confound you,
4. God be with you till we meet again, Keep love's banner floating o'er you,

With his sheep se-cure-ly fold you, God be with you till we meet again.
Dai - ly man-na still pro-vide you, God be with you till we meet again.
Put his arms un-fail-ing round you, God be with you till we meet again.
Smite death's threat'ning wave before you, God be with you till we meet again.

CHORUS.

Till we meet . . . . till we meet, Till we meet at Je-sus' feet;
Till we meet, till we meet a-gain, till we meet;

Till we meet . . . . till we meet, God be with you till we meet again.
Till we meet, till we meet a-gain,

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233 Gloria Patri.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, And to the Ho - ly Ghost,
As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, World without end. Amen.

Responsive Readings.

234 Psalm 100

Make a joyful noise unto the Lord, all ye lands.
Serve the Lord with gladness:
Come before his presence with singing.
Know ye that the Lord he is God;
It is he that hath made us, and not we ourselves.
We are his people and the sheep of his pasture.
Enter into his gates with thanksgiving,
And into his courts with praise:
Be thankful unto him, and bless his name.
For the Lord is good;
His mercy is everlasting;
And His truth endureth to all generations.

235 Psalm 95: 1-7

O come, let us sing unto the Lord:
Let us make a joyful noise to the rock of our salvation.
Let us come before his presence with thanksgiving,
And make a joyful noise unto him with psalms.
For the Lord is a great God,
And a great King above all gods.
In his hand are the deep places of the earth:
The strength of the hills is his also.
The sea is his, and he made it:
And his hands formed the dry land.
O come, let us worship and bow down:
Let us kneel before the Lord our maker.
For he is our God;
And we are the people of his pasture, and the sheep of his hand.

236 Psalm 67

God be merciful unto us and bless us;
And cause his face to shine upon us;
That thy way may be known upon earth,
Thy saving health among all nations.
Let the people praise thee, O God;
Let all the people praise thee.
O let the nations be glad and sing for joy:
For thou shalt judge the people righteously, and govern the nations upon earth.
Let the people praise thee, O God;
Let all the people praise thee.
Then shall the earth yield her increase;
And God, even our own God, shall bless us.
God shall bless us;
And all the ends of the earth shall fear him.

237 Psalm 23

The Lord is my shepherd;
I shall not want.
He maketh me to lie down in green pastures:
He leadeth me beside the still waters.
He restoreth my soul:
He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake.
Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death,
I will fear no evil: for thou art with me;
Thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.
Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies:
Thou anointest my head with oil;
My cup runneth over.
Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life:
And I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever.

238 Psalm 24

The earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof;
The world and they that dwell therein.
For he hath founded it upon the seas,
And established it upon the Floods.
Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord?
Or who shall stand in his holy place?
He that hath clean hands, and a pure heart;
Who hath not lifted up his soul unto vanity, nor sworn deceitfully.
He shall receive the blessing from the Lord,
And righteousness from the God of his salvation.
This is the generation of them that seek him,
That seek thy face, O Jacob.
Lift up your heads, O ye gates;
And be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors;
And the King of glory shall come in.
Who is this King of glory?
The Lord strong and mighty,
The Lord mighty in battle.
Lift up your heads, O ye gates;
Even lift them up, ye everlasting doors
And the King of glory shall come in.
Who is this King of glory?
The Lord of hosts, he is the King of glory.

239 Psalm 8

O Lord our Lord,
How excellent is thy name in all the earth!
Who hast set thy glory above the heavens.
Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings hast thou ordained strength.
Because of thine enemies,
That thou mightest still the enemy and the avenger.
When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers,
The moon and the stars, which thou hast ordained;
What is man, that thou art mindful of him?
And the son of man, that thou visitest him?
For thou hast made him a little lower than the angels,
And hast crowned him with glory and honor.
Thou madest him to have dominion over the works of thy hands;
Thou hast put all things under his feet:
All sheep and oxen,
Yea, and the beasts of the field;
The fowl of the air, and the fish of the sea,
And whatsoever passeth through the paths of the seas.
O Lord our Lord,
How excellent is thy name in all the earth!

240 Habbakuk 3: 17, 18

Although the fig tree shall not blossom,
Neither shall fruit be in the vines;
The labor of the olive shall fail,
And the fields shall yield no meat;
The flock shall be cut off from the fold,
And there shall be no herd in the stalls:
Yet I will rejoice in the Lord.
I will joy in the God of my salvation.

241 Prov. 3: 5-7, 11-18

Trust in the Lord with all thine heart;
And lean not unto thine own understanding.
In all thy ways acknowledge him,
And he shall direct thy paths.
Be not wise in thine own eyes:
Fear the Lord, and depart from evil.
My son, despise not the chastening of the Lord;
Neither be weary of his correction:
For whom the Lord loveth he correcteth;
Even as a father the son in whom he delighteth.
Happy is the man that findeth wisdom,
And the man that getteth understanding.
For the merchandise of it is better than the merchandise of silver,
And the gain thereof than fine gold.
She is more precious than rubies:
And all the things thou canst desire are not to be compared unto her.
Length of days is in her right hand;
And in her left hand riches and honor
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her paths are peace.
She is a tree of life to them that lay hold upon her: and happy is every one that retaineth her.

242 Psalm 3

Lord, how are they increased that trouble me!
Many are they that rise up against me.
Many there be which say of my soul,
There is no help for him in God.
But thou, O Lord, art a shield for me;
My glory and the lifter up of mine head.
I cried unto the Lord with my voice,
And he heard me out of his holy hill.
I laid me down and slept;
I awaked; for the Lord sustained me.
I will not be afraid of ten thousands of people,
That have set themselves against me round about.
Salvation belongeth unto the Lord:
Thy blessing is upon thy people.

243 Micah 6: 6-7; 7: 18-20

Wherewith shall I come before the Lord, and bow myself before the high God?
Shall I come before him with burnt offerings, with calves of a year old?
Will the Lord be pleased with thousands of rams, or with ten thousands of rivers of oil?
Shall I give my firstborn for my transgression, the fruit of my body for the sin of my soul?
He hath shewed thee, O man, what is good; and what doth the Lord require of thee,
But to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?
Who is a God like unto thee,
That pardoneth iniquity, and passeth by the transgression of the remnant of his heritage?
He retaineth not his anger for ever, because he delighteth in mercy.

He will turn again; he will have compassion upon us;
He will subdue our iniquities;
And thou wilt cast all their sins into the depths of the sea.
Thou wilt perform the truth to Jacob, and the mercy to Abraham,
Which thou hast sworn unto our fathers from the days of old.

244 The Grace of Giving

Honor the Lord with thy substance and with the first-fruits of all thine increase.—Prov.3:9.
Will a man rob God? Yet ye have robbed me. But ye say, Wherein have we robbed thee? In tithes and offerings—Mal. 3: 8.
Bring ye all the tithes into the store house, that there may be meat in mine house, and prove me now herewith, saith the Lord of hosts, if I will not open you the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it.—Mal. 3: 10.
For ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that, though he was rich, yet for your sakes he became poor, that ye through his poverty might be rich.—2 Cor. 8: 9.
Upon the first day of the week let every one of you lay by him in store, as God hath prospered him.—1 Cor. 16: 2.
Every man according as he purposeth in his heart, so let him give; not grudgingly, or of necessity: for God loveth a cheerful giver.—2 Cor, 9: 7.

245 Matt. 5: 3-12

Blessed are the poor in spirit:
For theirs is the kingdom of heaven.
Blessed are they that mourn:
For they shall be comforted.
Blessed are the meek:
For they shall inherit the earth.
Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness:
For they shall be filled.
Blessed are the merciful:
For they shall obtain mercy.
Blessed are the pure in heart:
For they shall see God.
Blessed are the peacemakers:
For they shall be called the children of God.
Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake:
For theirs is the kingdom of heaven.
Blessed are ye, when men shall revile you, and persecute you,
And shall say all manner of evil against you falsely for my sake.
Rejoice, and be exceeding glad: for great is your reward in heaven:
For so persecuted they the prophets which were before you.

246 Isaiah 11: 1-9

And there shall come forth a rod out of the stem of Jesse,
And a Branch shall grow out of his roots:
And the spirit of the Lord shall rest upon him,
The spirit of wisdom and understanding.
The spirit of counsel and might,
The spirit of knowledge and of the fear of the Lord;
And shall make him of quick understanding in the fear of the Lord:
And he shall not judge after the sight of his eyes, neither reprove after the hearing of his ears:
But with righteousness shall he judge the poor,
And reprove with equity for the meek of the earth:
And he shall smite the earth with the rod of his mouth,
And with the breath of his lips shall he slay the wicked.
And righteousness shall be the girdle of his loins,
And faithfulness the girdle of his reins.
The wolf also shall dwell with the lamb,
And the leopard shall lie down with the kid;
And the calf and the young lion and the fatling together;
And a little child shall lead them.
And the cow and the bear shall feed; their young ones shall lie down together:
And the lion shall eat straw like the ox.
They shall not hurt nor destroy in all my holy mountain:
For the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea.

247 Isaiah 12

And in that day thou shalt say, O Lord, I will praise thee:
Though thou wast angry with me, thine anger is turned away, and thou comfortest me.

Behold, God is my salvation;
I will trust, and not be afraid:
For the Lord Jehovah is my strength and my song;
He also is become my salvation.
Therefore with joy shall ye draw water out of the wells of salvation.
And in that day shall ye say, Praise the Lord, call upon his name,
Declare his doings among the people, make mention that his name is exalted.
Sing unto the Lord; for he hath done excellent things:
This is known in all the earth.
Cry out and shout, thou inhabitant of Zion; for great is the Holy One of Israel in the midst of thee.

248 Psalm 145

I will extol thee, my God, O King;
And I will bless thy name for ever and ever.
Every day will I bless thee;
And I will praise thy name for ever and ever.
Great is the Lord, and greatly to be praised;
And his greatness is unsearchable.
One generation shall praise thy works to another,
And shall declare thy mighty acts.
I will speak of the glorious honor of thy majesty,
And of thy wondrous works.
And men shall speak of the might of thy terrible acts:
And I will declare thy greatness.
They shall abundantly utter the memory of thy great goodness,
And shall sing of thy righteousness.
The Lord is gracious, and full of compassion;
Slow to anger, and of great mercy,
The Lord is good to all:
And his tender mercies are over all his works.
All thy works shall praise thee, O Lord;
And thy saints shall bless thee.
They shall speak of the glory of thy kingdom,
And talk of thy power;
To make known to the sons of men his mighty acts,
And the glorious majesty of his kingdom.
Thy kingdom is an everlasting kingdom,
And thy dominion endureth throughout all generations.
The Lord upholdeth all that fall,
And raiseth up all those that be bowed down.
The eyes of all wait upon thee;
And thou givest them their meat in due season.
Thou openest thine hand,
And satisfiest the desire of every living thing.
The Lord is righteous in all his ways,
And holy in all his works.
The Lord is nigh unto all them that call upon him,
To all that call upon him in truth.
He will fulfill the desire of them that fear him:
He also will hear their cry, and will save them.

249 Psalm 119: 1-16

Blessed are the undefiled in the way,
Who walk in the law of the Lord.
Blessed are they that keep his testimonies,
And that seek him with the whole heart.
They also do no iniquity:
They walk in his ways.
Thou hast commanded us to keep thy precepts diligently.
O that my ways were directed to keep thy statutes!
Then shall I not be ashamed,
When I have respect unto all thy commandments.
I will praise thee with uprightness of heart,
When I shall have learned thy righteous judgments.
I will keep thy statutes:
O forsake me not utterly.
Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way?
By taking heed thereto according to thy word.
With my whole heart have I sought thee:
O let me not wander from thy commandments.
Thy word have I hid in mine heart,
That I might not sin against thee.
Blessed art thou, O Lord:
Teach me thy statutes.
With my lips have I declared
All the judgments of thy mouth.
I have rejoiced in the way of thy testimonies.
As much as in all riches.
I will meditate in thy precepts,
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